

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

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NO 16

CORONER STARTS INQUIRY

Orders Undertaker to Exhume Body of Woman Buried Without Inquest

WILL PUSH CASE TO THE END

Dady Seeks to Secure Evidence By Which He May Prosecute Those Violating the State Law

Coroner Taylor evidently does not propose to allow the Zionites to "put one" over him, and last Friday in no uncertain terms ordered Undertaker Otis Scripitor, of Zion City, to exhume the body of Mrs. Catherine Agnes Josephine Mole which was buried in the Zion cemetery early in the week and, at 3 o'clock Saturday a coroner's jury viewed the remains and started an inquiry which gives promise of being a climax to the many mysterious deaths and burials which have taken place in Zion under the Dowie and Voliva regime.

In substance the inquiry started Saturday will mean these things:

That Coroner Taylor will seek to place Health Commissioner Dr. LaRose of Zion in a position where the state board of health will revoke the state physician's license under which he has carried on his work in Zion, his failure in having reported the death from the burns being the basis for the demand to be made by the coroner.

And that Coroner Taylor once and for all will serve notice on Zionites that mysterious deaths must be reported to the office and inquests held.

And that the state will be represented by States Attorney Dady who will examine witnesses and procure evidence to prosecute if possible the persons guilty of violating the state law.

The Mole woman was burned twenty days ago when she was washing and using gasoline to hasten the work. The gasoline caught fire and her body was enveloped in flames. Friends finally extinguished the flames but not until she was terribly burned. Then in accordance with their teachings, instead of having doctors attend her and relieve her terrible pain, the elders and neighbors prayed and prayed and naturally she finally died seeing that nothing was done to counteract the burns. For fifteen days she lay in her home in terrible agony, only prayers being offered to aid her.

The coroner's office is much stirred over the Mole affair and Coroner Taylor and Deputy Conrad state that they this time will go to the bottom of the cause as they never have before.

ODD FELLOWS WILL HOLD JOINT MEETINGS

At a meeting held in Waukegan on Wednesday, of last week, members of the various camps of Odd Fellows in Lake county, decided to form an organization to be known as the Lake County Odd Fellows association. Its prime purpose is to increase good fellowship and bind the various camps of the county together with a closer bond of friendship.

At the meeting it was decided that monthly meetings will be held which will be attended by as many members from each camp as possible. For instance, the next general meeting will be held at Highland Park and the order at Highland Park will be host for the various camps from all parts of the county. At this meeting it will be decided where the next general meeting shall be held.

At these meetings the plan is not to provide any special entertainment but the idea is for all the members of the various camps to get together and become acquainted with each other. There may be some simple form of entertainment, followed by a smoker and refreshments.

Reciprocity. Meet the good there is in others with the best there is in yourself.

Ingratitude. Ingratitude is always a form of weakness. I have never known a man of real ability to be ungrateful to others.

FIRST HEALTH MARRIAGE

Lake Bluff Couple are First in County to Accept Ruling of Dean Sumner.

Miss Helen Robinson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Robinson of Lake Bluff and Everett J. Lovett of Chicago are to be the first couple to be married under the rule put into effect by Dean Walter T. Sumner, requiring that all couples he marries must be provided with certificates of health from a physician.

After obtaining clean bills of health from a physician, the couple learned Friday that Dean Sumner would not be able to officiate at the wedding, set for Wednesday evening, December 18. The pastor of the Cathedral St. Peter and Paul of Chicago is still confined in St. Luke's hospital, convalescing from an operation for appendicitis.

Miss Robinson now announces that Rev. Morrison, Dean Sumner's assistant, will perform the ceremony. It is a fact of more than ordinary interest that a Lake county young woman should be the first to accept the requirements of Dean Sumner for a "health" marriage.

Waukegan ministers strongly advocate the principles laid down by Dean Sumner and it is possible that before long the same rule will be put into effect there. Rev. George McGinnis of the Baptist church is one of those who is most strongly in favor of the plan. He says that no harm can come from the plan and that it is sure to work much good. He takes the stand that couples should not think of marrying unless they are both physically sound.

Now that a Lake county young woman has started the ball rolling it is probable that "health" marriages will become more common.

WELCOME CHANGE IN TIME ON ELECTRIC ROAD

Considering the many residents of this community who have occasion to board the electric car at Rockefeller, and the inconvenience of missing the car by only a few moments and then being compelled to wait an hour, the editor of the News found an opportunity of bringing the matter before the officials, and this week received the following letter:

Mr. A. B. Johnson, Antioch, Ill.

You asked me several days ago to take up with the officials of the Chicago & Milwaukee Electric Railroad Co., the matter of holding the car that now leaves Rockefeller at 8:25 a. m. long enough to make connections with a train that arrives there on the Soo Line from the north at the same time. I have taken this matter up with Mr. E. J. Beck, General Superintendent of the Electric company, this day, and he will give orders starting tomorrow morning, Dec. 19 to have this car leave at 8:30.

Will you please notify the readers of your paper of this action, and I thank you for calling my attention to this matter and trust that the change suggested, meets with the approval of all who have occasion to use this particular car.

Yours Most Truly,
J. F. Biedinger, Mayor

EUGENE RUNYARD RE-APPOINTED AS DADY'S ASSISTANT

Eugene Runyard has been re-appointed as assistant State's Attorney of Lake County by State's Attorney Dady. The appointment was made on Friday morning, December 13. The appointment met with the sanction of the board of supervisors.

A resolution fixing the salary of the assistant state's attorney at \$1,200, was passed at a supervisors' meeting Friday afternoon.

Mr. Runyard is one of the youngest members of the bar association. He is a native of Antioch, and is one of the county's best known men.

He has been successful during his practice in this city, and for the past three years has been assisting State's Attorney Dady.

Under the present plan, Mr. Runyard merely secured what the state's attorney wished to pay for his services. Now he is under the salary basis. Under the new state law, Mr. Dady now receives \$5,000 a year, effective Dec. 1.

Look That Gives Joy. Gold and silver may supply us with the necessities of life, with food and drink, clothes and houses; but they cannot give the joy of a kind look.—Lord Averbury.

As Was Shown. Mrs. Jimmie—"One thing I do is to teach my children etiquette." Mrs. Knox—"Yes, your Jimmy just hit my Waldo very politely with a club."

VOLIVA HURLS DEFI AT LAKE CO. OFFICIALS

Dares Coroner and State's Attorney to Continue Prosecution in Connection With Zion Deaths

CALLS DOCTORS MURDERS, ETC.

Calls Attention to the Fact That He Holds Three Thousand Votes in the Palm of His Hand, Evidently Using It as a Club Over Their Heads

Overseer Voliva Sunday in Zion City, defied the coroner, and state's attorney and other public officials to prosecute him for failure to permit doctors to attend Mrs. Catherine Mole and Arthur Reed, two Zionites who died in great agony without medical attendance and at whose inquests this week the authorities hope to fix blame for their death on Zion religious heads.

Calling the authorities thieves and scoundrels, etc., and daring them to testify, he declared he is ready to fight them to the finish, wounding up his remarks by declaring: "They can all go to hell."

He declares he didn't care a snap for what any Lake county officers say. He called all doctors' murders, especially Lake County physicians and picturing them with their hands dripping in blood and dared them to prosecute him, adding: "I ask no quarter and will give none."

He called doctors highway robbers and credited three doctors with murdering his own father and brother, adding that one was a cocaine fiend, the other a drunkard and the other an "ignoramus."

Voliva urged Coroner Taylor to look into cases where Waukegan doctors have "murdered victims," but have passed by unnoticed. He predicted Zion's ultimate triumph when it came, would spell the downfall of the medical profession, which he termed the "black art."

He said that, Arthur Reed, died because he had sinned by smoking cigarettes and living a notoriously bad life and he publicly reprimanded Reed's brother for having tied a ligature about the wounded arm. The brother is an ardent Volivite.

One man who yelled "you are a false prophet" was thrown out of the tabernacle by guards on Voliva's orders. Voliva said that Presidents, Garfield, McKinley and other big men were murdered by doctors, adding: "But, thank God, Roosevelt read enough of Zion's Leaves of Healing to prohibit doctors probing his wounds. Ending up he said to doctors: "You are a low-down pack of liars, thieves, bloodthirsty scoundrels and brutes."

Referring to the recent agitation against his methods in Zion, Voliva declared that all it amounts to is this: "The devil is on one of his periodical drunks and he thinks he's going to do something wonderful."

"What do I care what Coroner Taylor or his assistant, Conrad says or does?" he continued. "What do I care what States Attorney Dady or his assistant says or does?"

A WORD ABOUT OUR ANNUAL XMAS NUMBER

This week we are presenting to you our annual Christmas edition and in it you will find suggestions galore for your Christmas shopping. Look carefully over the "huds" herein contained and you can not help seeing just the very thing you want whether it is in the line of wearing apparel, household articles or novelties. The merchants here represented have taken this opportunity of placing before you a partial list of their respective wares and we can assure our readers that their patronage at these places will not be misplaced. Visit these stores and we are sure that you will be thoroughly satisfied. Take time to read over the lists carefully and we predict that you will find bargains that cannot be duplicated elsewhere.

MRS. SORENSON BURIED LAST SATURDAY

Mrs. Minnie Sorenson passed away at the St. Ann hospital, Chicago, Tuesday, Dec. 10, 1912, after an illness of many weeks, cancer being the cause. The deceased was born at Hanover, Germany, April 30, 1831 and at the time of her death was 81 years, 7 months and 10 days of age. She is survived by her husband, Carl Sorenson, and three children, Fred, nine years of age; Alice, seven and Laura, nine months and three brothers of Chicago. The funeral was held at the home of her sister-in-law Mrs. Lee Tweed, at Menomville, Saturday at 1 p. m., with Rev. Lowrie officiating and burial in the Fox Lake cemetery. Much sympathy is felt for the bereft husband and the three motherless children.

BEE GROWERS UNITE

Organization is Being Perfected in Racine and Kenosha Counties

Racine and Kenosha counties have formed a sugar beet growers association for the protection and promotion of sugar beet growing. The growers have become thoroughly aroused to the situation, and are convinced that the beet companies are taking an undue advantage of the trust imposed in them. They have retarded the loading to suit their convenience, prohibiting the rail road from furnishing cars. One company went so far as to have the road get out printed tariff sheets instructing their agents that no cars other than those ordered by the beet company should be loaded with beets and violation of that order meant the agent's dismissal. At some stations they allowed only one or two cars loaded a day and in some cases only on certain days in the month and at one station loading was shut down twenty-two days in the month of November and if an early winter had set in the growers would have lost thousands of tons of beets. In some instances the grower has been obliged to handle his beets three times over. The companies take the beets at the factory and the growers have nothing to say. The growers who have reports from the companies find that reasonably clean beets were tared from 14 to 23 per cent. Meetings are being held throughout the two counties and almost every grower has joined the association.

Racine and Kenosha Counties Beet Growers Association, stands for the following: A flat contract with the beet companies of six dollars a ton to be weighed and tared by a disinterested party at the loading stations. Loading to start as soon as the beet company start operation of their factory, providing cars can be secured, and to be received, freight paid, and to be unloaded by the beet company to prevent any embargo of the Railroads, which would interfere with the movement of beets being loaded throughout the season. Beets must be in good condition when loaded. Also payments to be made by the beet company not later than the 15th of each month for all beets loaded the month previous. Furthermore the labor should be furnished and controlled by the beet company, and all beets frozen in the ground to prevent harvesting after the 10th of November shall be paid for by the beet companies.

All contracts to be marked, (Approved by the Association) before signed by the grower.

A. H. Piper, Pres.
John F. Herzog, Treas.

WELL KNOWN YOUNG MATRON PASSED AWAY

Early Monday morning, December 9, at her home on Apple avenue in this city occurred the death of Mrs. L. Gilbert after an illness of but four days the cause of death being attributed to uraemic poisoning.

Jennie Brown was born on the John Harris farm east of Gages Corners on the 28th day of January, 1880. On December 7, 1904 she was united in marriage to Leverne Gilbert of Gages Corners and since that time had made her home in Libertyville. During her residence there Mrs. Gilbert had gained many warm and lasting friends who unite with the bereaved family in mourning her untimely demise.

She was a member of Excelsior Camp No. 337, R. N. A., and the local lodge American Star of Equity. Both fraternalities attended the funeral in a body, the Royal Neighbors having charge of the services at the grave.

Mrs. Gilbert leaves to mourn her death besides a large circle of friends, a devoted husband, her mother, two brothers, James of Libertyville and Edward of Round Lake, and five sisters, Mrs. Earl Thomson and Mrs. Wm. Pester of Grayslake, Mrs. Guy Hook of Long Lake, Mrs. Sidney Barnstable and Miss Jessie Brown of Lake Villa, one sister Mrs. Wm. VanPatten of Antioch having died about two years ago. The funeral was held at the house Wednesday afternoon at 12:30, Rev. Whipple of the First M. E. church officiating.

Interment was made in the cemetery at Grayslake—Libertyville Independent.

DEATH CALLS CHILD FROM BLAISDELL HOME

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Blaisdell were on Friday called upon to part with their youngest daughter Josephine, 5 months of age, who passed away after an illness of about two months. The funeral services were held at the home Sunday afternoon in charge of Rev. Stixrud. The remains were interred in the Hillside cemetery. Their many friends are extending sympathy to the bereaved parents.

NORWEIGEN IS GIVEN SENTENCE

Outcome of Drunken Row Between Sportsmen at Fox Lake Last Summer

FRIENDS WORK FOR PARDON

Charge Against Asbjornsen was Changed From Murder to Manslaughter Through Attorneys Efforts

Karl Asbjornsen of Fox Lake, whose trial was held in the Circuit last Thursday was given an indeterminate sentence in the state penitentiary by Judge Whitney for the murder of Charles Anderson. His counsel, Geo. Field, succeeded in getting the charge changed from murder to manslaughter, and Asbjornsen pleaded guilty. Asbjornsen will be taken to the penitentiary along with Lemon Danforth who was sentenced for life. Asbjornsen is living in hope that he will be paroled within two years. Mr. Field will continue to act as his counsel, and later will draw up a petition to have him paroled.

A petition asking the governor of the state to show him as much liberty and leniency as the law will permit, is to be circulated in the vicinity of Fox Lake, by an intimate friend of the Norwegian.

Asbjornsen is a peaceful and law-abiding citizen. He was a gentleman. He fell a victim to his own habits. That's what booze will do for anyone who uses it in excess," was the statement of the friend who proposes to circulate the petition.

On the witness stand Thursday Asbjornsen said he could not remember firing the two shots that ended his partner's life. He admitted that he had been drinking heavily for three days and that Charles Anderson knocked him down in a saloon at Fox Lake.

A Fox Lake saloon keeper said that Asbjornsen entered his saloon about 7 o'clock. He was carrying an automatic shot gun. Asbjornsen told him that he was going to find Anderson and shoot his legs off. "I'll trim him down to my size, and then he won't be able to knock me down," was the statement Asbjornsen is alleged to have made to the saloon keeper.

INFORMATION REGARDING PARCELS POST

Information concerning the establishment of the parcels post system in postoffices throughout the United States on and after Jan. 1, is eagerly sought and the newspapers are imparting the same so far as they are able. Installation of parcels post will be a gigantic undertaking, but it will be started the first of next month without fail, according to advices received from the department at Washington by postmasters in all offices.

It is nothing short of amazement to think of getting the system started at one and the same time in 60,000 postoffices, of supplying new scales to the number of more than 100,000, of preparing maps for every postoffice and every rural mail carrier in the entire country and of issuing a special parcels post postage stamp, which alone will carry parcels post mail.

Almost anything can be sent through the parcels post providing it does not weigh less than 4 ounces nor more than 11 pounds and does not exceed 72 inches in length and girth combined, and is of a form not likely to injure other mail matter. It must bear name and address of the sender and have upon it the necessary parcels post stamps the rates are as follows:

Within	1st lb.	add'l lb.	11 lbs.
150 miles	.06	.04	.46
300 miles	.07	.05	.57
600 miles	.08	.06	.68
1000 miles	.09	.07	.79
1500 miles	.10	.09	1.00
1800 miles	.11	.10	1.11
Over 1800 miles	.12	.12	1.32

Rates on packages sent from any village on its own routes will be five cents for the first pound and 1 cent for every additional pound or 15 cents for the eleven pounds.

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Feared Nebraska May Succeed Texas as Hoodoo



WASHINGTON.—"Naval officers are guessing whether the United States battleship Nebraska, which ran upon an uncharted shoal a short time ago, is going to take the place of the ill-fated Texas, later named San Marcos, which was the hoodoo ship of the navy," remarked Captain L. L. Darby, a retired naval officer, the other day. "I'll luck pursue the Texas almost from the beginning, and it seemed that it was never out of trouble during all the time it was in commission, except at the battle of Santiago, where it did great work."

"Before the Spanish-American war the Texas while being overhauled at the Brooklyn navy yard was sunk, because the yokes of its sea cocks were broken. In the course of repairs, and the water poured in just as if the boat had been scuttled. The Texas sank, as everybody knows, and was raised as soon as possible. It was on that occasion that Captain Jack Phillips, one of the bravest and best naval

officers, by the way, that ever trod a bridge, had some fun with Fighting Bob Evans, at that time commanding the Iowa. When the Texas was raised it was found that in the hull were thousands of eels that had been sucked through the open sea cocks. Knowing Captain Evans's fondness for eels Phillips had a lot of them sent over to the Iowa. He was somewhat surprised a day later to receive a note of acknowledgment from his brother officer, which read: "The eels were fine, Jack; sink her again."

"It was Jack Phillips, you may remember, who, after the great naval battle of Santiago, when the Spanish battleships were lying on the shores of Cuba smoking from the shot of the American ships, solemnly said to his men: 'Don't cheer, boys; the poor devils are dying.'"

"Jack Phillips was one of the bravest, and at the same time most religious, naval officers I ever knew. He was the direct opposite of Bob Evans, but the two were great friends. The Texas, you know, was afterward named the San Marcos, and was the target for gun practice a few months ago. It was a fitting end for a good old ship that had always been in hard luck, except at the time when it was most needed. I say, I wonder if the Nebraska is going to take the place of the Texas as the hoodoo ship of the navy?"

Enterprising Sam Conserves the Natural Resources

IF Sam Leo should put a big sign bearing the words, "Electrical Chinese Laundry," on the front of his little shop, at 3108, Fourteenth street, Northwest, any time in the near future, his customers in Mount Pleasant would not be at all surprised.

In fact, a number of those who trust their neglect to the tender ministrations of the affable Celestial have been wondering for some time why Sam has neglected such a splendid opportunity for a bit of advertising.

But although Sam has been rejuvenated to the extent where he realizes that electrical power is much stronger, cheaper, and more efficient in the long run than the muscles and sinews of the human arms and back, he has not awakened to the wonders of the "ads."

Sam is a typical specimen of the "new" Chinaman—the product of that attrition spirit which caused the ancient empire to become transformed into a republic in a remarkably short period, and with the loss of only a few hundred heads and other incidents.

Sam is wide-awake and alert, and in the "Mellcan slang" he is "on the



job." Therefore, when an enterprising salesman, revealed the wonders of a new and ingenious device for ironing clothes at the cost of but little perspiration, less physical energy, practically no mental waste, and only a few cents a day in the cost of power, Sam said: "I buy him."

Now Sam irons with an electrical iron which saves him so many hundreds of steps a day between the stove and his ironing table. Further, the iron is so arranged that by pulling a string he releases a weight which bears down on the top of the iron and relieves him of that duty. Better still, the pulling of another string lifts the iron just the right height above the board and Sam does not have to lift it and put it on the old-fashioned iron holder.

He Wants a Wife, and Wants Her Double-Quick



AUGUST SEYMORE, otherwise known as August Schaeffsky do Mukkadel de Castellano, one time dentist to the boy of Tunis and his harem, wants a wife, and wants her double-quick. He has from now until January 1 to persuade an American girl to marry him, or he will forfeit a legacy of \$150,000 promised by a California woman.

An aunt, formerly of Oakland, Cal., told him five years ago that if he would earn "something worth while and capture an American for a wife," she would give him \$150,000.

Seymore is a relative of the Castellano family made famous by the marital difficulties of Count Boni.

He is now in Washington, where he expects to remain until he finds "the woman" that his aunt told him he must have before he is entitled to her money. He has lectured, written, practiced dentistry and served in the French army. In a wife he would have a charm.

"I used to believe in my mother's view of marriage—the marriage of the eye—but I have come to the view of the marriage of reason," said Seymore. "Mother said that marriage progressed from the stage of catching, or buying, a woman to the wooing of a woman regarded in a nobler sense, and the winning of the wife."

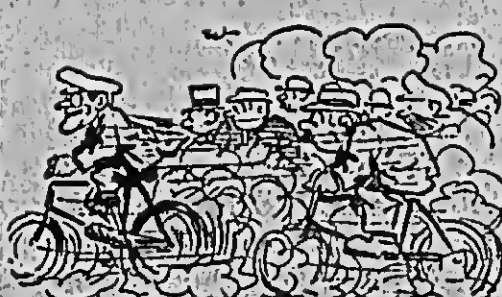
"Now I feel that the marriage of the eye is the result of the sentimentality of youth and immaturity. Better is that marriage where the couple are partners, chums, sharing everything alike. I don't believe in the marriage where the man has the money and forces his wife to ask him for every cent she gets."

"Rather, there should be a balance of power, so that the man and the woman are on an absolutely equal footing as regards money, morals, pleasures and sorrows."

In Doubt as to Mr. Wilson's Mode of Locomotion

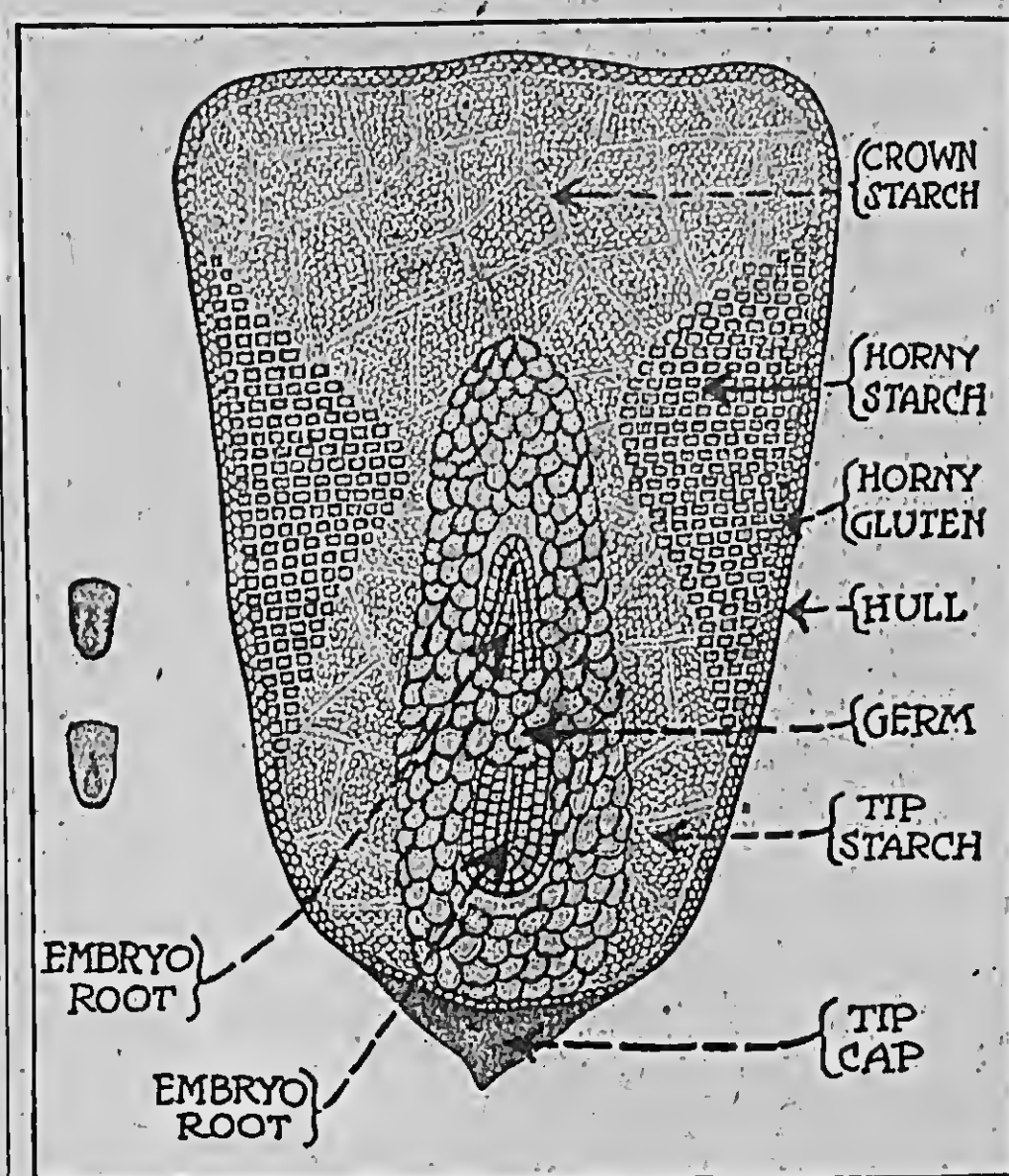
JUST at present Washington is wondering whether it will soon behold a president of the United States rolling leisurely by on his bicycle. It has just come out that the president-elect is fond of that manner of locomotion. He has gone on his vacation, and proposes to spend a part of it riding on his wheel. He has pedaled over many miles of English and continental roads in this fashion and likes it. Time was when Washington was filled with eminent men and women on wheels, but they have all vanished save one, Assistant Secretary of State A. A. Adee. He is the permanent assistant secretary of state, a man who sticks to his own notions about things. Every summer he voyages to Europe and spends a month or so bicycling to places of interest. He and the new president should establish cordial relations very early.

If as president Gov. Wilson wants to "bike" around Washington, he will not want for good roads. They stretch in every direction, except toward Virginia. The secret service men who guard him, of course, would also have



to be mounted, but that is only an incident. They have been accustomed to following the president on motor-cycles and sometimes in an automobile of their own. If the new president takes to bicycling, however, official Washington will do likewise. That is a way official Washington has. If Gov. Wilson goes out much on wheels, it will not be long before ambassadors and ministers and secretaries and military attaches will also be pedaling along the sleek-oiled roads and dodging automobiles. Cabinet officials and congressmen will do likewise. The revival of bicycling among the well-to-do may be expected somewhat all over the country.

PARTS OF THE CORN KERNEL DESCRIBED



Section of a Corn Kernel.

FROM "STUDIES OF CORN AND ITS USES," PREPARED BY FRED H. RANKIN, Superintendent of Agricultural Extension, University of Illinois.

There are six distinctly different parts in a kernel of corn, as will be readily seen by reference to the figure.

1. Tip Cap—This is a small cap covering the tip end of the kernel and serves as a protection to the end of the germ. It consists of material somewhat resembling the cob and occasionally in shelling corn the tip cap remains attached to the cob, leaving the tip end of the germ uncovered, but nearly always it remains on the kernel.
2. Hull—This is the very thin outer covering of the kernel. It consists largely of carbohydrates, especially fiber or cellulose, although it also contains a small percentage of other constituents.
3. Horny Glutenous Part—This part lies immediately underneath the hull. It constitutes a second covering of the kernel, usually much thicker than the hull. For short it is called horny gluten, although it is, of course, not pure gluten. However, it is the richest in protein of any part of the corn kernel.
4. Horny Starchy Part—This part lies next to the horny gluten, on the back and sides of the kernel. For short it is called horny starch, although it is not pure starch, as it contains considerable amounts of other constituents, especially of protein. In an examination of the kernel with the unaided eye the horny glutenous part and the horny starchy part are not readily distinguished from each other, the line between them being somewhat indefinite and indistinct. Considered both together these two parts constitute the horny part of the kernel.
5. White Starchy Part—This part

occupies the crown end of the kernel above the germ and it also nearly surrounds the germ towards the tip of the kernel. For convenience this material is called white starch, although it is not pure starch. In some kernels the horny starch extends nearly or quite to the germ (near the middle of the kernel) and thus separates more or less completely the white starch into two parts, which we call crown starch and tip starch.

6. Germ—The germ occupies the center of the front of the kernel toward the tip end, and usually extends about one-half or two-thirds of the length of the kernel. Within the body of the germ are the embryo root pointing upward toward the crown end and the embryo root pointing downward toward the tip end of the kernel, both of which are, of course, parts of the germ. These embryo parts within the germ may be easily seen by anyone who will carefully shave off the front side of the germ from a kernel of corn.

It is not a difficult matter to obtain pure samples of each of the above-named parts of the corn kernel, although in making the separations there is of necessity some waste material consisting of a mixture of three different parts, namely, horny gluten, horny starch and white starch.

A bushel of ordinary shelled corn, weighing 56 pounds, contains about 4½ pounds of germ, 36 pounds of dry starch, 7 pounds of gluten (rich in protein), and 5 pounds of bran or hull (mostly fiber), the balance in weight being made up of water, soluble matter, etc. The value of the germ lies in the fact that it contains over 40 per cent of corn oil, worth, say five cents per pound, while the starch is worth 1½ cents, the gluten one cent, and the hull about one-half cent per pound.

CLASSIFICATION OF INDUSTRIAL FIBERS

BY CHARLOTTE M. GIBBS, (From "Household Textiles," By Courtesy of Whitcomb & Barrows.)

Nature has been lavish in the supply of material that she has placed in the hands of man, from which he may fashion shelter, clothing, implements and ornaments. We have seen how savage woman learned the use of the reeds and twigs about her, and so perfected their use that civilized man cannot surpass her skill. Primitive woman developed the art of spinning and weaving finer and finer materials, and that development has gone on laboriously through the centuries.

Modern manufacturing industry uses only a small number of fibers, those which have proved most suitable for spinning and weaving, but the energy and skill of designer and chemist have so altered the appearance and quality of these fibers when woven into cloth that it sometimes requires considerable knowledge to recognize them.

In order to be serviceable in a textile fabric, a fiber must possess sufficient length to be woven and a physical structure, which will permit of several fibers being spun together, thereby yielding a continuous thread of considerable tensile strength and pliability. These characteristics are present in greatest degree in cotton, linen, wool and silk, and all these may be successfully bleached and dyed. The following simple classification gives the fibers which may be used, according to their origin, and aids in the study of characteristics.

Vegetable Fibers—Cotton, linen, jute, hemp, ramie, pineapple, also and many other plant fibers used more or less in different parts of the globe.

Animal Fibers—Silk, the wool of sheep, alpaca, llama, camel, angora goat and other hairs or wools of animals used for weaving of felting into cloth.

Mineral and Artificial Fibers—This group is not very important to the av-

erage student of textiles. Asbestos is the common example, and is chiefly valuable for its non-conducting and fireproof qualities. Although the use of asbestos for spinning and weaving is limited, it may be mixed with cotton or linen and spun, the vegetable fiber being removed later by burning, or it may be spun alone. Among the artificial fibers used might be mentioned various metallic threads, but the most important fiber is artificial silk. It is a derivative either of cellulose or of gelatin, and is sometimes used, as the name implies, as a substitute for silk.

Vegetable fibers are plant cells. Their structure is simple and they are largely made up of cellulose, with more or less foreign material, such as plant waxes, resins, etc. They are various parts of the plants, such as seed hairs, as cotton; stem fibers, as flax, hemp, jute and ramie; leaf fibers, as Manila hemp and various species of aloes; or finally, they may be fruit fibers, as coir, or cocoanut fiber, which comes from the covering of the cocoanut fruit.

The seed hairs are single-celled fibers, almost pure cellulose; the bast fibers, or those coming from the stem of the plants, are multicellular, and must be separated from the woody material in which they are imbedded.

Animal fibers are nitrogenous fibers, protein, containing carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, and in some cases sulphur, phosphorus and other mineral matters. They are either appendages to the skin of animals, as wool and the various hair fibers, or they are animal secretions, as silk and the secretion of various spiders, mollusks, etc.

The difference in structure of the individual fibers and classes of fibers, and the difference in chemical reactions, makes necessary very different methods in the treatment of these fibers in their manufacture into cloth.

In physical structure the fibers differ in length, diameter, strength, elasticity, color, luster and microscopic characteristics.

There's many a slip 'twixt the corn and the crib; but proper seed gives the crib a chance.

BLISSFUL SUPPOSITION.



Miss Black—Mr. Brown, does you know what a bird of paradise is? Mr. Brown—Well, of co'se I doesn't know for sure, but when I gits ter de nex' worl' I wouldn't be a bit surpised ter disukav dat it was a spring chick-en.

Why Girls Postpone. Nell—Isn't Alice soon going to marry Jack? Belle—I don't know. She says she hates to give up the dollar and a half shows for the ten-cent moving pictures.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. Easy to take. Adv.

Mind unemployed is mind unenjoyed.—Boyer.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures windcolic, 25c a bottle.

Pardon others often, thyself never.—Publius Syrus.

BUY FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR COMPOUND

Stops Coughs - Cures Colds

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Purely vegetable act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Head-ache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature

W. N. U., CHICAGO, NO. 51-1912.

FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS

If you feel "not of sorts"—"run down"—or "got the blues," suffer from indigestion, nervousness, chronic weakness, blood, skin eruptions, piles, etc., write for my FREE book. It is the most instructive medical book ever written. It tells all about these diseases and the remarkable cures effected by the New French Remedy "LEWIS' SINGLE BINDER" No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, and you can decide for yourself if it is the remedy for your ailment. Don't send a cent. It's absolutely FREE. No "follow-up" circulars. Dr. L. C. Lewis, M.D., Co., Haverstock Hill, Hampstead, London, Eng.

LEWIS' SINGLE BINDER

FIELD UNLIMITED for this rapid seller. Agents can get rich with it. Every one you approach needs it. Nine out of ten will buy. Send for proofs, they will convince you. 1005, 1007, 1009, 1011, 1013, 1015, 1017, 1019, 1021, 1023, 1025, 1027, 1029, 1031, 1033, 1035, 1037, 1039, 1041, 1043, 1045, 1047, 1049, 1051, 1053, 1055, 1057, 1059, 1061, 1063, 1065, 1067, 1069, 1071, 1073, 1075, 1077, 1079, 1081, 1083, 1085, 1087, 1089, 1091, 1093, 1095, 1097, 1099, 1101, 1103, 1105, 1107, 1109, 1111, 1113, 1115, 1117, 1119, 1121, 1123, 1125, 1127, 1129, 1131, 1133, 1135, 1137, 1139, 1141, 1143, 1145, 1147, 1149, 1151, 1153, 1155, 1157, 1159, 1161, 1163, 1165, 1167, 1169, 1171, 1173, 1175, 1177, 1179, 1181, 1183, 1185, 1187, 1189, 1191, 1193, 1195, 1197, 1199, 1201, 1203, 1205, 1207, 1209, 1211, 1213, 1215, 1217, 1219, 1221, 1223, 1225, 1227, 1229, 1231, 1233, 1235, 1237, 1239, 1241, 1243, 1245, 1247, 1249, 1251, 1253, 1255, 1257, 1259, 1261, 1263, 1265, 1267, 1269, 1271, 1273, 1275, 1277, 1279, 1281, 1283, 1285, 1287, 1289, 1291, 1293, 1295, 1297, 1299, 1301, 1303, 1305, 1307, 1309, 1311, 1313, 1315, 1317, 1319, 1321, 1323, 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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1912

Better Kind.
There is this in favor of the thoroughbred dog: its owner is more likely to keep it shut up.—New York Mail.

Making Balance Even.
A chimney sweep's boy went into a baker's shop for a twopenny loaf, and concealing it to be small remarked to the baker that he did not believe it was weight. "Never mind that," said the man of dough. "You will have the loaf to carry." "True," replied the lad, and, throwing three half-pence on the counter left the shop. The baker called after him that he had not left enough money. "Never mind that," said young sooty, "you will have the loaf to count."

Willing to Please.
"During an anti-fly campaign," writes E. K. O. to the Cleveland Plain Dealer, "one of the teachers in our public schools urged the children to bring in all the flies they could capture. The reward was to be ten cents a plat. On the following day the schoolmarm was astonished to get this question from one of her small charges: 'Teacher, we ain't got no flies at out house. Will bedbugs do just as well?'"

Woman Given High Position.
In Switzerland a woman has been appointed to the chief inspectorship of factories, a coveted position hitherto held only by men. This appointment is the outcome of a special commission which met to inquire into factory conditions of the various cantons. Owing to the great increase of women in industrial life the desirability of a woman as chief inspector was unanimously agreed upon by the commission.

Greek Fire to Be Used Again.
To stop following hostile vessels or even for purposes of attack when the conditions are right a German naval officer has invented a Greek fire that will burn while floating on water.

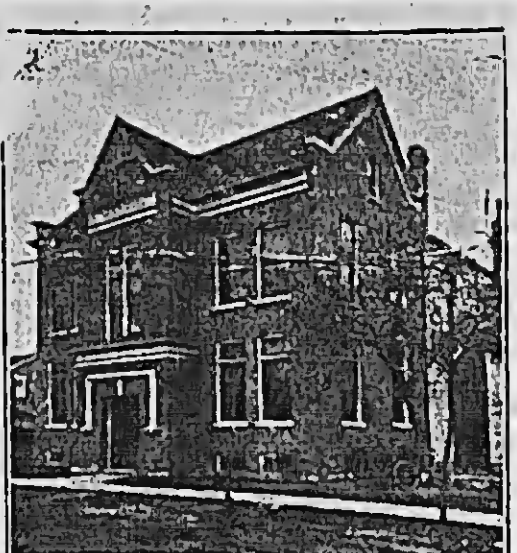
No Balm in Gilead.
Henpecked Man—"And to think that even when I'm dead I shan't have any peace. We've a family vault."—Sourire.

Improved Incandescent Lamp.
Incandescent lamps in which the filaments are in the form of an inverted cone have been found to give one-fifth more light than those of the same size in which filaments form cylinders.

Laugh and Grow Fat.
Democritus, who was always laughing, lived one hundred and nine years; Heraclitus, who never ceased crying, only sixty. Laughing, then, is best, and to laugh at another is perfectly justifiable, since we are told that the gods themselves, though they made us as they pleased, cannot help laughing at us.

His Absence Explained.
At Brentford, England, a woman complained that her husband stayed away from home for several days. She was talking volubly when the magistrate remarked that he was not surprised that her husband went away. "If you talk as glibly to him as you do to me," he added, "he would want a week's rest occasionally."

Not an Effective Branch.
The learned counsel was endeavoring to impress the court with the fact that his client had always been anxious to settle. "My lord," he said, impressively, "only eighteen months ago we held out the olive branch." "Yes," responded the witty judge, "but there were no olives on it."



Is in its 20th year. One-half its enrollment from term to term are the relatives, neighbors and acquaintances of former students.
The best of surroundings; mature, experienced teachers; practical, every-day courses; a student body of select young people.
Business, Shorthand, Common Branches, Stenotypy
Ask today for beautiful catalog. Winter term, Jan. 6, 1913.

Fairly Good Excuse.
A candidate for state office asked a Leavenworth man over the phone the other day to look up some election returns. "I'll do it in a few minutes," said the Leavenworth man. "I am very busy just at this moment. My \$40,000 business block is burling down."—Kansas City Journal.

Common Affliction.
A country officer-elect, inflated by favorable editorials during the campaign, is getting so unbearably swell-headed that his friends talk of the paddle cure.—Emporia Gazette.



Everything For The Stable
comfort of the horse may be had here. If you need a halter, a blanket, a curry comb, a brush, a clipper or any other article for the horse's toilet, come here for it. You'll find it as right as can be both for your use and the comfort of the horse.

H. J. BROGAN
The Harness Man

Christmas is in Sight
— and —
Electrical Appliances

in great variety
invite your attention
at our display rooms.

Lamps, cooking utensils
articles for the toilet table,
appliances that add to
comfort anyone is acceptable as a

Christmas Present

Prices the Lowest

Public Service Co.
of Northern Illinois

**The Time
To Act is Now**

**Any Other Business Can
Better**

Afford to Wait

Write to Your
**Michigan Mutual Life Agent
Today**

JOHN HODGE

District Manager

WILLIAM'S BROTHERS
Heating and Plumbing Dept.

We will meet any Mail Order
House prices for anything in the
plumbing line and save you the freight
you pay nothing down in advance.

What more could you ask.

Call and Get Prices

\$53,000.00

**BEING GIVEN
AWAY.**

to those who act as the local
representatives of EVERY-

BODY'S MAGAZINE and THE

DELINEATOR—all in addition to liberal

commissions. Let us show you how you can

SECURE A SHARE

simply by forwarding the subscriptions of your friends and neighbors and collecting the renewals of our present subscribers. Try for THIS month's prizes. There are lots of prizes that can be won only by persons living in towns same size as your own. Write at once to the

BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY
Butterick Building, New York City

Christmas at the Shoe Store

You cannot make a mistake by buying presents out of our stock. Nothing like a pair of Slippers or overshoes for Christmas. Our line of Holiday Goods is better than ever, but you will have to see to appreciate them. Below we quote a few special prices:

For Women

Gray Juliettes, ribbon trimmed	\$1.25
Black house slippers, fur trimmed	1.00
Black house slippers, fur trimmed	.90
Brown house slippers, brown fur trimmed	1.15
Kid shoes, warm lined	1.45
Felt shoes, leather boxing, 1.50	1.75
Red felt comfy slippers	1.00
Lambswool, elk sole slippers	.85
Black felt, felt sole slippers	.60
Black overgaiters	.45
Button Jersey leggins	.65
New patent button shoes with cloth or matt kid tops, \$3.00	3.50
Gunmetal and vici kid button, new lasts	2.50

For Children

Boy's button gunmetal shoes, \$1.50 to	\$2.00
Boy's tan high top boots with or without buckles, \$2.50	3.00
Felt boots and rubbers, \$2.50	2.75
German sox and snag proof rubbers	2.75
Heavy arctics, like mens, \$1.25	1.50

This season's goods have been carefully selected, are reliable, the prices are right and we fit them right. Our rubbers and arctics are of first quality rubber. A full line of men's heavy, warm footwear, the best on the market. The store is open until ten every evening.

For Girls

Red felt house slippers, 80, 85	.95
Red felt Juliettes, fur trimmed, 80	.90
Fine Jersey arctics, 75	1.00
Misses' Jersey Alaskas	.85
Jersey leggins	.50
Blue corduroy leggins	.85
Patent button cloth top shoes, \$1.25 to	2.00
Misses' button dull top shoes	2.00
Misses' button dull top shoes, 11 1-2 to 13	1.75
Gunmetal, high top, patent cuff	2.00
Gunmetal, high top, patent cuff, 1 1-2 to 13	1.75
Pretty little moccasins and soft soles all colors, for the baby, 20 to	.50

For Men

Black kid Romeo house slippers	\$1.45
Tan kid house slippers	1.25
Black kid house slippers	1.25
Black felt house slippers	.75
Black felt shoes, worth \$1.50	1.35
Black felt shoes, leather sole and boxing	1.65
Box calf blucher shoes, extra good	3.00
Gunmetal button shoes	2.50
Velour house slippers, all colors	.45
Fine Jersey light arctics	1.60

Antioch Cash Shoe Store

GOOD SHOES

LOCAL ITEMS

Local Announcement and the Elgin Butter Market.

ELGIN, Ill., Dec. 2.—The committee declared butter at 35 1/2c.

Fur caps at Webb's, adv.
Silk hose at Webb's, adv.

Chase Webb spent Wednesday in Chicago.

Bert Moore of Chicago spent Sunday in Antioch.

Mort Savage of Eagle River, Wis., is visiting relatives here.

Earl Pitman left Monday for Florida for an indefinite stay.

Harold Williams of Chicago spent Sunday with his parents here.

With this issue we wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Miss Carrie Cropley of Kenosha spent Saturday and Sunday with her mother here.

Chris Plotz underwent a serious operation Tuesday but at present is getting along nicely.

Misses Elsie and Ruth Williams of Chicago spent Sunday with their parents here.

Don't fail to attend the adjustment sale of Williams Bros. Friday, Saturday and Monday.

Xmas nuts and candies at Webb's adv.

Mrs. Rollo Schwartz and little daughter of Evanston are spending this week with Antioch relatives.

The three youngest children of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Stickle who reside near Leon Lake are ill with scarlet fever.

Mr. and Mrs. John Feller and little son of Colorado arrived on Tuesday to spend the holidays with Antioch relatives.

Mrs. B. F. VanPatten and son Joe and "Uncle Joe" Rinear of Necedah, Wis., arrived in Antioch for a short visit, this (Thursday) morning.

J. C. James was last week granted a patent on his trace holder structure for swingletrees, this being the second patent which he has received. Those who have seen the device speak highly of it and express the opinion that it is sure to fill a long felt want.

Dr. J. H. Reading was called to his former home at Morris, Ill., on Wednesday to attend the funeral of his aunt Mrs. Lyman B. Ray, wife of ex-U. S. senator and ex-governor Ray. Mrs. Ray has acted in the capacity of mother to the doctor since the death of his mother when he was five years of age. Mr. Ray is still alive at the advanced age of 83.

A Grand Camp Fire entertainment will be given at the M. E. church Friday evening, Dec. 27 at 8 o'clock. Major Hendershott, the original drummer boy of the Rappahannock, and his son, H. B. Hendershott the most wonderful drummer flier in America will be assisted by some of our best local talent. The entertainment will consist of songs, recitations and selections on the drum, life and flagpole, by Major Hendershott and son. The Major's imitation of a battle scene in the Civil war is pronounced simply marvelous by those who have heard it. The program will be patriotic, musical and humorous. Give under the auspices of the Epworth League. Admission 25 cents. Children under 13 years 15 cents.

BAY VIEW HOTEL AT FOX LAKE HAS BEEN SOLD

Gottlieb Henne, who recently sold his farm near Genoa Junction, has purchased the Bay View hotel at Fox Lake, a contract in the deal having been closed on Thanksgiving day, though final papers have not yet been drawn. The hotel has a frontage on Nippersink Lake and enjoys a good patronage during the summer season. Mr. Henne purchased the property for an investment rather than having any intention of engaging in the hotel business. Included in the sale were the hotel building, two cottages and all furnishings.

Apparently, it appears to be necessary for the people to do a great deal of scolding and to engage pretty continuously in strong-arm work for the purpose of getting what is theirs.

Children Feel Inquisitive. In the little world in which children have their existence, whatever brings them up, there is nothing so finely perceived and so finely felt as injustice.—Charles Dickens.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Williams*

Silk lined gloves at Webb's, adv.

Fancy suspenders at Webb's, adv.

Mildred Blunt was a Chicago visitor Monday.

Joe Turner of Grayslake spent Monday in Antioch.

Frank Hook of Chicago spent the week end with Antioch relatives.

Word has been received here that Mrs. Wm. McNell is again quite ill.

James Hart of Chicago spent last week at the home of Fred Kline and family.

Mrs. Elmer Brook and Mrs. Margaret Heckney were Chicago passengers today.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Barber of Crystal Lake were visitors in Antioch Monday.

J. B. Richardson of Spring Grove was an Antioch visitor Wednesday.

Sweater coats for boys at Webb's adv.

Mr. and Mrs. George Sanborn of Eagle River, Wis., are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jake Savage.

Dr. Barber will be in Antioch at the home of H. J. Barber, Thursday, Dec. 28, if weather permits, otherwise the following Sunday.

R. A. Shults has sold his meat market here to E. E. Hawkins, who will assume charge of the business Monday morning, and he informs us that "cash only" will be his motto. We welcome Mr. Hawkins into the business field of Antioch and wish him success in his undertaking.

Christmas services at the M. E. church next Sunday morning. Special Christmas music by the choir. Topic of the sermon "The Coming of Jesus." In the evening the topic will be "Judas Iscariot." You are cordially invited to attend these services.

At the meeting of Antioch Chapter O. E. S., held last Thursday evening the following officers were elected for the coming year: Worthy Master, Dean Sabin; Worthy Patron, Geo. Wallis; Associate Master, Lena Kuhaupt; Conductress, Nellie Ziegler; Associate Conductress, Ollie Tiffany; Secretary Ida Osmond; Treasurer, Margaret Hockney.

The Sunday School Christmas entertainment at the M. E. church Tuesday evening, Dec. 24 at 7:30 o'clock. The entertainment will consist of exercises, recitations, choruses, and a little Christmas play entitled "The Garden of the Christmas Tree." Please bring any presents to be placed under the Christmas trees, before 7:30 p. m. Everybody invited. Admission free, but a tree will Christmas offering will be taken for the orphans at the Lake Bluff orphanage.

Turquoise a Horse's Stone. The turquoise is the special protection of horsemen and averts accidents in general.

Force of Habit. "Why did she want to set her husband's will aside?" "Merely because it was her husband's, and she had got in the habit of setting his will aside."—Houston Post.

On Guard. Mean people are always very much surprised and abashedly hurt when caught at one of their own games.

In Their Flats. "I've a kitchenette in my flat. What's the feature of yours, Jones?" "A cellarette. And of yours, Smith?" "I've got a subterranean mine."

Was Nothing to Worry Over. A clothing designer of Philadelphia committed suicide because he couldn't figure out the season's styles. Who can?

(sterny)—"To what do you attribute your downfall?" Culpit—"The first drink I ever took was one you bought me when you were trying to get my vote."—Puck.

Back to Eden. "Dress does more harm than saloons," says a Chicago editor. Are we to have an anti-clothing league?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Objectionable Onion. There is an old saying to the effect that an apple a day will keep the doctor away. And an onion a day will keep everybody away.—Bliddeford Journal.

Daily Thought. The work an unknown good man has done is like a vein of water flowing hidden underground, secretly making the ground green.—Carlyle.

Garrulous Lady. Tom Hood, on hearing the plety of a very loquacious lady spoken of, said: "Yes, she is well known for her magploty."

Boy's skates at Webb's, adv.

Fancy ties at Webb's, adv.

Ray Pierce is visiting at Battle Creek Mich.

Herman Fox is reported ill with typhoid fever.

The second son of Mr. and Mrs. John Cribb is sick with scarlet fever.

Every body is doing it. Doing what? Buying goods at the adjustment sale of Williams Bros.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kelly moved their household goods to Lake Villa this week.

Mrs. J. J. Morley and family are entertaining her little niece Mamie Soule from North Range, Wis.

The beet growers of Antioch Leon Lake and Trevor will hold a meeting Friday evening at eight o'clock at the Antioch town hall. Chynon Wirtz.

Wouldn't it be a good thing for the beet growers of Lake county to follow the plan adopted by the growers of Racine and Kenosha counties.

NOTICE.

To all those who are indebted to us we give notice that all bills not paid on or before Jan. 1, 1913, will be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection. Tiffany & Felter.

Adjournment Notice

Public Notice is hereby given that the subscriber, Administrator of the estate of James Jamieson deceased, will attend the County Court of Lake County at a term thereof to be held at the Court House in Waukegan on said County on the first Monday of February next, 1913, when and where all persons having claims against said estate are notified and requested to present the same to said court for adjudication.

GEORGE A. JAMIESON, Administrator of the Estate of James Jamieson, Deceased.
E. J. Heylacker, Attorney.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

The German class has learned the poem "Die Lorelei."

Bud isn't the only one who has changed her place of abode. (Ask Mabel.)

The foot-ball has at last arrived and the boys are certainly making good use of it.

Too much communication between a Freshman and a Sophomore. Never mind, Mabel, it had to be done, even if Fred does think it is lonesome back there now.

The Geometry class finished their sixth geometrical drawing last week.

John Horan was a visitor on the foot-ball grounds last Friday.

Did Ivah and school have a falling out?

Miss McKee held her class recitations in room 8 last Wednesday, the pupils of that room being excused.

Gee, Kisser, foot-ball's a fine game, but what's the matter with your eyes?

Who said the Seniors couldn't play foot-ball.

Mr. Espey has mounted a fine specimen of Merganser duck for the high school room.

Elizabeth says "Dolphie is so polite." (But maybe the time will come when he can't give his book to Elizabeth and then he won't be able to sit with Ivan.)

Hazel Held visited in the H. S. room last Friday.

Enormous Flocks of Sheep. Recent official figures placed the number of sheep in Australia and New Zealand in excess of 117,000,000, the greatest number in 18 years.

Accomplishing. It is very important that the young man select his life work early and bend every energy toward accomplishing something. One of the most common causes of failure in this life lies in the fact that men do not see the importance of being thorough until it is too late.—Florence Vildetta.

Not Full Knowledge. Minister—"Young man, do you know how to dance?" Young Man—"Well, parson, I know the holds, but I don't know the steps."—Life.

Cautious. "What a lot of style the Browns are putting on!" "Yes; and what a lot of creditors they are putting off!"—Tit-Bits.

Candor and Manners. Pitt was once canvassing for himself, when he came to a blacksmith's shop. "Sir," said he to the blacksmith, "will you favor me with your vote?" "Mr. Pitt," said the son of Vulcan, "I admire your head, but hang your heart." "Mr. Blacksmith," said Pitt, "I admire your candor, but hang your manners."

Pathetic Appeal.
Among the clever stories retailed at the Beefsteak or the Gurrick is a nice one of the florid lawyer, who was counsel in an action for libel brought by a provision merchant against a local newspaper. He said in his address to the jury: "My client, gentlemen, is a cheesemonger, and the reputation of a cheesemonger in the city of London is like the bloom of a peach. Touch it, and it is gone forever."

Empty Feast.
"Why did you leave that boarding house?" "Because the swiftness was at the expense of the food supply." "What do you mean?" "Four kinds of forks and two kinds of vegetables."

SPECIAL ASSESSMENT NOTICE—SPECIAL WARRANT NO. 3.

Public notice is hereby given that the County Court of Lake County has rendered judgment for a special assessment upon property benefited by the following improvement.

A cast iron water supply pipe complete on portions of Fox River Road or Main street, Chunnel Lake road or Lake street, Park, Victoria and Harden streets in the village of Antioch, County of Lake and State of Illinois, as will more fully appear from a certified copy of the judgment on file in my office; that the warrant for the collection of such assessments is in the hands of the undersigned. The total amount of said assessment is \$7,048.

The amount of the first installment is \$1,448.00, and the amount of each succeeding installment is \$1,400.00. Said installments bear interest at the rate of five per cent per annum from the second day of January 1912 to the second day of January 1913 and are payable annually on or before the second day of January of each year.

All persons interested are hereby notified to call and pay the amount assessed at the collector's office, at the State Bank of Antioch, within thirty days of the date thereof.

Dated this 17th day of December, A. D. 1912.

W. F. Ziegler, Village Collector.

SPECIAL ASSESSMENT NOTICE—SPECIAL WARRANT NOS. 2, 3, 4 and 5.

Public notice is hereby given that the County Court of Lake County has rendered judgment for a special assessment upon property benefited by the following improvement.

A cast iron water supply pipe complete on portions of Fox River Road or Main Street, Depot street (so called), Spafford street and Ida avenue in the village of Antioch, County of Lake and State of Illinois, as will more fully appear from a certified copy of the judgment on file in my office; that the warrant for the collection of such assessment is in the hands of the undersigned. The total amount of said assessment is \$4,901.01.

The amount of the first installment is \$2,101.01 and the amount of each succeeding installment is \$1,400.00. Said installments bear interest at the rate of five per cent per annum from the second day of January 1912 to the second day of January 1913 and are payable annually on or before the second day of January of each year.

All persons interested are hereby notified to call and pay the amount assessed at the collector's office, at the State Bank of Antioch, within thirty days of the date thereof.

Dated this 17th day of December, A. D. 1912.

W. F. Ziegler, Village Collector.

Good Household Cleaner.
Vinegar is an excellent cleanser for nickel and men and for brass if a little salt be added to it.

Rare One, Too.
To be able to say nothing when it is best to keep still is a gift.

Few Weather Facts.
California has the least number of thunder storms, and Alabama and Florida have the greatest number. Florida has the most even temperature.

On the Spot.
A girl on a footstool often has an advantage over a girl on a pedestal.—The Tatler.

Not All Owing to Wife.
"Biggles says he owes everything to his wife." "That isn't true," replied Biggles' father-in-law. "His wife quit lending him anything years ago and then he started in owing me."—Washington Star.

Unfair Blow.
Charming Wife—"Gerald, all I had to pay for this lovely hat was \$30. How does it strike you?" Surprised Husband (gasping)—"Marie, that strikes me below the money belt!"—Chicago Tribune.

Real Trouble.
The world is full of geniuses who, unfortunately, aren't willing to take the trouble to prove it.—Detroit Free Press.

Cynical.
"The measure of a man," in the modern girl's opinion, is merely a matter of the breadth of his shoulders, the length of his nose, and the embonpoint of his pocketbook.—The Tatler.

True.
Although women love bargains, they are not especially fond of the man who cheapens himself in their eyes.—Boston Transcript.

Soothing.
Easy profit is an anesthetic that puts many a conscience to sleep.

No Use for Boys Any More.
Somebody has invented an electric device that will split kindling wood. Gradually we are getting it so arranged that the world will have no use for boys.

Saving Magazine Covers.
Strips of cotton cloth, cut diagonally and fastened with library paste to the back of a magazine cover when it is new, will save wear, and add to the life of the cover.

MODEL NO. 5 OLIVER TYPEWRITER
ONLY \$75.00
WOULD MAKE A DANDY CHRISTMAS PRESENT
FOR SALE BY
J. C. JAMES

CLASSIFIED 1117

All advertisements inserted under this head at the following rates: Five line or less, 25 cents for one insertion; and 6 cents for every additional line.

From this on we will sell hard coal for cash only. No cash no coal. Goodrich Lumber Co.

Get a pair of Trace Holders that are guaranteed to hold, see Montgomery Ward & Co. catalogue, page 870, No. J 3306 & 7, they do the Biz. don't fool with that piece of leather, get the best.

New White Clover Honey 20 cents per pound, by the crate 18 cents per pound, Williams Bros.

Reduce your meat bills by buying 2 cans salmon for 25 cents, or 4 cans fine sweet corn for 25 cents, Williams Bros.

For Sale—Top buggy, full leather top and rubber tires, also single buggy without top and two single harnesses. C. B. Hamlin, Lake Villa. Phone 352.

Closing Out Sale—We will sell out our entire stock of hardware, stoves and buggies at cost, for cash. All those knowing themselves indebted to us are requested to call and settle at once. Tiffany & Felter.

A seven room house and lot for rent or sale on Lake street. Inquire of Chas. Harden. 153w.

For good results try Hooper's Commercial Agency. No service no pay. F. G. Hooper, Lake Villa, Ill. 4w-15

Wanted—Man past thirty with horse and buggy, to sell stock. Condition powder in Lake County. Salary \$370 per month. Address 9 Industrial Building, Indianapolis, Indiana. 22w

As a Man Thinks.
Jennie—"He must have a soft spot in his heart for me." Wrennie—"Why so?" Jennie—"He says he is always thinking of me." Wrennie—"But you know, a man doesn't think with his heart. The soft place must be in his head."—London Telegraph.

CASOLINE ENGINE FOR SALE

A Three-Horse power Fairbanks Morse Gasoline Engine. In good condition, with belt, water tank and gasoline tank. Inquire at this office.

T. N. DONNELLY & CO.
Loan and Diamond Brokers
Number 24 North Dearborn St.
Diamonds, Watches and all kinds of Jewels at less than cost. At half the price you pay regular stores. Dec 19 01 17

J. C. James, Jr.
Justice of the Peace and Notary Public
Real Estate
Both Farm and Lake Property

Fire Insurance Agent for Several Good Companies
Accident and Life Insurance, Reasonable Rates and Good Companies.
J. C. James, Jr., Antioch.

Spectacles Scientifically Fitted


C. F. INGALLS & BRO.
Jewelers and Opticians
112 Genesee St., Waukegan, Ill.

J. C. JAMES, JR.
UNDERTAKER
LICENSED EMBALMER
Licensed by the State Board of Health

SEQUOIT LODGE No. 827, A. F. & A. M. hold regular communications the first and third Wednesday evenings of every month. Visiting Brethren always welcome. GEORGE WALLIS, W. M. FRANK HUBEL, Sec'y.
The Eastern Star meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month. MABEL GRIMM, W. M. IDA OSMOND, Sec'y

E. V. ORVIS
Lawyer and Notary Public. Practice at courts. Farm property for sale. Damage suits, and collections of wages a specialty. Fire and Life Insurance.
201 Washington Street
Waukegan Illinois

BANK OF ANTIOCH
EDWARD BROOK
BANKER
Buy and Sell Exchange and do a General Banking Business

Lotus Camp No. 557 M. W. A.
Meets at 7:30 the first and third Monday evening of every month in Woodmen hall, Antioch, Ill. Visiting Neighbors always welcome. ED. GARRETT, V. C. J. C. James, Clerk

Christmas Values	
A	New Goods
H	New Goods
S	An all wool suit for dad at \$6.50
E	A sheep-lined coat in corduroy, moleskin or whipcord
W	Nobby caps for men and boys
E	Splendid assortment of neckties, suspenders, assorted, in Xmas boxes
B	Get a sweater coat for the boy
B	Men's fancy hose one pair in Xmas box
B	Fur caps and fur overcoats
CHASE WEBB	

ANTIOCH NEWS

A. H. JOHNSON, Publisher

ANTIOCH

ILLINOIS

NO HARD COAL TRUST

HIGH COURT RULING HOLDS GOVERNMENT HAS FAILED TO SHOW COMBINE.

OPINION GIVEN BY LURTON

Supreme Tribunal's Decision Upholds Contentions of the Prosecution That "65 Per Cent." Contracts Are Illegal.

Washington, Dec. 18.—The government lost its fight before the Supreme court of the United States Monday to have the anthracite coal carrying railroads and their affiliated coal companies declared to be in a general combination in violation of the Sherman anti-trust law.

It was a victory in getting the court to hold void the 65 per cent. contracts whereby the "railroad coal companies" buy the output of "independent" mines. Justice Lurton, in announcing the opinion, said these contracts were plainly in violation of the law.

The court also held that the railroads had violated the law by attempting to shut out of the anthracite region a competitive road through the control of the Temple Iron company.

As to minor combinations of railroads and coal companies charged to be violating the law, the court dismissed the action without prejudice to future suits, because it held it not fair to require those groups to make a defense in an action primarily against a "general combination."

In an opinion announced by Associate Justice Lurton the court says:

"1. The general combination alleged by the government to exist between the defendant roads for an apportionment for total tonnage to the seaboard by an agreement in the nature of a pooling arrangement has not been established and, therefore, the relief sought by the government upon assumption of such combination is denied.

"2. The court finds, however, that the principal defendants did combine, for the purpose of shutting out from the anthracite coal field a projected independent line of railroad, the New York, Wyoming and Western railroad, and to accomplish that purpose it is found that the stock of the Temple Iron company and of the Simpson and Watkins collieries was acquired for the purpose of and with the intent, not of normally and lawfully developing trade, but of restraining interstate commerce and competition in transportation, which would have presumably come about through the construction and operation of the proposed competing line of railroad between the mines and tidewater.

"3. The court holds that certain contracts made with producers, covering between 20 and 25 per cent. of the total annual supply of coal, known as the 65 per cent. contracts, by which such independent producers bound themselves to deliver the output of their mine or any other mine which they might acquire to the railroad companies for 65 per cent. of the average market price at tidewater, were also void, because in violation of the anti-trust act, as abnormal and illegal restraints upon interstate commerce.

"4. The court reiterates the declaration in the Standard Oil case, that an act of congress does not 'forbid or restrain the power to mark normal and unusual contracts to further trade by resorting to all normal methods, whether by agreement or otherwise, to accomplish such purpose.' Nevertheless, it holds that the acts which it finds in this case to be illegal, the Temple Iron and 65 per cent. contracts, were not within such class, but, on the contrary, were abnormal in their character and directly tended to and were intended to illegally restrain trade and commerce and, therefore, came within the statute as illustrated by the rulings in St. Louis Terminal association and Swift and Co. vs. United States."

DEMOCRAT FOR REID'S POST

President Taft to Leave Naming of Successor to Dead Diplomat to Governor Wilson.

Washington, Dec. 18.—Because of the little time which remains before President-elect Wilson will appoint new men to all the important positions in the diplomatic service, President Taft Monday decided not to name a successor to Ambassador Whitelaw Reid at London, but to let the post remain vacant until after March 4 next. All the important business of the embassy will be transacted between the British embassy in this city and Secretary Knox.

Consul General Resigns.

San Francisco, Dec. 18.—Henri Meron, consul general of France in San Francisco for more than six years, said Monday that he had tendered his resignation, to take effect January 1. He will soon leave for Europe.

Ocean Crafts Are Safe.

New York, Dec. 18.—The steamship Impeco and the large Hahnaut of the Standard Oil company fleet, thought to have been lost in the Gulf of Mexico with 36 persons aboard, arrived at Galveston, Tex., Monday.

FOUR MEN ARE HUNG

OREGON GOVERNOR REFUSES CLEMENCY TO CONVICTS.

Electorate of State Given Chance to Pronounce Verdict, Which They Did, Favoring Hanging.

Salem, Ore., Dec. 16.—Four men were hanged in the penitentiary in this city Friday despite efforts to save their lives that were unprecedented. The quartette had been under reprieve granted by Gov. Oswald West for varying periods in order that the electorate of the state might have an opportunity to pronounce its verdict whether the men should hang. The verdict was given on November 6 and was in favor of hanging. Governor West turned a deaf ear to the scores of appeals that he save the men's lives. He said he would let the hangings go on.

The men executed were Frank Garrison, Noble Faulder, H. E. Roberts and Mike Morgan, all murderers from obscure counties of the state.

START SEARCH FOR SCOTT

Rescue Party Starts From New Zealand to Hunt Antarctic Explorer Missing Nearly a Year.

Christchurch, New Zealand, Dec. 16.—The polar relief ship Terra Nova sailed from this port on Saturday for Ross Island, in the far antarctic, to bring back Capt. Robert F. Scott and his associates of the British expedition which went south more than a year ago to discover the south pole.

Nothing has been heard from Scott and his men since the Terra Nova came north on March 5 last, and there is much speculation as to the accomplishments and some uneasiness as to the fate of the party.

When the Terra Nova sailed from Hut Point, the winter quarters of the expedition, at the extreme southern end of Ross Island, Captain Scott and two companions were still struggling toward the pole.

TELEGRAPHIC NOTES

Wytheville, Va., Dec. 13.—Sloan Allen, leader of the Hillsville gunmen who shot up the Carroll county court and killed five persons, was convicted of involuntary manslaughter Wednesday. The jury fixed his punishment at five years' imprisonment.

Washington, Dec. 14.—Representative Charles C. Bowman of the Eleventh Pennsylvania district was unseated by the house of representatives by the passage, 153 to 118, of a resolution declaring that corrupt practices had been used in his election in 1910.

At the same time the house refused, 181 to 88, to seat George R. McLean, his Democratic opponent.

Washington, Dec. 14.—Secretary of War Stimson issued orders Thursday for the removal of the Twenty-fifth Infantry and Companies Ten, Sixty-eight and Seventy-five of coast artillery from Pacific coast to Honolulu.

MISS HELEN GOULD TO WED

Will Become Bride of Finley D. Shepard, a Railroad Man, of St. Louis, Mo.

New York, Dec. 17.—Announcement was made Sunday by George J. Gould of the engagement of his sister, Helen Miller Gould, to marry Finley D. Shepard, a St. Louis railway man.

St. Louis, Dec. 17.—Finley D. Shepard, whose engagement has been announced to Miss Helen Miller Gould, has been in railroad work nearly all his life. His romance with Miss Gould dates from last March when Miss Gould was making a tour of the Missouri Pacific and Iron Mountain systems.

ADMITS KILLING PETROSINI

Italian, Condemned to Death, Says He Helped Gang Kill Noted Gotham Detective.

Montreal, Que., Dec. 14.—Carlo Baptista, an Italian who is to be hanged here on December 20 for murder, confessed to the police that he was one of the gang that plotted the assassination of Joseph Petrosini, the famous New York detective who was shot to death in Palermo, Sicily, on March 12, 1909.

The prisoner revealed the names of several other members of the Camorra that engineered the assassination. He said they had deserted him and refused to contribute to his defense and he wanted them hanged down.

Two in Aeroplane Lost.

San Francisco, Dec. 17.—Nothing is known as to the fate of Horace Kearny, aviator, and Chester Lawrence, his passenger, who left Newport Beach, near Los Angeles Sunday, for a hydro-aeroplane flight to San Francisco.

Justice John P. Hand Better.

Springfield, Ill., Dec. 17.—Justice John P. Hand of the Illinois supreme court, who was stricken with paralysis, was in an improved condition Sunday. He was gradually recovering the use of his right arm and right leg.

Mrs. W. E. Corey Bars U. S.

New York, Dec. 17.—Mrs. William E. Corey, formerly Mabelle Gilmann, an actress, "simply cannot live in America" any longer. The country is too noisy, she said, so herself when she arrived on the France Sunday.

MR. WILSON'S DAUGHTERS



The above photograph was taken while President-elect Wilson and his family were in Bermuda. The photograph shows, from left to right, Miss Eleanor Wilson and Miss Jessie Wilson in front of their cottage, Glen Cove.

BOMB WITNESS HIT

F. W. ZEISS HELD UNDER \$2,000 BOND ON CHARGE OF PERJURY.

TESTIFYING FOR DEFENSE

Was McManis's Roommate in Detroit in the Spring of 1907 and Worked on Jobs With Him There at That Time.

Indianapolis, Dec. 16.—Frederick W. Zeiss, union ironworker, Chicago, brought here by the defense to impeach the testimony of Orrie McManis, was taken from the witness stand at the dynamite conspiracy trial Friday by order of Judge Albert Anderson and held under \$2,000 bond to appear before the next federal grand jury for perjury.

Zeiss was McManis's roommate in Detroit in the spring of 1907, and worked on jobs with him there at that time. McManis testified he had never talked to Zeiss about his first explosion at the Russell Wheel and Foundry company in Detroit, June 25, 1907. Zeiss contradicted this and said McManis had told him that he (McManis) caused that explosion, and further told him before the explosion that he was going to Bloomville, O., to get dynamite. He also said McManis invited him to become a dynamiter. "I told him the game was too dirty for me," said Zeiss.

"Do you say that you knew this explosion had occurred and you said nothing about it?" asked Judge Anderson in astonishment. Zeiss made no reply.

"Do you know where you are? Answer my question," continued the court.

"Certainly."

"And you knew who caused the explosion and didn't inform the authorities, and you said nothing to the officers of the law?"

"Certainly," was the terse reply of the witness. After brief cross-examination District Attorney Miller informed the court that he had asked Zeiss if McManis had told him who caused the Russell Wheel and Foundry company explosion, when he was before the grand jury during the investigation of the dynamite conspiracy. "Zeiss swore to that grand jury that he knew nothing of the explosion," said Miller. He then asked that the witness be held to the grand jury.

Wilson Back in the U. S.

New York, Dec. 17.—President-elect Wilson returned Monday from his vacation trip to Hamilton, Bermuda. The steamship Bermuda, which carried him and his party, docked here a few minutes after 8 a. m., following a record trip.

12 Hurt as 20 Buildings Burn.

Pittsburg, Dec. 17.—Fire belloyed to have been of incendiary origin, destroyed twenty stables, warehouses and residences in Bradock Saturday night. Scores were rescued, twelve of whom were injured.

Policeman Kills Chief.

Riverside, Cal., Dec. 17.—Police Officer Bert Barrett of the local force shot and killed his superior, Acting Chief of Police John R. Baird, Sunday. Barrett's later attempt to kill himself was frustrated.

\$50,000,000 IS TOLL

MONEY TRUST QUIZ HEARS WALL STREET'S RECEIPTS.

Frank K. Sturgis, Former President of the New York Stock Exchange, Occupied the Stand.

Washington, Dec. 16.—That commissions amounting to nearly \$50,000,000 a year are poured into the pocket of Wall street brokers each year was the testimony given here Friday before the house committee investigating the "money trust." Frank K. Sturgis, a broker and former president of the New York stock exchange, was on the stand.

Samuel Untermyer, counsel for the committee, tried to draw from Mr. Sturgis an estimate of the amount of business done on the exchange annually, but was unsuccessful. The lawyer then read from the answers furnished by the exchange to questions of the Hughes commission an estimate of yearly business amounting to 136,000,000 shares of stock. Mr. Sturgis said he believed the figures to be about right.

PRINCE OF BAVARIA IS DEAD

Luitpold Succumbs in Munich, Following Several Months of Failing Health—Made of Life Simple.

Munich, Bavaria, Dec. 14.—Luitpold, prince regent of Bavaria, died here Thursday. He was ninety-one years old. The prince regent had been in failing health several months and his death was not unexpected. Luitpold was sixty-five years old and had lived a long and useful life as a great German military leader, when he was called upon in 1880 to take the throne of Bavaria, the second largest state in the German empire. His call to the regency was the result of the insanity of King Ludwig II. and his brother, King Otto. Like his friend, the emperor Francis Joseph, Luitpold cared not a fig for the trappings of his high position. His mode of life was simple.

KUKLUX KLAN METHOD IS ON

Masked Men Whip Georgia Man, Alleged to Harbor White Women in His House.

Dallas, Ga., Dec. 16.—A revival of the days of the Kukulux klan took place here, when a band of masked men took John Watkins from his home to the center of the town, where he was severely whipped. Watkins then was given three days to leave town. The action is said to have followed Watkins' refusal to get rid of several alleged disorderly white women living in one of his houses.

New Turkish Counselor Coming.

London, Dec. 17.—Djordj Dey, counselor of the Turkish embassy in London, started for the United States Sunday to take up the same post at Washington. He was one of the most popular diplomats in London.

1,000 Ohio Miners Strike.

Wheeling, W. Va., Dec. 17.—One thousand miners in the East Ohio coal fields struck Sunday. The adjournment of a conference here after a failure to reach an agreement may cause 17,000 more to strike.

DEATH TAKES REID

AMERICAN AMBASSADOR TO GREAT BRITAIN DIES IN LONDON SUNDAY.

KING SENDS CONDOLENCES

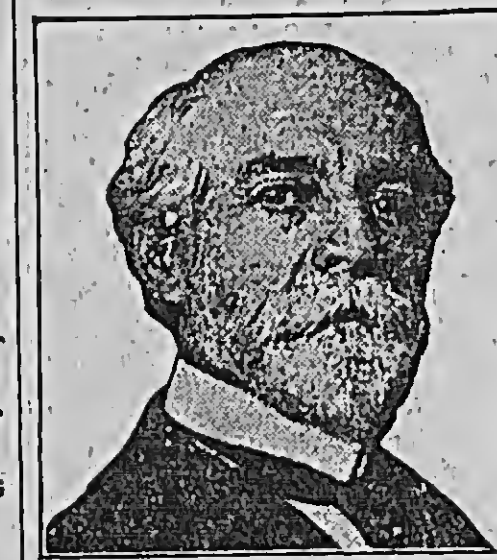
United States Diplomat Succumbs With Wife and Daughter at His Bedside With Son Crossing Sea—Taft to Fill Vacancy.

London, Dec. 17.—American ambassador to the court of St. James, Whitelaw Reid, died at Dorchester house, his palatial London home, at ten minutes after noon Sunday. Only his wife and daughter, Hon. Mrs. John Hubert Ward, were at the bedside when the end came. His son, Ogden Mills Reid, has sailed from New York on the Kronprinzessin Cecille, the ambassador's family not realizing the seriousness of Mr. Reid's condition until Friday, when they cabled Ogden to sail immediately for England.

King George has inquired daily as to the ambassador's condition since the fact that he was seriously ill became known. Hon. John Ward, who was at Dorchester house, telephoned Buckingham palace immediately when the death occurred and within half an hour Sir John Legge, the queen's equerry, called to convey the condolence of the king and queen.

The following official statement was issued at Dorchester house by the attending physicians:

"A fortnight ago the ambassador had a return of the asthma from which he had previously suffered severely at considerable intervals. Grad-



Whitelaw Reid.

ually bronchitis supervened and the asthmatic paroxysms became severe, leading to extreme exhaustion.

"Although with great difficulty the paroxysms of asthma were gotten under control, early Sunday the exhaustion became extreme. Mr. Reid died of pulmonary edema at ten minutes past 12 o'clock."

Washington, Dec. 1.—News of the death in London of Ambassador Reid came as a shock to official Washington, for it had not been generally realized Mr. Reid's illness was of a serious nature.

President Taft paid an unusual tribute to the late ambassador and expressed his grief in a cable reply to a message of sorrow from King George of Great Britain. The president also sent his sympathy to Mrs. Reid. Through his own personality, Mr. Reid, the president said, had drawn America and Great Britain in closer friendship. It was unofficially announced here that President Taft will appoint John Hays Hammond to fill the vacancy at the court of St. James.

Whitelaw Reid was born near Xenia, O., Oct. 27, 1837. The town was founded by his paternal grandfather, a Scottish Covenanter, and his mother was Marjane Whitelaw Ronalds, of ancient Scottish descent. His early education was received from the teaching of the Rev. Hugh McMillan, an uncle, who was principal of the academy of Xenia and one of the trustees of Miami university. Mr. Reid was graduated with class honors from Miami in 1856.

At the age of 20 years he took up journalism. He became editor and proprietor of the Xenia News, and speedily made his power felt as a strong factor in the Republican party. He chose Horace Greeley as his guide in newspaper work and modeled his sheet after the New York Tribune.

In 1881 he married the daughter of D. O. Mills. During his early married life he published several books on journalism and politics.

In 1889 he accepted from President Harrison the mission to France. In 1892 he was nominated for vice president and was defeated, and resumed directing control of his paper.

Mr. Reid's missions to England as the special ambassador of the United States at Queen Victoria's jubilee and the king's coronation, furnished an important addition to his qualifications for the resident ambassadorship, which he assumed in 1905. After receiving his appointment he relinquished the active direction of his paper and for the last seven years had devoted all his time to his office.

Big Explosion Destroys Boats.

London, England, Dec. 16.—A serious explosion followed by fire is reported to have destroyed or damaged more than a hundred small craft in Naples harbor, according to a news agency dispatch from Rome Friday.

Adopt Lincoln Memorial Plans.

Washington, Dec. 16.—Senator Cullum's resolution approving the site recently chosen by the special commission for a monument in Washington to Abraham Lincoln was unanimously passed by the senate Friday.

HE KNEW WHAT TO AVOID

If Knowing Human Nature Would Do It This Man Would Have Made Good Preacher.

"Dr. John Inyanes Holmes, who preached a Bull Moose sermon to President Taft the Sunday before election day, isn't like 'Washington White,' said a member of Dr. Holmes' Church of the Messiah in New York. "Washington White was an aged hod carrier. Laying down his paper one evening, he said to his wife over his spectacles: 'Martha, I believe I'd make a preacher. Listen, now, and I'll give you a sermon.'"

"The old man then stood up to the table and bellowed out a vigorous discourse on the wickedness of the idolaters of the Orient."

"His wife said at the end: 'A good enough sermon, Washington, but you've told us all about the sins of the foreigners and never a word about the sins of the folks at home here.'"

"'Ha, ha, ha, I understand preachin' too well for that,' laughed the wily old man."

ITCHING AND BURNING

Iberia, Mo.—"I was troubled with scalp eczema for about five years and tried everything I heard of, but all of no avail. The doctors told me I would have to have my head shaved. Being a woman, I hated the idea of that. I was told by a friend that the Cuticura Remedies would do me good. This spring I purchased two boxes of Cuticura Ointment and one cake of Cuticura Soap. After using one box of Cuticura Ointment I considered the cure permanent, but continued to use it to make sure and used about one-half the other box. Now I am entirely well. I also used the Cuticura Soap."

"The disease began on the back of my head, taking the form of a ringworm, only more severe, rising to a thick, rough scale that would come off when soaked with oil or warm water, bringing a few hairs each time, but in a few days would form again, larger each time, and spreading until the entire back of the head was covered with the scale. This was accompanied by a terrible itching and burning sensation. Now my head is completely well and my hair growing nicely." (Signed) Mrs. Geo. F. Clark, Mar. 25, 1912. Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston." Adv.

The Way, let's travel into slumberland! "Well, mamma, can we travel on the sleepers?"

TIRED BLOOD

IMPEDES DEVELOPMENT

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INNOCENT SUFFERERS OF THE BALKAN WAR



This photograph shows Greek children, orphaned by Turkish bullets, waiting for free food at one of the relief stations that have been established in Athens.

PRIEST SAVES LIFE

Father Jose Algue Well Known in Philippine Islands.

Director of Weather Bureau at Manila Who Has Made Extraordinary Instrument—Clergyman Is Devoted to Humanity.

London.—Quietly and unostentatiously, without being in any way heralded by the press, a certain priest paid a visit to London recently who deserves to be ranked among the world's greatest benefactors. His name, Father Jose Algue, is scarcely known, perhaps in this country, but every man and woman in the far east knows Father Algue, director of the Philippine weather bureau at Manila, for did he not, after many years' labor, invent an instrument which is called the barocyclonometer, by which it is possible to guard against the most dreaded of far eastern calamities—the typhoon?

This instrument is now in use on upwards of 1,000 ships that sail the waters of the far east, while the American government proposes to fit its ships with a modified form of the instrument in order that captains may be warned of the approach of hurricanes or storms, and thus make it possible for them to slip out of harm's way. And it was in order to have this modified barocyclonometer made under his personal supervision that Father Algue recently came to London.

The instrument is really a combination of the ordinary barometer and a cyclone detecting apparatus, the latter being Father Algue's own invention. The barometer used alone will tell of the approach of the storm, but will give no hint as to the direction in which the center or vortex of the storm is moving. It is this additional information which the cyclonometer supplies, and its use has undoubtedly led to the saving of millions of lives in eastern waters.

Not only, however, has Father Algue invented the barocyclonometer, but in connection with the Philippine weather bureau, he has also organized a system of cyclone danger signals, which it is no exaggeration to say save thousands of lives every year. Father Algue has a corps of 80 native assistants who are scattered through the Philippine archipelago. Some are observers, others telegraph operators, others messengers, while at Manila Father Algue is in direct communication with a score of other weather stations in the islands, and also with points far away from the Philippines—Hong Kong for instance.

The approach of a typhoon is at once telegraphed to Father Algue at Manila, and he then sends the news to all quarters by means of his assistants and messengers. At times he has been able to give notice of the approach of a typhoon three days before it appears, and almost always manages to give news of it one day before.

We, in this country, have little idea of the enormous loss of life and damage caused by an eastern typhoon. When it is mentioned, however, that the average number of typhoons in the Philippines is 21 a year, and it is not unusual for the fall of rain in two days to equal the total rainfall of other countries for a year, while the wind has been known to uproot churches, some idea of the value of the work which is being done by this priest, who has practically devoted his life to typhoon fighting, may be gathered.

Apart from the barocyclonometer, Father Algue has invented several other weather instruments of great value to mariners, but he cares little for publicity or fame, and it is interesting to note that one of his treatises on typhoon fighting was translated into German and circulated in Europe, yet his name did not appear on

the cover. Instead, the readers were given to understand that the translator was the author of the book. Fame or wealth he cares little about, his main concern being the saving of lives which would otherwise be sacrificed to the storm fiend.

MUST LIVE WITHIN INCOME

Judge Refuses to Grant a Divorce to a Wife Who Charges She Was Subjected to Cruelty.

Franklin, Pa.—That it is the right of a husband to insist that his wife keep the family's expenditures well within his income was a rule laid down here by Judge George S. Criswell in refusing to grant to Mrs. Laura F. Sylvester, of Oil City, a divorce from William W. Sylvester.

The wife asked for a decree on the ground of cruelty, and at the hearing it developed that their troubles were largely financial, the husband restricting the wife's expenditures for the family to a sum within his income. In discussing this phase of the case Judge Criswell said:

"The husband had upon him the burden of the family maintenance. His income, while fair, was limited, and it was only reasonable on his part to insist that proper relation should be maintained between such income and the family expenses. The failure to preserve it could result in his humiliation and loss of caste and his associates and in the community, something highly prized by a man of principle and honor."

WHY HOTEL RATES ARE HIGH

Some Expenses Not Put Down in the Books Are Disclosed by Wife of Hotel Manager.

New York.—Every now and then one learns something new of the New York hotels. Mrs. Max Thompson, wife of the assistant manager of a Gotham hotel, is entitled to the gratitude of the public for letting in a little light upon the duties and emoluments of the hotel managers—even if she did do the letting in because, according to her husband, some dispute concerning a fuzzy puddle had risen between them. In her petition for alimony Mrs. Thompson alleges that her husband's income is \$8,400 annually. "He is paid \$1,800 for his services; \$800 as agent for a champagne; \$720 for certain unnamed services performed for hotels in Paris, Berlin and London and \$1,200 by steamship lines for procuring certain business for them."

That happens to figure up to \$10,800 a year, but the difference may be set down to the difficulty which ladies notoriously experienced in dealing with arithmetical facts. It also happens that she does not state all the facts, if the facts in Mr. Thompson's case coincide with the facts in the other hotel officials. For example, the assistant manager of the hotel is allowed his rooms and a certain specified sum daily in the dining-rooms. The discreet pushing of a brand of cigars is always worth something. One bartender in one of the great hotels admittedly received \$10 a day for pushing a certain whisky. No doubt his immediate superiors may have profited slightly by the same brand. The carriage callers, head porters, stewards, chefs, detectives, laundry chiefs, hood waiters—every other employee in a position of even modified authority about a hotel—always are able to add to their income by certain other side incomes. No doubt they are sometimes moved by sheer gratitude to share such gratuities with the men who have the power of discharge over them. "I will take any position of responsibility whatever in any one of the great hotels," said a competent

BRAGANZA DAGGER IS FOUND

Portuguese Officials Recover \$50,000 Weapon, Missing Two Years—Sought by American.

Lisbon, Portugal.—The famous dagger of the dukes of Braganza, long coveted by wealthy American collectors, has been returned to the state mysteriously as it disappeared from the royal palace of Necessidades on the night of October 4, 1910, when King Manuel fled from his castle to find refuge on British shores.

The weapon, studded with precious stones and bearing chiselmanship attributed to Donvenuto Cellini, is estimated to be worth \$50,000. Many foreigners have sought to purchase it, romantic tales associated with the blade having added a historic worth to its intrinsic value.

At the time of the revolution the Republican leaders visited the deserted palace and took possession of all the jewels and works of art that the royal family had left behind. The dagger and some other valuables, however, failed to find their way into the hands of the new authorities.

Some time ago the government decided that all the furniture, jewels and other property seized at the palaces, but which belonged to the fallen monarch and his mother, Queen Amelie, should be returned to them in London, and the old inventory books of the Braganza family are being examined to separate what belongs rightfully to the royal family from what is considered as the property of the republic. Recently the dagger was secretly placed in the letter box of the official who is conducting the inventory. There was nothing to indicate by whom it had been restored.

hotel man, "and I will serve without salary and with absolute honesty. And at the end of the year I will have made more money than the manager's salary amounts to. It isn't any wonder that the public complains of the hotel charges. Look what these charges cover."

WALK LINE FOR A LODGING

Cleveland Wayfarers' Lodge Forces Application to Drastic Test in Proof of Their Sobriety.

Cleveland, Ohio.—Applicants for a night's lodging must hereafter be able to walk a literal chalk line—a white streak across an eighteen foot room—before there is any shelter for them at the Wayfarers' lodge of the Associated Charities here. Superintendent Howell Wright of the Associated Charities instituted the custom when he refused lodging to a tramp from Philadelphia because he wavered from the narrow path.

Wright said that he believes the custom should become general and that applicants who are unable to negotiate the feat in proof of their sobriety will be turned out in the cold. The more serious cases will be given to the police.

LETS THREE CHILDREN MARRY

Rushville, Mo., Man Gives Permission For Son and Daughters, Under Age, to Wed.

St. Joseph, Mo.—H. H. Seaver of Rushville, Mo., observed a dinner at a marriage feast of two daughters and a son, all under legal age, for whose marriage he gave consent. Elmer C. Seaver, a son, aged thirteen, married Miss Ruby C. Kelly, aged sixteen years. Miss Florence Seaver, aged sixteen, was married to Roy Virgil Brown, aged twenty years, and Miss Alice N. Seaver, aged seventeen, wedded Archie M. Russell of Aethelton county, Kansas, the only one of the six who was of legal age.

If Christ Were Here



Is Christmas a season of plenty? Face to face with this timely question I have been thinking of the households in our cities. In many of them, I knew, the tables will groan under an array of substantial and dainties, tasteful enough to make the mouth of an epicure water. There will be that lovely linn from the pretty customs of the German fatherland—the

Christmas tree—laden with its numerous gifts for family and friends; the little ones will rejoice in toys and candies; those a bit older, in a wealth of books and games, while fathers and mothers will have exhausted their ingenuity in discovering each others' desires and those of their children in order that all may be gratified on this anniversary of Christ's coming. In well-ordered households those who serve the family will be welcomed around the tree and merriment and song will add to the gaiety. If he in whose name it will all be done were right here in the midst of them, what more could he ask?

And I dreamed a dream—that he had come once more upon earth, had come right down among us and was looking with eyes of deep questioning at what was being done in honor of his former coming.

And as he walked around hidden from all eyes but mine own, his glance seemed to pierce beneath the seeming and reach the heart of the festival. He passed by the well-warmed and lighted homes, where all was happiness and content; he went into the places where those of whom he said "Of such is the kingdom of God" were playing in the path of death, and his glance was stern as he saw one of "these little ones" sweep into eternity beneath the iron wheels which crashed its tiny form almost out of all semblance of the beauty and sweetness which belonged to it. His look said: "What gift has been given to this child in honor of my birthday? Has it had not even that right of every creature, a safe place to expand its nature in the play which it must have in order to grow?"

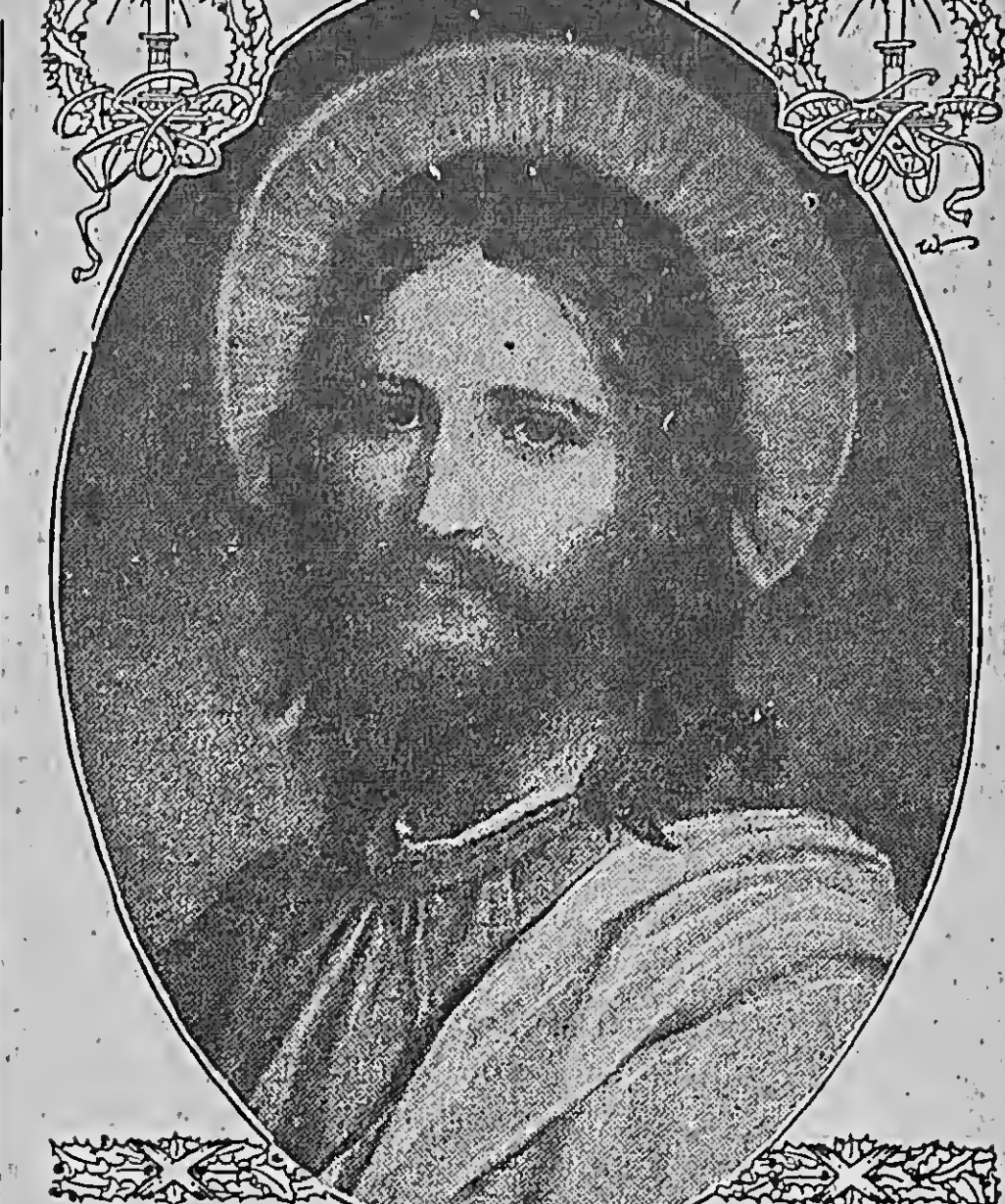
And he went among the homes of those who serve the people in the marts of trade, great and small. Surely there we would find the Christmas good cheer of which I had been thinking. But in too many households we found only worry and anxious care for the morrow and for the health of those who were tired almost to death after their long hours of labor for the thankless, rushing crowd of searchers after "Christmas gifts." They were not thinking of Christmas festivities, but only "Lord, give rest and bread to eat—rest, Lord, rest."

We left the middle-class homes and wandered on our quest into that great neighborhood of the weavers, men and women by the thousands, who in the best of times can never be sure that the wolf is far from their doors, and who, during these late years of costly living, have not often seen the best of times. There were attempts in many humble homes to celebrate the coming of the Prince of Peace, but, oh, how pitiful was their setting forth of the good things we all think belong of necessity to this blessed season!

"What are you doing to those my little ones?" said the sad eyes with the deep questioning look. "Is this the best you can give them in honor of me? Why, these are no longer children; they are dwarfed men and women, with the spirit of play gone from them and the weight of years upon them in their very childhood."

And he went farther among the weavers, and came to the homes of those who had abandoned all hope of better times; the homes where the season of Christ's birth could not be celebrated for even their utmost efforts could not still the howl of the wolf right upon them, not at, but within the door. There was the cry of the poor women of the roads in the German fatherland in a century long gone by, to the appeal of the priest who consecrated his life to such as they. "Give us only bread and water, and we will follow thee." And these poor households said, "Give us to know where tomorrow's bread is to come from, and we will be happy and make a festival for thee; all we ask is to be free from the wolf; we are willing to work, but work is not plentiful enough, and some of us must always go hungry." And the face of the Christ grew sadder.

And we passed into the home of one of those whose grief must be greater than that of her from whom death has taken the husband and the father of her little ones; of one



from whom the man has gone away, leaving the woman to fight single-handed against the wolf. The effort there to keep up heart and to hold together the children in the home, which is meted out to the working woman, seemed even more desperate. The little ones looked hungry; the Christmas tree had shrunk to a tiny sprig of green; there was little light, and it was, oh, so cold, and the tiny babe on the mother's arm was the only soul that smiled. And this at the time of plenty, when all should rejoice! Is the mother at work at a time like this? Yes, in spite of all the world has to tell us of "sacred motherhood," the woman with the babe on her arm is not exempt from this harsh demand, and at work she must be, even on this day of days, or risk the dole which is all that stands between her children and the wolf.

And deep in the saddened eyes of the Christ I read the condemnation and the question: He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?

Is the rush of the gift-buying a sign either that there is plenty in the land or that we really love to celebrate the birthday of the Christ? If you think so, listen to the groans of the overburdened father of the family when approached with the request for Christmas moneys; hear what weary women say to each other in passing concerning the unwelcome necessity of "exchanging gifts" with so many people "who look for something from you." What of the original spirit of Christmas is there left in this "exchange" of a return in kind? Thousands upon thousands of gifts are "exchanged" by people who bought them with the money which was really needed for the daily uses of their own households, bought them grudgingly in servitude to custom and without a particle of real Christmas spirit accompanying the selection or the giving.

But this is not the worst of it; the children, even, have come to know in many families that the gifts to those outside the family circle are given not because of a loving desire to give, but in the spirit represented by "that wicked dollar," which Emerson said was given in order to save himself the unpleasantness of refusing or the trouble of investigating some demand made upon him. Which has the better claim upon the time and the purse of the man of small means—those dear to him who actually need comfort, or the richer friend who in no sense needs the thing sent and who in turn will feel obliged to make a gift to keep his record clear? Shame upon the weakness which forces the "exchange" of what should be an outpouring of good feeling or else has absolutely no reason d'être.

But is there any righteousness in the feeling of smug comfort in the homes of the well-to-do at the Christmas season? Is the full table and the joy of one's own household a fair offering in honor of him whose coming we are supposed to be celebrating?

While we are pretending to be a Christian community what are we doing to the weak and the helpless? Can there be any greater wrong to the children of any community than

to permit the years during which they should be laying the foundations of knowledge most easily, to find them so crowded by thousands out of the schools or sitting on the window ledges or (with doubly worked teachers trying to instruct two sets of youngsters) on "half time"? And yet we go calmly on year after year permitting money to be misused while the little children pay the bills in wasted years; and then, when Christmas comes, the children's festival par excellence, we lift up our eyes to heaven with the prayer of the Pharisee and rejoice over the Christmas season and its joy for the children! Can there be any neglect of the commonwealth's interests greater and with results more lasting, than our failure to consider every child an asset to be treasured and appreciated, to be educated to its utmost possibilities?

We are all prone, men and women alike, to look mostly at immediate effects. If some one we know goes out to nurse a poorer neighbor stricken down with typhoid or any of the other preventable diseases, we exclaim over the lovely charity of the action and praise the kindness of heart which prompted it. "That," says the average person, "is true charity and neighborly love." But if that kindly woman were to give half the time and effort to help along a crusade for pure water or for the prevention of consumption or for the cleaning up of a pestilent neighborhood, she would probably be called, by those immediately around her, if not a muckraker, at least an uncomfortably active reformer. Yet the prevention of the illness would mean more to the poorer neighbor than all the kindly nursing during its continuance. All we may do in the way of juvenile courts for the young offenders is not to be compared with giving them just their bare right to playgrounds and good teaching, with plenty of room for all and well-paid teachers to work for and with them.

When we know that the coming of Christmas, the children's festival, is going to make all the young lawmakers in our city shave extra long hours, in order to fill the rush orders of the season, shall we not be shaken out of our smug rejoicing over this as a time of plenty for all?

Not enough schools for the city's children; not enough food for them, even when they do get into the schools; not enough wages for their parents to enable the mothers to remain in the homes to look after them; not enough money spent by the municipality to give them places to play in safety; not enough care for their lives to clean up the neighborhoods in which they fairly swarm; not enough Christmas joy to go round to all the city's children—such is our record as we prepare to celebrate with merriment and feasting the advent of the Christ Child. Is it a record of which we dare be proud? May we offer it as a meet festival in honor of the coming into our world of him who said:

Whosoever shall cause one of these little ones that believe on me to stumble, it were better for him if a great millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the sea."

Who lives for humanity must be content to lose himself.—Frothingham.

TRUST HIS LOVE

They are few who have not sometimes, said like Jacob, "All these things are against me." We cannot wonder that he thought so; but he was mistaken. They were working for his good, and the time came when he knew it. We cannot see the bright light that is in the storm that afflicts us, and our faith is so small that our hearts are troubled. But when our spirit is overwhelmed within us God

knows our path. The deepest lessons, and the most salutary, of our lives come through our adversities. An athlete cannot be trained without difficult exercises, the mind is developed by hard studies, the heart is enlarged and humbled and purified by affliction. Our transient troubles are working for us "more and more exceedingly an eternal weight of glory." Our faith is small, because the temporal

has too strong a hold on us. If our vision were always fixed on the things not seen and eternal we would rejoice in our tribulation. One of the greatest goods of life is the severity of its spiritual discipline. To those who trust him God gives the treasures of darkness and hidden riches of secret places. We cannot comprehend his perfect plan for our lives, but it is our blessed privilege to trust his unerring wisdom and his infinite love.

RURAL NEWS ITEMS

LAKE VILLA

George Dennison was in Chicago on Tuesday.

J. G. Rowling has been quite sick the past week.

Miss Olive Nelson was in Chicago Saturday.

Earl Potter and John Leonard were home over Sunday.

N. G. Lentzner and Edgar Kerr were in Chicago Saturday.

Miss Lela Glynn of Lake Bluff visited here Saturday.

Lutie Munzer returned on Saturday from a six weeks visit with relatives in Missouri.

HICKORY

Mr. and Mrs. S. Ames visited at Millburn Sunday.

O. L. Hollenbeck and wife spent Saturday in Kenosha.

Mrs. Fred Achen visited the fore part of the week here.

Mort Savage of Eagle River, is visiting home folks over the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. George Sanborn of Eagle River called on friends here last week.

Come to the Hickory school Friday night to see Santa Claus and the Xmas tree, also a short program.

MILLBURN

The Dodge school will close Friday for two weeks.

Newport township are hauling gravel on the roads.

Mrs. Josephine Mathews returned from Kenosha Friday.

Mission Study class met with Mrs. George Jamieson Thursday.

The Heckaday school is closed on account of the teachers illness.

Miss Ada Tillotson of Pikeville visited several days with Mrs. Mathews.

Brush the great Magician will be at the church Saturday evening, Dec. 21.

The Sunday school will have Xmas exercises and tree at the church Monday evening.

RUSSELL

Mrs. Spencer Howe is out again.

Mrs. Corrie is quite poorly.

Mrs. Lunday entertained her mother last week.

Miss Minnie Reeves was a Russell visitor Sunday.

James Reeves is putting in a new floor in his store.

Some of the young people attended the dance at Gurnee Friday night.

Mr. Howard had the misfortune to break one of his ribs last Thursday.

The Russell church will have an entertainment in the basement on Tuesday evening. A new carpet has been ordered.

Mrs. John Shea had the misfortune to be thrown from a buggy while on her way from Waukegan and injured her arm quite badly.

Good Never Die.

There is nothing so nothing, innocent or good that dies and is forgotten. An infant—a prattling child dying in its cradle—will live again in better thoughts of those who loved it, and play its part through them, in the redeeming actions of the world, though its body be burnt to ashes and drowned in the deepest sea.—Charles Dickens.

Keeping Water Hot.

Insulate the hot water boiler by building around it a box filled with sawdust. Let the fire go out immediately after breakfast, and find the water in tank hot at ten p. m.

Why She Was Mad.

"Why is she mad?" "He told her she had an appetite like a bird." "Well, that was a compliment." "She had just been reading how birds eat their own weight in a day."

Woman.

Wrinkles are said to be the result of experience. Is that why woman is so keen on having her wrinkles massaged away?

Forced Gaily Palls.

People of the greatest gaily of man ners are often the dullest company imaginable. Nothing is so dreary as the conversation or writing of the professed wag.—Hazlitt.

Resolutions Too Fragile.

"Resolve to live a hundred years, and you will do it," declared a St. Louis physician. But being a physician, he ought to know that good resolutions are easily broken.

Reforming.

Too often reformers who are keen on converting the other half to cold calm consideration of every act, go at reforms with the most heated frenzy.

Love.

An English publication offers a guinea for a personal proposal. Evidently the editor belongs to the bargain-hunting sex.

RUSSIA'S REAL YELLOW PERIL

Drifting Sands Make Desert of 1,000 Acres of Fertile Farm Lands Every Year.

"The great enemy comes from the east. Our yellow peril does not appear in human shape. It comes in a much more dangerous and insidious form than Mongol invasion. Slowly but surely it is advancing upon us and its vanguard has already reached the gates of Kiev."

Thus spoke some years ago, Vladimir Solovitch, the well-known Russian scientist, who foresaw the danger to Russian agriculture of the drifting masses of sand which are being steadily blown across some of the most fertile parts of Southern Russia.

The urgent nature of the danger is once more emphasized by General Mitchenko, the commander-in-chief of the Don Cossacks, who has made a report to the St. Petersburg government in which he points out that every year 1,000 square miles of fertile land in the Don Province and 1,500 square miles in the government of Astrakhan are being swallowed up by the invader and rendered unfit for cultivation.

During the past year, the drifting masses have done the greatest damage within living memory. One large agricultural colony in the Don region has had to emigrate in a westward direction for the fourth time in fifty years. General Mitchenko urgently advocates afforestation as the only way to stem the spread of the sand plague. The cost, it is figured, would only amount to a fraction of the \$750,000 which is now lost every year to Russian agriculture.—New York Sun.

BECAME A DISGRACE TO KIN

Scotch Collies Reverted to Wild State When Imported into Patagonia and Argentina.

Some years ago the shepherds of Patagonia and Argentina imported a large number of Scotch collies into those countries to help herd the sheep. But imagination seemed to spoil the companionable, affectionate and intelligent dog from the Highlands. In two or three years his entire nature changed and he became independent, snappish, sly and disobedient. Bad treatment may have had something to do with it, but by twos and threes the collies rapidly deserted the flocks and took to the woods, where they soon became wild dogs.

They have increased so fast and become so fierce in both countries that not only do they carry off small animals and fowls, but have grown so bold that they do not hesitate to attack travelers even in broad daylight. They travel in packs, and when hunted scatter to hiding places in the rocks. The Patagonian and Argentine governments have offered bounties for every wild dog's brush, and while the war of extermination may deplete both national treasuries the only effect it has had on the collies has been to make them keep to cover during the day. Every shepherd goes armed and keeps a constant lookout, but shooting has not decreased their numbers, and poison has been tried without success, as they are too shrewd to eat anything set for them.

Conflict Bismarck Forgot.

The smallest of Europe's sovereign states, Liechtenstein, which is preparing to celebrate the second century of its independence, has a monarch and a parliament, but no taxes and no army, the Westminster Gazette states. Its finances are provided by its Prince John II, who in return nominates three of its fifteen M. P.s. At the time of the Austro-Prussian war the principality sided with Austria and mobilized an army of 100 of all ranks to share in the fighting. But Liechtenstein's army never smelt fire and Liechtenstein itself was quite overlooked in the peace negotiations at the end of the war. Fifteen years later Bismarck discovered that his country was still technically at war with this miniature state; and in strict accordance with the etiquette of such things pourparlers took place and a formal treaty of peace was signed between the two countries.

Cosmopolitan London.

A man with nothing useful to do took a walk on Aldwych and Kingsway the other day and counted noses. As a result he writes to a newspaper exploiting the cosmopolitanism of London.

He says that in 15 minutes he encountered: One Arab in flowing burnous and white turban; two Turks in frock coats and tarboches, seven obvious Americans and probably more who were not obvious; a couple of Danes wearing Alexandra Day noses and talking volubly in their native tongue; a leaser; two Indian students with gold spectacles; an alert Japanese.—New York Sun.

Food for Reflection.

In Los Angeles the other day a shop-girl was hurrying to her work when her hat blew off and an automobile ran over it. She got permission from her employer to go back, and on the way met three men, one of whom was carrying the wrecked hat. As he returned it he gave the girl a \$20 bill.

The other man "chipped in" \$15 apiece. Thereupon the girl went at once and bought a \$50 hat. "I've always wanted one like that," she said, with a smile, "but I never dreamed I should have one." There are several aspects of the incident that are worth thinking about.

NEW USE FOR SAND GLASS

German Surgeons, Before Operation, Must Wash Their Hands Until the Germs Have All Fallen.

The whistling egg boiler and other patent inventions have threatened the existence of the old-fashioned sand glass as part of the kitchen paraphernalia, and it seemed likely that the children of a later generation would be quite ignorant of the use of what, with the scythe, so often stands as the symbol of time.

A German surgeon, like many Germans a strong disciplinarian, has, however, found a new use for the sand glass, and under his directions one of the larger Berlin hospitals has just placed an order for a score of sand glasses, which, however, are not timed for the boiling of an egg, but for rather longer—for five minutes.

It was discovered that some of the younger surgeons were rather easy going in the matter of cleansing their hands before operations. The regulations prescribe four processes of five minutes each, but rarely were the times kept with any approach to accuracy.

The excuse was that it was difficult to estimate the time without a clock. Others pleaded the difficulty of keeping count of when they began and then reckoning minute by minute with only a small watch to go by. The sand glasses, however, are to put an end to this. Each washstand basin is to have its sand glass.

For five minutes the surgeon washes his hands with soap and warm water and then cleans his finger nails. Another turn of the sand glass, and five minutes more of hand washing with soap and warm water is to follow. The third turn keeps time for a third wash, this time in alcohol, and the fourth is for the process of sterilization with a wash of corrosive sublimate. Over all these operations the sand glass stands as arbiter to decide when each has been thoroughly carried out.

PECULIAR CHARM OF FRANCE

More Restful Than Other Countries, Is the Reason Given by Distinguished Writers.

It is impossible for anyone who knows France, and has felt the charm of the country and its people—and who has not?—to approach French problems in a severely critical spirit. The beautiful cities, the broad stretches of wonderful Corot landscape threaded by marvelous roads, form the playground of travelers from other lands. No matter what is sought, there it can be found. The gay life of the streets, the opportunity for the spending of money for beautiful things, the charm of art and music, are offered to the guest of Paris. Those who seek the quiet and freedom of plain or forest have not far to go, and a thousand places, each seeming more attractive than the other, make their appeal for a longer stay than the visitor can afford.

The greatness of France is of so recent a date that one forgets it is not more distant. The whole country gives the impression of a quiet backwater where one can put in for rest and enjoyment, and without discomfort watch the turbid stream of life in other lands as it rushes by. No other country suggests this feeling in such a compelling way; yet in these pushing times of modern material progress it is all counted as against her success in the international struggle for the trade of the world, that prize which costs annually more blood and money than did the final political dismemberment of Europe.—James Davernport Whelpley in the Century.

Gentleman Farmer.

The farmer who once welcomed the lightning rod operator as a friend of mankind is moving to town now, and languidly supervising the tilling of his acres from an automobile. One of these vicarious husbandmen, established in an Indiana county seat, found it difficult to employ his newly acquired leisure. The automobile had not proved itself a toy of unalloyed delight and the feet that had followed unwearied the hayrack and plow faltered upon the treads of the mechanical piano. He began to alternate motor flights with more deliberate drives behind a handsome team of blacks. The eyes of the town undertaker fell in mortal envy upon that team and he sought to buy it. The tired husbandman felt that here, indeed, was an opportunity to find light gentlemanly occupation, while at the same time enjoying the felicitous of urban life, so he consented to the use of his horses, but with the distinct understanding that he should be permitted to drive the hearse.—Meredith Nicholson in the Atlantic.

Old London Cries in Peril.

This is a darling age. Somebody has actually dared to criticize the vocal efforts of the itinerant vendor. It was "Sweet lavender; buy my sweet lavender" that established the immortality of the street cry from cavillers. There is no doubt that the "sweet lavender" business had, we trust—a good deal of pleasantness. Other yell from the gutter got in on it, too. You would hear a hoarse howl and begin to condemn it, and then stop . . . after all, was it not an "old London cry?" But too much "Milk-O" has at last picked the bubble. A complaint at Highgate police court incontinently referred to this city as "something between the scream of a hyena and the talestio of a donkey." "Chairs-by-mand O" may be the next to succumb.—London Globe.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 71 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Egyptian Custom.
The Egyptians at their feasts, to prevent excess on the part of the company, were accustomed to place a skeleton in a conspicuous part of the banquet room, with this inscription over it: "Remember, on being told he like it." An epicure, on being told this, replied: "Ah, that was if they did not eat."

Wonderous Strength of Love.
There is a comfort in the strength of love.—Wordsworth.

Brutal Husband.
Nothing makes a woman feel so hurt and indignant as her husband's refusal to be consumed with pity for the man from whom he won her.—The Tatler.

Unkindly Suggestive.
A lady of advanced age required the services of a page-boy, and advertised: "Youth wanted." One of her dearest friends sent her by the next post a bottle of Blank's celebrated wrinkle filler and skin-tightener, a pot of fairy bloom, a set of false teeth, a flaxen wig, and a cake of iodine soap.

Probably What He Wanted.
The following was one of King Edward's favorites: "A very well-known K. C. sent to an eminent physician and surgeon, who is a familiar figure in Portland place, the following wire: 'My wife's mother is lying at death's door. Will you come around and try to pull her through?' It is a 'true story,' as Miss Mar declares, and the physician did pull her through to health."

Emphatic Comment.
It was held by the duke of Wellington that the true story of the battle of Waterloo had never been written. A contemporary relates how he once sat in a carriage with the duke and watched him read a ponderous quarto recital of the battle of Waterloo. Against paragraph after paragraph he traced the letters 'L' or 'D. L.' with a great blunt ended pen. I ventured to ask what these mystic letters meant. The pithy reply was: "Lie" and "Damned lie," to be sure."

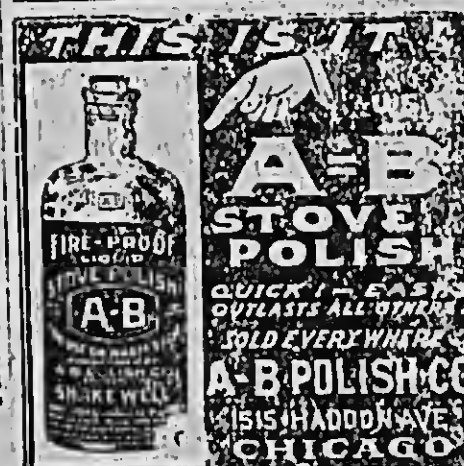
Kind He Expected.
"Why do you stand before this window for hours every day gazing at the wax figures?" "I am studying to be a cat art singer. I am schooling myself to face an audience."

They Generally Succeed.
People who expect to have their feelings hurt are seldom disappointed.

Why Jacko Failed in Business.
"I'm sorry to hear," said the Lion, "that poor little Jacko has failed in his laundry business." "Yes," replied the Wombat, "he undertook too large a contract by washing the Giraffe's collars for two cents each."

Before Houses Were Numbered.
Four hundred years ago the idea of numbering houses originated in Paris, though it was not until 1789 that the system became general. The first known instance of a London street in which houses were numbered is Prescott street, but the practice did not spread far until 1764.

Worried Hero.
A critic of Wells' novel, "Marriage," finds in the confounding of the hero "the desire to have it all ways; to possess a woman who shall have all the charm and the caprice of the eternal feminine; who shall, by the grossness of her desires and the pettiness of conversation, give him an agreeable sense of superiority, and yet shall, to order, acquire deep spiritual insight when her husband feels he needs it."



L. G. STRANG

Licensed Embalmer and Funeral Director

ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS

Phone 311.

Also Farmer's Line



BRUSH DISPROVES LINCOLN'S SAYINGS

Magician Is Able to Fool All the People All the Time.

Edwin Brush, magician, has come near disproving Lincoln's famous saying by fooling all of the people all of the time for the last half dozen years, and the people seem to enjoy being fooled, in this way at least. A good magician is popular always, and Mr. Brush is popular in that class.

Those who enjoy a wholesome, far-get-your-troubles entertainment should



EDWIN BRUSH, Magician.

make it a point to see and hear Mr. Brush. He believes heartily in the mission of mirth and holds that a laugh is no less sacred than a tear. Mr. Brush comes with but one assistant, but he brings with him a large quantity of baggage and stage settings that will please the eye and add to the attractiveness of the entertainment.

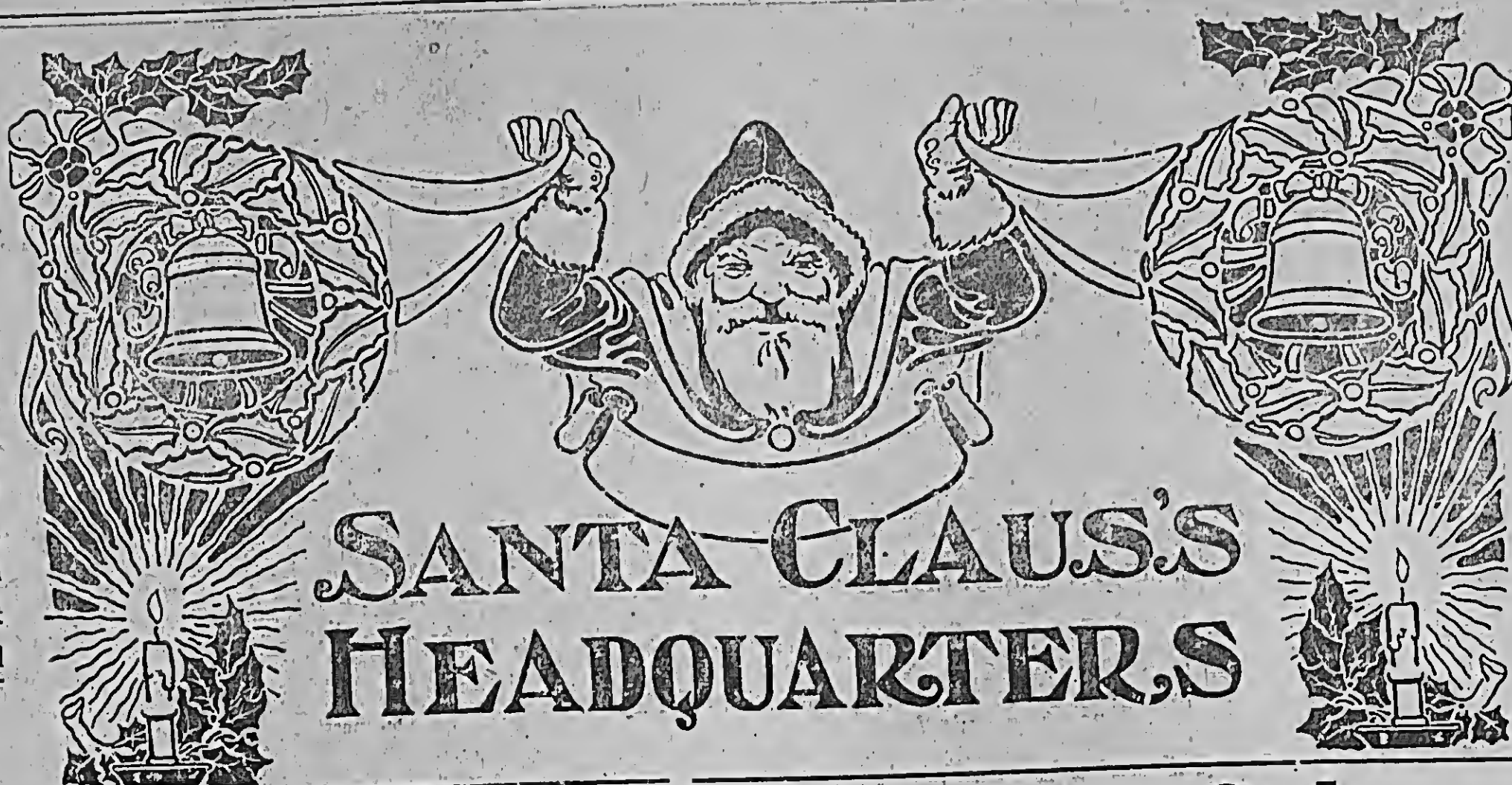
At the Millburn Church

Sat. Eve. Dec. 21

Admission 15 and 25 cents

Trade at Burlington and Save Money

You make better time in coming here and getting home. Your carfare is refunded at all times, and you will find high grade merchandise at Bargain prices, come and be convinced.



Trade at Burlington and Save Money

3 reasons why you should trade at Burlington
Now is the time to make your holiday purchases. A few specials to be found at the Fashion Store will make very acceptable Christmas gifts.

Great Christmas Sale

XMAS SPECIALS

Suits and Coats

Ladies and Misses suits special at	\$7.98
Ladies suits at	\$15.00
Ladies suits in the latest styles and best materials	\$15.00
Misses coats at	\$4.98
Ladies coats at	\$6.98
Ladies coats at	\$10.00

Xmas Specials

Waists—Gray flannel 2.50 shirt waists at	98c
Hose—Ladies fleeced 35c hose at	21c
Fur Sets—Coney and Marmoth 12.50 sets at	7.50
Neckwear—Robespierre and lace collars, 25c and	50c
Handkerchiefs—Large fancy at 10c, linen three for	25c
Petticoats—Silk, all colors, 3.50 values at	2.98
Mufflers—Phoenix, all shades, 75c values at	50c
Sweaters—Ladies heavy, fancy sweaters all colors	2.00

Xmas Specials

Neck pieces—Many kinds, \$6 and \$7 values	3.98
Muffs—Separate Coney and Marmoth \$8 muffs	5.00
Kimono—Flannelette 1.50 kimono, neat patterns	98c
Underwear—Underwear, all 75c fleeced at	45c
Corsets—All \$1 Fit-Form corsets at	75c
Night gowns—Ladies flannel 1.50 gowns at	89c
Flannel Petticoats—75c heavy petticoats at	49c
Dressing Sackes—Flannelette dressing sackes	39c

XMAS SPECIALS

Skirts and Waists

Ladies or Misses skirts	\$3.48
Ladies or Misses skirts	\$4.98
1 lot of waists at	49c
Lawn or tailored waists at	59c
Ladies linen or flannel waists at	79c

Extra

Ladies or Misses skirts in serge or panama, special at

2.98

Car Fare Refunded to Out-of-town Customers.

FASHION

Cloak and Suit Store
BURLINGTON, WISCONSIN

Extra

Silk waists in all colors special at

2.48

Car Fare Refunded to Out-of-town Customers.

Are You Considering a Banking Change?

Most of our new business comes to us directly or indirectly through the influence of our customers—a very good evidence of their satisfactory treatment by us. We are not only willing, we are also equipped to do our share in promoting the interests of our customers. If you are considering a banking change and know any of our depositors, have a talk with them. If you don't happen to know any of our depositors, come in and have a talk with us. Three per cent paid on savings of One Dollar or more. Three per cent paid on time deposits. Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

BANK OF ANTIOCH,
J. E. BROOK, Banker

PREPARING FOR HIS ANNUAL JOURNEY



CHRISTMAS FOR TWO

By AGNES HOWARD BUTLER.



M A L L Thomas Moore was born an orphan. So far as he was concerned, his brief history began and ended at the Children's home. His big sister Lily, who was six and therefore should have known better, told vague tales of a real Mother and a little house in the country where they had cocoa every day for breakfast. This last condemned the whole story. At the Asylum one had cocoa only on Sunday, and this festive event redeemed a day otherwise devoted to religious exercises.

The two children sat on the edge of their chairs in the bleak asylum parlor, where three holly wreaths in the curtainless windows proclaimed that it was Christmas. Both were dressed in the institutional blue and white check, and there was a red shiningness about their faces which told of the recent and vigorous application of soap and water. Lily was crenn and roses with appealing long-lashed eyes that would have secured her a home many times over if she had been willing to go alone. No one wants to adopt a boy. Even the blonde ones were unclaimed, so what chances had Thomas, brown as to hair and eyes and skin, although anything but somber in effect? The over-worked Matron had reluctantly given up the idea of "placing" the two children together. A desirable home had been found for the girl with two prim maiden ladies and little brother had to remain behind. So the tiny folks were to spend their last Christmas together with Lily's new guardians.

"Sister will come every Saturday to see Brother," said the little girl, who accepted the coming separation with a child's strange fatality, although her heart was aching.

"Yes," assented Brother noncommittally. He was less concerned with future happiness than with the pleasing prospect of a day in new surroundings.

A carriage drawn by a fat slug of a horse drew up to the curbing, two ladies got out and cautiously ascended the slippery steps.

"Miss-Priscilla-red-headed and Miss-Mattie-pull-your-hair-back," announced Thomas, who had his own way of characterizing people.

"Tommy! Tommy! Don't call them that," wailed Lily; "say Miss Priscilla and Miss Mattie or maybe they won't want me."

At this awful thought even Thomas was abashed, so it was the shy little Lily alone who slipped from her chair and offered her hand to the two ladies as they entered the room followed by the Matron. Miss Priscilla shook hands in a matter of fact way, but Miss Mattie bent to kiss the children as she helped them on with their wraps and gathered up the meager parcel that contained Lily's personal belongings.

"Shall we go now, Sister?" she ventured. The dominant chord of her existence had always throbbed a soft accompaniment to the leitmotif of the decisive "Miss Priscilla."

"Yes," assented the latter positively, "and we will return the boy precisely at five," she added to the Matron, who had been hovering over Lily with good-byes and admonitions.

The coachman carried both children down the icy steps and they hurred themselves with becoming modesty, as if accustomed to such care, while the orphans in the front ward watched enviously, and one of them opened the window wide enough to call down:

"Aw, Tommy's coming back anyhow," as a salute to their slighted condition.

When the big house was reached there was a delightful holiday smell in the air of evergreens, oranges and freshly burning driftwood. Lily was taken upstairs to come down later, her blonde beauty radiant in the white lawn and blue ribbons in which Miss Mattie had dressed her. With a child's adaptability she seemed to fit in perfectly with her surroundings in contrast to Thomas in his coarse blue gingham and heavy shoes. She would bring the spirit of youth to a house, long accustomed to the decorous ways of sober middle age. A black and white Japanese spinnel, with a nose so short that he seemed always on the point of a sneeze, jumped up beside her and laid his head affectionately on her arm.

"What a picture," sighed Miss Mattie. "Don't spoil the child," rejoined her sister, with a glance at small Thomas, who seemed rather out of it. "Come, it's time for the tree."

A white-capped maid shoved aside the portieres and revealed a tree, glittering with tinsel and heaped around with various ribbon-tied packages. There was a satisfying smallness, a cozy "portion for two" feeling about this fat little tree, in contrast to the usual spindly, sparsely trimmed evergreen at the Asylum, which was so large that it never seemed to belong to anyone but the Board of Directors.

After a moment of rapturous silence Lily hugged a real dolly, and Thomas fell upon a toy horse. Being of an investigating turn of mind, it was soon minus saddle and bridle and the tail was about to follow when Miss Pris created a diversion by lighting the tree so that he might see it in all its glory before he went back. The early winter twilight began to shadow the room as she rang for tea. Then thoughtfully she hung Tom's coat by the fire to warm in preparation for his cold ride.

The day-wagon appeared. In honor of the day it bore the Martha Washington set of colonial tradition, a cherished heirloom whose egg-shell fragility had been guarded from destruction through five careful generations. Besides the usual tea service, there was a pitcher of milk and thin slices of bread, spread with raspberry jam, and a plate heaped with bananas.

It was wheeled into place before Miss Mattie, whose transparent hands had barely tilted the teapot, when with a whoop of joy the riotous Thomas made descent. Needless of his sister's warning cry and poor Miss Mattie's horrified gasp, he grasped the handle of this novel push-cart, shouting:

"Bananas! Bananas!"

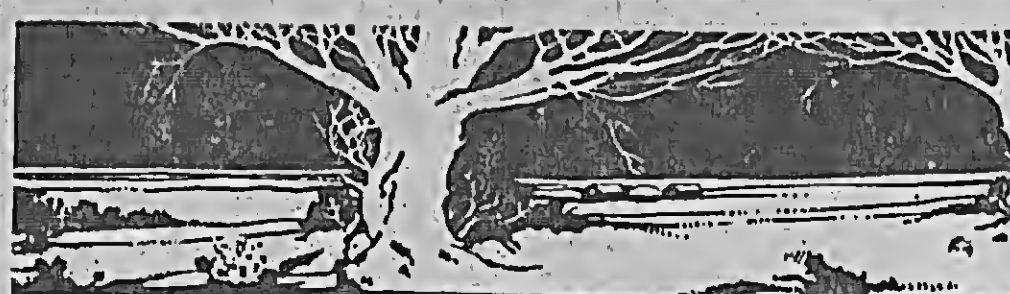
The peculiar fatality which pursues small boys in a drawing-room swooped down upon him. There was a crash and a tinkle of silver as the wheels met the edge of a heavy rug, and Tom, the dervish, sat amid the ruins.

"Oh, Miss-Priscilla-red-headed! Miss-Mattie-pull-your-hair-back! I didn't mean to break it; don't send Lily back to the 'alum 'cause I'm bad, and he my Muvvers, too," he concluded breathlessly.

It was Miss Pris who picked him out of the debris, and as his short arms met around her neck and his tear-streaked face went down on her shoulder, she looked across at Miss Mattie and as one who has at length arrived at a happy decision, she announced:

"You take the girl—the boy is mine."

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Song for the Year's End

By Wilbur D. Nesbit.

The sands that count the year are low within the upper glass;

They slip away, these little years, so swiftly do they pass;

They flit like shadows to and fro the longer we may live—

But, ah, they take no more from us than they may freely give!

They take the song, mayhap, but leave the echoes sweet that hum—

The year is dying, but there is another year to come.

Then why gaze at the trickling sand with heavy sigh and frown?

Turn it down! Turn it down!

There are smiles and laughter waiting where the other joys came from.

Turn it down! Turn it down!

There's another year to come.

Another year is coming—now its hailing call we hear—

With golden smiles to pay us for each jewel of a year,

With clover nodding in the rain and dew upon the rose,

With silver store of moonlight, and with ivory of snows,

With lilting laughter for the lips that long time have been dumb—

The year is dying, but there is another year to come.

Why hold the glass and watch the sand with gloomy sigh and frown?

Turn it down! Turn it down!

The melodies of joys to be already throb and thrum—

Turn it down! Turn it down!

There's another year to come.

It is the twilight of the year—the sands are almost gone;

But turn the glass and wait to see the glory of the dawn,

And wait to hear the mellow chord that pulses with each word

That will build up the coming song—the song you've never heard.

Why brood above the days now gone, and seek to find the sum

Of bitterness and happiness? Another year's to come.

So turn the glass and start anew the current golden brown—

Turn it down! Turn it down!

There are light and laughter lurking where the other joys came from.

Turn it down! Turn it down!

There's another year to come.



SOME QUAIN NEW YEAR OBSERVANCES

It has always been customary for the civilized races to see the Old Year out and the New Year in with demonstrations of merriment and conviviality. Schemes of all kinds are introduced by wealthy Londoners for welcoming the New Year at banquets on the night of December 31.

In many parts of Britain there are dozens of singular and attractive ways of celebrating the commencement of another year, the quaint ceremonies, as a rule, being carried out in the same manner they were observed generations ago.

An old custom which has a good deal to recommend it takes place at Holmes chapel, Middlewich, Cheshire. For many years past the bell-ringers of the parish have rung in the New Year and then made their way to a couple of local hostleries, there to be entertained by the landlords free of expense.

A quaint custom takes place at Sunderland on January 1st. Early on New Year's morning the mayor of the borough, accompanied by the mayor-elect, pays a visit to the town workhouse, and performs the ceremony of "crowling" the oldest inmates. The

crow used is a five-shilling piece, the coin being placed on the head of each of the inmates selected for the honor. The money they receive in this way may be spent by them in any manner they think proper.

At Coventry it is the custom to eat "God-cakes" on New Year's eve, and on December 30 and 31 the bakers of that city are busy turning out the delicacies by the hundredweight. A "God-cake" is triangular in shape, about half an inch thick, and filled with a kind of mince-meat; in fact, it is a glorified mince-pie.

There are scores of superstitions associated with the beginning of a New Year which the average person knows nothing about.

It is considered unlucky for the male inhabitants of the little island in the North Sea to be visited by a member of the fair sex on New Year's day, while fires must not be put out on that day in the south of England, or the luck of the year will be exceptionally bad.

On the continent, especially in out-of-the-way villages, it is customary for food and drink to be put on a table outside the houses on New Year's eve. This is not to feed the hungry, but to keep goblins from forcing their way within. But why goblins should be afraid of food can not be explained.



CHRISTMAS WITH "DAD" AS THE GOAT

By BYRON WILLIAMS

Along about October 1 when the granaries of the world are full to bursting and the cellar is so cluttered up with coal and preserves that the maid cannot reach the laundry tapa without stumbling over the snow-shovel, somebody says something about Christmas and gives father heart disease. All summer "dad" has been wrestling with the problems of business—this was presidential year, and everybody had to have vacations and Hilby & Jones started in direct competition and—oh, the dickens knows what!

And now he has to face that Christmas thing again!

The list is a mile long and father knows it will put a cramp in his bank account amounting almost to cramp, but mother says it will have to be added to, if anything, so there!

But somehow as I look at "dad," I cannot restrain from asking:

"Why should father be the goat?"

It wasn't so in the days when I was dreaming of a wonderful career in letters. Everybody worked on Christmas presents then and father was not called upon to settle the Christmas bills for all the family. I made a "corner-copia" (We don't spell it now the way we pronounced it then) for mother. She knitted some

socks for me. I rigged up a shaving-paper outfit for pa and he gave me a perfectly good twenty-five cent jack-knife. I made a wood box for the neighbor's wife and she sewed me a pair of mittens. Everybody made things in those days. For weeks before the holidays, mother worked every night on Christmas gifts, and she was as happy as could be doing things for those she loved. Into the fabric of what she was sewing, she put the love and affection of a great heart—and all of us did the same.

And I'll leave it to you—didn't the things we got in the old days, the presents we made ourselves for each other, come nearer exemplifying the true Christmas spirit?

Of course they did! And father did not have to dig down in his pocket and pay for two hundred and fifty-seven presents, two hundred of which are given just because somebody else gave us something and got on the confounded list!

I'm for Christmas—but I like the old-fashioned observance best. It isn't observing the "peace-on-earth" spirit to load "dad" up with so much debt that he can't crawl out in five months. Better take to wood boxes and cornucopias.



THE LAND OF CHRISTMAS TREES

The express wagon is backed to the grocery store entrance and the driver, assisted by the grocer's boy, begins to unload Christmas trees. Soon the walk is cluttered with them and the passersby, catching the spirit of the tree, smile at the children gathering round. A light snow is falling and the green of the spruce is inviting, to say nothing of the reason it has come to town.

What a lot of Christmas trees the grocer has ordered—and yet how few compared to the many thousands that grow in Christmas Tree Land, away up north. Up there the woods are full of Christmas trees and the snows are so deep that snowshoes may be necessary. And in Christmas Tree Land there are vast stretches of nothing but evergreen trees and white snow—and in the snow, if you are versed in woodcraft, you might find the track of a deer and innumerable trails of Brer Rabbit, leading away through the greenery to the quiet, vast places.

Probably you pay \$1 or more for a Christmas tree. Up north they are free, but the hardy men who gather them must wade in the deep snow and draw them many miles to the railroad that they may be shipped to the little boys and girls of the city.

And as you sit beside your tree, with your heart glad and your spirits gay, you might ponder on how that tree got to you. You can picture the vast snow field and the forest with the December sun shining on it, shedding

jewels of light. A squirrel is floundering about in the snow trying to locate some buried nuts and a blue-jay is scolding saucily from a maple tree hard by. And then, into the quiet comes a man. He is a sturdy man with a woolen cap drawn closely over his ears and nose. There are slits for his eyes. On his feet are great woolen packs with rubber shoes and his trousers are tucked inside the packs. His coat is very odd, to you, consisting of a great, bright sweater sort of garment, buckled closely around him. On his shoulder he carries an ax. He begins to cut Christmas trees and the one you have in your home is a very pretty one that pleases him as he hauls it away to where his team awaits. With many other trees your tree is put on the sled and after a time, is hauled to the depot where it is shipped to your grocer.

The man who cut it was no doubt a lumberjack and if he is like his kind, he lives in a log cabin with his wife and children. In the olden days he worked in the timber exclusively, but now he farms during the summer on a wee farm that he is clearing of stumps, and in the winter time he cuts wood for the lumber companies.

And his little ones always have a Christmas tree, for Christmas trees are free where he lives, but probably it is not as plentifully loaded with gifts as yours, for which you should be very thankful.



CANDY BY THE BARREL

If candy makers had to depend on men consumers instead of upon Cupid and the kids, there would be great failures in saccharine circles—but there is one time of the year that my miscellaneous sweet-tooth asserts itself and then, instead of yearning for the chocolate-cream confections or the fruit dips, it clamors for a big bag of mixed candy, right out of the barrel!

I admit it is a plebeian taste, that the candy is mostly glue and flour jumbled to suit the taste of the adolescent—but somehow I cannot feel that I have rightly celebrated Christmas without this bag of candy. When I was a boy this is the sort of candy we got and the taste was early acquired. And what a lot of anticipation there was in eating the stuff—anticipation because when you stuck your hand in the sack for a sweet bit, you never knew whether it would come out clutching a lemon-drop, a caramel or a peppermint!

And, too, the candy was cheap. You

could get a big bag full of it for ten cents—and some of it was red and some white and some yellow and there were sugar hearts with motes on them and nice round marbles with nuts in them and funny animal shapes that tickled—and oh! heaps of interesting things in that Christmas sack of candy.

This was the same kind of candy we got sowed up in red moose-bar sacks at the Sunday school Christmas tree festivities, along with the nuts and the popcorn balls.

And now, man that I am, I cannot get across the tubicon of Christmas without sauntering down to the candy store and asking for a sack of candy "out of the barrel." Invariably the candy-man will tell me he has much better candy and look at me in a surprised sort of way, but I know what I want when I want it—and Christmas is the time.

How about you? Haven't you a sweet tooth left for the old-fashioned candy?

Cash Meat Market

Having bought out the Meat Market business of R. A. Shultis, and taking possession Monday morning, Dec. 23, I wish to announce to the public that I am contemplating a change in the management, and will conduct the business on a strictly cash basis, thus giving my patrons the benefit of a much lower scale of prices. Give us a chance to prove this statement and make you one of our most satisfied customers.

E. E. HAWKINS

Bargains for the Holidays

Hoyt's corn wafers, regular price 10c	5c
Triscuit breakfast food, regular price 10c	5c
Oriole pancake flour, 3 packages for	25c
Kookt-ote cooked breakfast food, regular price 10c,	5c
Jello, all flavors, 3 packages for	25c
Baker's pure extracts, regular price 15c bottle,	10c
K C Baking powder, regular 25c can,	18c
K C Baking powder, regular 15c can,	9c
1 lb can Calumet baking powder	20c
Mallard brand prunes per pound	4c
Muscatel rasins 3 pounds for	25c
Onions, per lb 2 1-2c, or basket,	85c
None Such mince meat 3 packages	25c
Kingford's starch, 3 packages for	25c
Vegetole, 2 pounds for	25c
Your choice of Wilson's pound cake, pound	20c
We have a full line of choice Xmas candies, nuts and fruits.	
We take orders for Holly wreaths and Xmas trees.	
With every \$1.00 order we will present you a handsome wall pocket.	

Antioch Cash Grocery
C. F. CHINN, Proprietor.

Special Holiday Bargains

As Xmas is near at hand and every one is looking for a present for some friend, why not come in and see our line of

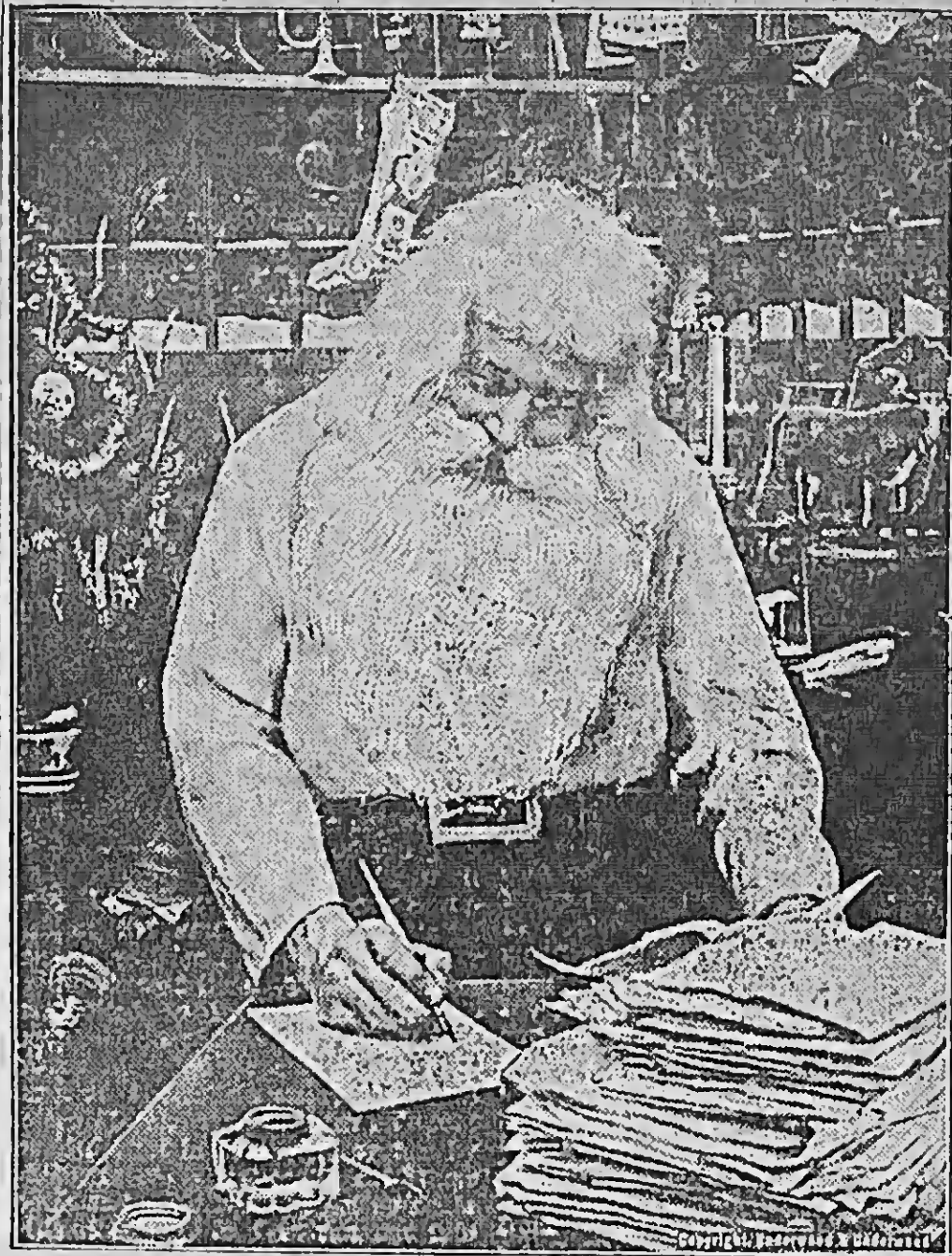
Ladies' fur-topped slippers at \$1.00 and \$1.25
Children's fur topped slippers 75c and 85c.
Ladies' warm shoes \$1.50 and \$2.00 per pair.
Gent's warm shoes for winter wear \$1.25 up.
Call and see us before going elsewhere. See our bargain table, any pair for \$1.00.

Wishing all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

CITY SHOE STORE

J. R. CRIBB, Prop.

ANSWERING HIS CHRISTMAS MAIL



Santa Claus' correspondents live in practically all the countries of the world. The letters he receives—hundreds of thousands of them—are written in all languages. But Santa Claus is an international character, and whether the children who write to him express their wishes in English, in German, in French, in Scandinavian, or even in Chinese or any of the other languages of the world, he can read and understand each letter. The photographer has caught him on a busy morning just before Christmas, and in the corner of his workshop he uses for an office.

CHRISTMAS IN COLONIAL DAYS

Interesting Account of an Old-Time Celebration.

Men Wore Their Hair in Curls and Such Games as "Green Grow the Rushes, O," Furnished Amusement.



GLIMPSE of an old-fashioned celebration of the Christmas season is preserved in a diary of a guest of Maj. Gen. William Lloyd, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, who recounts the good cheer of his household in the old homestead at Westerville, N. Y. The house is still occupied during a part of the summer by some of his descendants. In those early days of the republic the journey from New York by sleigh took ten days.

In preparation for the coming festivities, the diarist notes that the keeping room (as the main room was then called), which today would be called the parlor, or drawing room, was trimmed elaborately with spruce and cedar branches, there being no holly growing in that region. Roses made of tissue paper, in red, pink and white, were plentifully distributed through the evergreen decorations.

The roses were made by two young women guests, Miss Catherine Floyd and Miss Mary Floyd, who were engaged to be married to James Madison and Thomas Jefferson, afterwards presidents of the United States. They were assisted in entertaining guests during the day by the Misses Wiggins, neighbors of the general. Among other guests, Bishop Whipple and a fellow clergyman were present, as well as the fiancé of the diarist.

The festivities began Christmas Eve, and all the family hung up their stockings in front of the huge kitchen fireplace. The illumination was that of tallow candles in silver and brass candlesticks. Miss Catherine Floyd had expected her fiancé, James Madison (as was jotted down in the diary), and was greatly disappointed at his not coming. He sent, by way of a Christmas gift, a full-length likeness of Gen. George Washington, framed, which was brought by a neighbor returning home from New York.

The merry-making was at its height Christmas Eve, all sorts of then fashionable and popular games, such as "Hunt the Slipper," "Blind Man's Buff," and "Green Grow the Rushes, O," being indulged in by the young people until 10 o'clock, at which hour sharply General Floyd closed the house.

That in keeping early hours he was not altogether arbitrary appears when we learn that the breakfast Christmas morning was at early candle light. The diary says: "It was so early, and I

had to take my curl-papers out, so I am sure my hair will not curl at all." The gay young people gathered in the immense kitchen after breakfast was served, to examine the stockings that Santa Claus was expected to have left in prosperous condition. Of her gifts the diarist remarks: "Such beautiful gifts I have never received away from my home. Some beautiful milk skins, sufficient to make my winter fur and muff, from dear General Floyd, taken from animals caught in a trap near the milk house, Baxter's 'Saints' Rest,' and a nice volume of Watts' hymns from Mrs. Floyd, a white velvet cushion, painted with roses and leaves, from Catherine, and a pretty collar of lace footed from Mary. My dearly beloved gave me a ruby ring, the emblem of eternal fidelity and love." The "dearly beloved" became her husband a few months later.

"Christmas Day was indeed a joyful one; after we had seen all our gifts, all the young people went to the hill back of the house and coasted for two hours on the hard crust of ice and snow; the distance from the top of the hill to the gulf ravine was nearly a mile."

WHEN THE YULE LOG BURNED

Pretty Customs of Former Times That Surrounded That Necessary Feature of Christmas.

The yule log on the fireplace roared. The whole hall was aglow. The great hounds lay before the blaze, dreaming of stag and boar.

One of the prettiest sights of the old-time Christmas must have been that of the yule log being drawn homeward, surrounded with joyous laughing children, shouting merry greeting to each wayfarer as he doffed his hat in reverence to the log so full of good promises whose flame had the power to burn out old wrong and heartburnings. On the arrival of the log at the "baronial hall" it was customary for each member of the family to greet it in fitting manner either in verse or song.

In some parts of France there was also the custom of the Christmas log, although there has been a different significance. There the log had suspended from each end the toys, cakes and fruits for the children of the house. These were the gifts Petit Maulet or Christmas child was said to have brought.

In the mountain districts of Germany the Christmas log was supposed to have the power of warding off dangers from lightning and was kept beneath the bed of the master of the house from one Christmas till the next, when it was used to light the new log. On Christmas eve all lights and fires were extinguished in the house and a piece of the last year's wood was taken to the neighboring church, where it was lighted at the flames of the sanctuary light, signifying the new light that had come into the world on this night.

Beauleu on National Debts. M. Beauleu declares that the world at the present time is badly governed; that it is in the hands of incurable prodigals and imprudent experimenters. As proof of this position he points to the public debts of all countries, which show a decided tendency to multiply, not by reason of stress of extraordinary circumstances, such as war or national disaster, but because the credit of nations is extended to enterprises which should remain within the field of private endeavor.



The Old, Old Story

by Wright A. Patterson

New Year's Eve—He Says:

My dear,
As the old year is departing
I am thinking
Of what the new
May have in store for us,
For you and me and Ethel.

I sit here smoking,
Burling up money needlessly,
Depriving myself and family
Of life's necessities
And possibly luxuries.

Let's add and multiply
These nickels I destroy;
Let us figure interest and compound
It.

Why, they make dollars—
They make bank accounts.
Without the weed
I should have been a millionaire.
I quit it now.
This night shall be my last
Of useless waste.

These nickels shall make of me
A Rockefeller, a Morgan or a Car-
negie.

They mean an automobile,
A powerful, big red car.
Oh! such comfort as it will bring
With summer nights,
So smoothly gliding
Beneath the twinkling stars!

There is a college course for Ethel
In the nickels I will save.
And she shall pick the best.
No common boarding school
Or female seminary for her,
But one in keeping
With the standing of her old dad.

And, too, that trip to Europe
We have often dreamed about.
That's possible now
With smoking out.
You'd better begin planning for it
Soon.

And then, just possibly,
We might conclude
To keep right on and circle this old
globe.

Won't that be grand?
And just to think
These things will come
From cutting out a useless habit.

And now, my dear,
Let's go another step.
There's candy for yourself and Ethel.
It's needless waste.
Just figure what it means.
See what life would be without it.
Why, in a year or two
I could quit the daily grind.
And tell the "old man" to "go hang."
And with the interest compounded
We three would live at ease.
We'll call it done right now
And candy will be barred.

If only all the world
Would stop and think.
Would just apply a little sound horse
sense.
These New Year resolutions
Would bring the millennium.
The cost of living
Would no longer be a problem.
Old age would have no terrors
For the poor.
Hail to the year nineteen thirteen.

FIDO'S RESOLUTION.



He resolves to be kind to all stray cats.

Evening, January 5—She Says:

John,
What is it I smell?
An odor of nicotine,
A vile cigar.
I know you have been smoking.
So soon you have forgotten
The plans we made,
The automobile,
The trip to Europe,
The school for Ethel.
It is but five short days ago
That I believed you,
So go the plans I made.
The dreams I dreamed,
All spoiled, all ruined,
All evaporated into useless smoke
Because of man's weak nature.
But 'tis all that women may expect,
To drudge and toil,
To skimp and save.
That man may not be denied
His cigars.

He Says:

How dare you criticize!
How dare you condemn!
This morning I saw the candy box
You thought so carefully concealed.
And I refuse to be the only victim
Of New Year resolutions.
They can go hang—
The automobile,
The trip to Europe,
The school for Ethel.
If I must slave all through my days
I shall have some comfort,
If only of the weed.

They Say:

Here's to nineteen thirteen.
We'll live it as we've lived before.
We'll enjoy it,
We'll have the little things we want.
We'll not dream of the impossible.
The figures lied.
And we were fooled.
But only for a few short days.
Here's to nineteen thirteen—
And life.



HIS NEW YEAR THOUGHTS

The Eloquent Hopelessness of the Well-Known Author, Robert Louis Stevenson.

Beautiful in its simplicity and eloquence is the following gem for New Year meditation, culled from the magic pages of that lamented master of English prose—Robert Louis Stevenson.

"To be honest, to be kind—to earn a little and to spend a little less, to make the whole family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered, to keep a few friends, but those without capitulation—above all, on the same grim condition to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy. He has an ambitious soul who would ask more; he has a hopeful spirit who should look in such an enterprise to be successful."

"LET'S SEE WHAT'S IN IT"



OLD FISH ON NEW YEAR'S



NOTHER year!" exclaimed Dr. Oldfish. "Tomorrow and tomorrow come and pass away, gathered to their ancestral yesterday." A tone of sadness, like the bite of frost on the persimmon, melted the voice of the doctor even as he stood at the threshold of the glad New Year. But this was only for a moment. His usual good nature bubbled over again.

He shook hands all round and most cheerily gave the greetings incidental to the season.

"Ah," said the doctor, "what a world it is. You remember the line of the old song? I don't quite, but the sentiment is one to give us confidence. 'So let the wide world wag as it will, I'll be gay and happy still.' Yet there are some things which call for the work of the reformer. Perhaps the hour is not yet come to amend the long established imperfections of the seasons. Then, too, we must continue to endure the signs of the zodiac, cut rather low in the neck as they are for modest kitchens, while audacity continues to reveal unabashed on the parlor walls and behind the counters of hotel bar-rooms. Neither may one stand forth with the abandon of a martyr and declare against the shamelessness of the clotheslessness of the New Year, that absurd cold storage variety of Cupid. Such a toilette or lack of toilette should suggest his translation to a home for the feeble-minded.

"Would it not be more reasonable to suppose Time, now moving into new premises (not into a flat—but to be a home for a year at least) must needs have a blithe, buxom, rosy-cheeked maid of all work to make the place bright, cheerful and hospitable, for there will be many guests to entertain three of the seasons at least—spring, summer, autumn—as unmarried foppish persons. Let us picture Time with this maid, who, coming at the beginning of leap year, boldly pops the question and marries out of hand, taking the place of that grouchy Dame December, who is dismissed somewhat summarily and sent packing over the hills.

"As for Father Time, he never becomes old, his acts being seven ages. 'Filled with wise saws and modern instances,' he nobly plays his part; never falls 'into the lean and all-pierced pantaloons,' never requires patching by the bushelman or cob-
beler, or repairs at the dentist's or wig-maker's.

"There never was but one mortal that seriously tried to stay in the prolonged Marathon race with Time. That was the grand old man, Methuselah, and he had to give up beaten at 959 years—a foolish contest, as Time, rare old athlete that he is, not only knows all the rubs, but is the sole patentee and possessor of the vainly sought elixir of life.

"It is well there never was but one human being who carried the burden of mortality such a preposterous number of years, until it became an irradicate habit. Imagine how two or three Methuselahs in this age would disarrange the expectancy of life and dis-

turb the most carefully and adroitly arranged mortuary tables. Think what a continuing affront a terrestrial finger like that would be even to the most patient and conservative funeral director and to the old sexton as he mumbles his deep bass song 'I Gather Them In, Gather Them In.' What a relief it was at last when the grand old man was gathered to his fathers and ceased to be the pioneer settler and oldest inhabitant, the last authority on the coldest winter and the hottest summer of whom all stood in awe, who knew everything that had ever happened in Mesopotamia and who if he were alive today would probably be able to give the names of all the vice presidents of the United States!

"And yet how brief is the record of this modest man, this first conservative citizen of the world—Methuselah—the son of Enoch, sixth in descent from Seth and the father of Lamech. It is all given in three verses in the fifth chapter of Genesis. He undoubtedly was a man of substance. One may be permitted to wonder how many attempts were made to 'interest' him in various 'enterprises' framed in the bluest of turquoise, with a view of separating him from his money or its equivalent in cattle, or sheep or the fruits of the field. For in that day as in this there doubtless were admirable tollers of short stories, horse traders with a wonderful gift of language, real estate men who could paint a landscape of bewitching beauty—but, alas, we have no account of them and as there are no precedents, when Shinnah the Sator and Baron Munchausen propose to let us in on a good thing, why, we have to look out for ourselves, that is all. It is at this season of the year



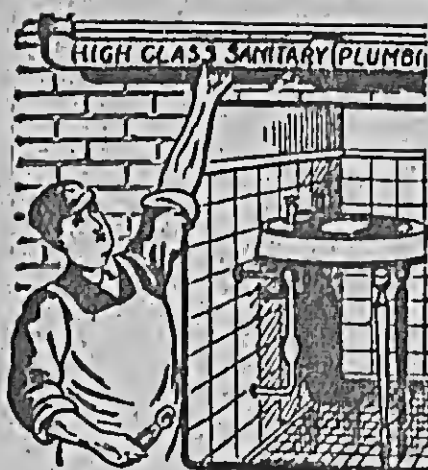
"Oh," said the doctor.

that the wicked magiellan that gave Aladdin all his fortune and all his misfortune may be expected to appear either by prospectus through the mail or in the person of an agent.

"The 'new lamps for old ones' offered by the magiellan is by no means as seducing a bargain as these modern magiellans will offer you. It may be an orange grove in Florida or California, a fig farm in Arizona, a date palm enterprise in Texas, a cranberry patch in New Jersey, mining stock almost anywhere or shares—in something quite as good as these two famous companies written about by Charles Dickens—"The Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Insurance Company" and "The United Metropolitan Hot Muffin and Crumpet Baking and Punctual Delivery Company." So when we turn over the new leaf this first day of January, 1913, after turning it over and carefully reading the prospectus, let us warily turn back and when we go forward let us go in the old way to which we have become accustomed."

Hindu Charm.
"The God-given Almighty Power is moving within me to give health, success and happiness. I shall be shown the way to help bring about all these conditions. Love, Light and Kindness wait upon me. I shall be shown the way."

Not Inconvenienced.
"Did the dissolution of your gigantic corporation cause you inconvenience?" "Not the slightest," replied Mr. Duolif Stax. "I needed an enlarged and improved system of branch offices, any how."



When We Put up Our Sign

Inscribed "high-class sanitary plumbing." It meant exactly what it said. Nickel pipes, marble basin, or porcelain tubs do not of themselves make sanitary plumbing. It is how they are put in that makes for health and comfort. Have us do your plumbing and it will be the real sanitary kind, not a mere trade name for ordinary work.

The Antioch Garage W. E. VOLKMAN, Prop.

Desire for Long Life.
There appears to exist a greater desire to live long than to live well! Measure by man's desires, he cannot live long enough; measure by his good deeds, and he has not lived long enough; measure by his evil deeds, and he has lived too long.

Worth Knowing.
When running curtain rods through thin curtains place a chisel on the end of the rod to prevent it from catching in the material.

Qualified.
Uncle Ed—"Why, Johnnie, you don't swear, do you?" Johnnie—"No. I don't swear, but I know all the words."—Judge.

Had Kept Her Bargain.
An ingenious trick was recently played on some women of Madras, India. They handed sums of money to a woman who said that she possessed the power of doubling the contents. The victims had their packets returned to them after seven days, when the silver coins they had contained were found to have been changed into copper ones.

ea
"Why don't you write a play?" asked an actress of the late David Graham Phillips. "I have too many other ways of breaking my heart!" he replied, with a bitterness which suggested that he had already mented in the matter.

OVER 35 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

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Anyone sending a sketch and description may receive an opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications should be addressed to J. H. Munn & Co., Patent Attorneys, 351 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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Art of Living.
The art of living rightly is like all arts. It must be learned and practiced with incessant care.—Goethe.

Things Worth While.
The things that are really worth while are not the goals of a struggle for existence, but those which can be partaken of by every one and not be exhausted.—Dr. John Grier Hibben.

"Doing the Trick."
Kean played Brutus to his son's Titus in "Brutus, or the Fall of Tarquin." As may be imagined, the benefit was a bumper. There was over \$1,500 in the house. Kean, invigorated and strengthened by his holiday, played magnificently; Charles supported him extremely well, and Kean's delivery on his son's neck of the lines, "Pity thy wretched father," stirred the audience to their very depths. There was not a dry eye in the house, the applause was frantic, and Kean whispered to his son, "We are doing the trick, Charles!"—From "Armstrong's Century of Actors."

Education.
Accustom a child as soon as it can speak to narrate his little experiences, his chapter of accidents; his griefs, his fears, his hopes; to communicate what he has noticed in the world without, and what he feels struggling in the world within.

Anxious to have something to narrate, he will be induced to give attention to objects around him, and what is passing in the sphere of his instruction, and to observe and note events will become one of his first pleasures; and this is the groundwork of a thoughtful character.

Gratitude.
A thankful heart is not only the greatest virtue, but the parent of all other virtues.—Cicero.

Many Deadly Weapons.
Some persons attribute all crime to the pistol, forgetting that history tells us that more crimes were committed in the world before there were pistols. What is to prevent a person murderously inclined from obtaining and using a carving knife, an ice pick, an ax, or hatchet; a razor or bayonet? These all make deadly weapons.

New Idea in Frost Growing.
An electric motor to vibrate gently on a fruit tree so that the sap flows to the buds and blossoms and enable them to resist frost has been patented by a Colorado orchardist.

Air Flight for Consumption.
If you have incipient consumption—take a flight in an airship. Doctor Flemming, an eminent authority on tuberculosis, lecturing before the Berlin Aeronautical association, described the benefits of high altitudes upon those afflicted, and asserted that fifteen minutes' exposure to the sun's rays during an airship flight at high altitude was certain death to the bacilli of tuberculosis.

By Installments.
The "epoch-making advice" of a bookmaker to a colleague in distress is related in Vanity Fair. The colleague had been paid \$25 on a bet by a certain captain, who, in a fit of absent-mindedness, paid him the same amount again next day. "What shall I do about it?" asked the bookmaker of his friend; and prompt came the answer: "Ask him for it again."



Practical Gift Suggestions

For Mother, Father, Brother, Sister and the Home

Soon the jingle of Jolly Old Santa's bells will be heard, and every home will be scenes of rejoicing and merriment. Our three large floors are filled to overflowing with things for each member of the family, the old, the young. Gifts that will give lasting satisfaction because of their practical nature. We urge you not to defer your shopping until the last moment. However, those who may be compelled to postpone their shopping until the last day will find our selections surprisingly complete, even at the eleventh hour, for we are constantly replenishing our lines.

The following list of suggestions is a partial representation of our stock and has been compiled to assist those who are in doubt as to what to give.

Practical Gifts for Women

Jackets	25 to 2.00	Writing desks	5.00 to 25.00
Laundry bags	25 to 2.00	Aprons	25 to 1.50
Manicure sets	98 to 15.00	Bath robes	1.50 to 5.00
Mirrors	15 to 2.98	Books	25 to 1.50
Perfume, boxed	25 to 2.00	China, fancy	25 to 10.00
Petticoats	98 to 5.00	Cut glass	50 to 10.00
Pictures	25 to 15.00	Desk sets	50 to 5.00
Ribbons, fancy, yd.	10 to .75	Felt romeros	1.00 to 1.50
Silver bags	50 to 15.00	Furs	2.98 to \$150
Sweater coats	2.00 to 7.50	Gloves	50 to 5.00
Stationary, boxed	15 to 2.50	Handkerchiefs	10 to 2.50
Toilet sets	98 to 12.00	Hose, fancy	25 to 3.00
Waists	98 to 10.00	House slippers	50 to 2.00
Waist patterns	50 to 5.00	Hand bags	50 to 15.00
Work baskets	25 to 2.98	Hair brushes	25 to 2.00

Practical Suggestions for Men

Ash trays	25 to 2.00	Manicure sets	98 to 10.00
Bath robes	3.98 to 8.00	Mufflers	50 to 5.00
Brush sets	50 to 7.50	Neckwear	25 to 1.00
Bill books	25 to 2.50	Pictures, den	10 to 5.00
Bath slippers	.48	Pajamas	1.25 to 3.00
Cuff buttons	25 to 1.50	Romeo slippers	1.50 to 2.00
Cigar cases	50 to 2.50	Sweater coats	1.50 to 5.00
Fur caps	2.00 to 10.00	Suspenders	25 to 1.50
Garters	.25	Smoking stands	2.00 to 6.00
Gloves	1.00 to 5.00	Shaving sets	50 to 8.00
Handkerchiefs	5 to 1.55	Scarf pins	25 to 1.50
Hats	1.00 to 3.00	Smoking cases	1.00 to 4.98
Hosiery, boxed	50 to 3.00	Suit cases	1.00 to 15.00
Laundry bags	25 to 2.00	Shirts	1.00 to 2.50
		Toilet cases	1.00 to 15.00

Practical Gifts For Boys

Billbooks	25 to 2.00	Mittens	10 to 1.50
Blouses	50 to 1.00	Motatoes	10 to 1.50
Brushes, military	1.00 to 5.00	Mechanical toys	25 to 15.00
Books	5 to 1.50	Nail files	10 to 50
Boots	1.75 to 3.00	Neckties	25 to 1.00
Cups	25 to 1.00	Shirts	50 to 2.00
Collar bags	50 to 1.50	Stationery, boxed	15 to 2.50
Cuff buttons	25 to 1.50	Suspenders	25 to 50
Gloves	50 to 1.50	Sweater coats	1.50 to 3.00
Handkerchiefs	50 to .50	Scarf pins	25 to 1.50
Hosiery, pair	15 to 25	Suits	1.95 to 10.00
Knives, pocket	25 to 1.00	School cases	25 to 3.00
Mufflers	50 to 5.00	Toilet sets	98 to 5.00
Mirrors	25 to 3.00	Umbrellas	50 to 2.00
		Whisk brooms	15 to 50

Practical Gifts For Girls

Books	25 to 1.50	La Valliers	50 to 5.00
Combs, fancy	50 to 10.00	Manicure sets	98 to 15.00
Desk clocks	98 to 2.49	Mirrors	25 to 2.98
Doll carts	25 to 10.00	Nail files	10 to .50
Dolls	25 to 25.00	Perfume, boxed	25 to 2.00
Fur sets	1.98 to 25.00	Puff jars	25 to 2.50
Gold brooches	25 to 2.00	Pictures	10 to 15.00
Hair receivers	15 to 2.98	Serp baskets	25 to 2.00
Hand bags	50 to 15.00	Soft pillows	98 to 6.50
Hosiery	15 to 1.00	Slippers	50 to 1.50
Hair brushes	25 to 2.00	Shoes	1.50 to 3.00
Handkerchiefs	50 to 1.00	Stationary, boxed	15 to 2.50
Handkerchief boxes	10 to 1.00	Toilet sets	98 to 12.00
Jewel boxes	50 to 6.00	Umbrellas	50 to 3.00
Kid gloves	1.00 to 1.50	Waist patterns	50 to 5.00
Laundry bags	25 to 2.00	Woolswaters	98 to 6.00

Practical Gifts For the Home

Art lamps	2.98 to 15.00	Damask pattern sets	3.95 to 7.50
Bed spreads	98 to 7.00	Leather rockers	5.00 to 45.00
Brass beds	13.50 to 45.00	Library tables	7.50 to 35.00
Buffets	15.00 to 45.00	Music cabinets	7.50 to 20.00
Book cases	10.00 to 30.00	Napkins, dozen	1.00 to 5.00
Center tables	1.00 to 10.00	Portieres	1.50 to 25.00
China closets	14.50 to 50.00	Pictures	10 to 15.00
Cedar chests	4.95 to 18.00	Percolators	1.98 to 12.00
Chocolate sets	1.98 to 10.00	Parlor tables	1.00 to 12.00
Cut glass	50 to 10.00	Rugs, room size	15.00 to 55.00
Curtains	50 to 10.00	Rugs, small	98 to 15.00
Dining tables	7.50 to 40.00	Statuary	25 to 10.00
Dressing tables	15.00 to 25.00	Silverware, sets	98 to 15.00
Dressers	7.05 to 60.00	Utility boxes	3.98 to 10.00
Dinner sets	7.50 to 75.00	Writing desks	5.00 to 30.00

The acknowledged high quality of the Globe merchandise will enhance, in the eye of the recipient, the value of any gifts chosen here.

Street Car Fare Refunded

to all out of town customers upon purchase of \$5 or more



Toyland is Heaping Full of Things For the Children

Our line of suitable things for the little ones is still complete and from our immense selection you will be able to satisfy the craving of each small heart and meet the requirement of every letter to Santa Claus.

Santa will be at the Globe until Christmas

MERRY CHRISTMAS

KRIS KRINGLE IN COMMON CLAY
MODEL BY C. A. BEATY.



A Christmas Carmen FIRST CHRISTMAS TREE

John Greenleaf Whittier

Sound o'er all waters, reach out from
all lands,
The chorus of voices, the claspings of
hands;
Sing hymns that were sung by the
stars of the morn,
Sing songs of the angels when Jesus
was born!

With glad jublations
Bring hope to the nations!
The dark night is ending and dawn
has begun;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise, like
the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts
beat as one!

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of
peace;
East, west, north and south, let the
long quarrel cease;
Sing the song of great joy that the
angels began,
Sing of glory to God and of good will
to men!

Hark, joining in chorus
The heavens bend o'er us!
The dark night is ending and dawn
has begun;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like
the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts
beat as one!

"AS YE DID UNTO THEM"

So he died, and they said unto him:
"It is written against thee that thou
hast hated the poor, and the want
of them that were stricken in poverty
and suffered in illness and want."

And he said:
"That is unfair, for all my life long
I noted especially the suffering and
want of the poor, and not a Christmas
went by that I did not say ever and
over that I was sorry for them. No
one gave them more sympathy than I,
no one showed more commiseration
for them. Why, lots of times I
thought of them on cold winter
nights, and said to my friends that it
was too bad they had to endure priv-
ations."

"That is correct," they said unto
him. "But it is written that you did
not materialize your sympathy—you
simply sympathized in words, and
words are not eaten, nor are they
worn, nor are they burned in stoves."
So he was abashed, and stood silent
for a space. Then he said meekly:
"And I must not come in?"
As to that, they did not answer, but
they said again unto him:
"All those that you sympathized
with are here, and now they will sym-
pathize with you."

Wilbur D. Nesbit

His Hard Work.
Mrs. Wunder—Does anybody ever
read those Christmas poems in the
papers?
Mr. Wunder—Oh, yes. The editor
and the proofreaders have to.

LAST CHRISTMAS WAS A YEAR AGO

(THE OLD LADY SPEAKS)
By James Whitcomb Riley
Copyright by James Whitcomb Riley

Last Christmas was a year ago,
Says I to David, I—says I—
"We're going to morning service, so
You hitch up right away; I'll try
To tell the girls 'jes' what to do
For dinner. We'll be back by two."
I didn't wait to hear what he
Would more'n like say back to me,
But banged the stable door and flew
Back to the rouse, 'jes' plumb chills
through.

Cold! Wooh! how cold it was. "Jy—
Oh!
Frost flyin', and the air, you know,
"Jes' a sharp
enough," heard
David swear,
"To shave a man
and cut his
hair!"

And blow and
blow! and snow
snow!
Where it had
drifted 'long the
fence
And 'cross the
road—some
placea though,
Jes' sweep clean to the gravel, so
The goin' was as bad for sleighs
As 't was for wagons—and both ways,
"Twixt snowdrifts and the bare
ground, I've
Jes' wondered we got through alive;
I hain't saw nothin', fore or sence,
"At beat it anyhow, I know—
Last Christmas was a year ago.

And David said, as we set out,
"At Christmas services was 'bout
As cold and ruthless kind o' love
To offer up as he know of;
And as for him, he rally thought
"At the Good Doin' up above
Would think more of us—as he
ought—
A-stayin' home on such a day,
And thankin' of him thataway!
And jawed on, in an undertone,
"Bout leavin' Lide and Japs alone
There on the place, and me not there
To oversee 'em and p'pare
The stuffin' for the turkey and
The sass and all, you understand.

I've allus managed David by
Jes' sayin' nothing. That was why
He's chased Lide's
boon away—
cuss Lide
She'd allus take
up Perry's side
When David tick-
led him; and so,
Last Christmas
was a year
ago—
Er rather, 'bout a
week afore,
David and Perry'd
quarrel'd about
Some tom-fool argyment, you know,
And pap told him to "Jes' git out
O' there, and not to come no more,
And, when he went out, to shot the
door."

And as he passed the window, we
Saw Perry, white as white could be,
March past, on hitch his horse, and
light

A see-gyar, and lops out o' sight.
Then Lide she come to me and eriol!
And I said nothin'—was no need.
And yit, you know, that man 'jes' got
Right out o' thoro's ef he'd ben shot,
"P'tendin' he must go and feed
The stock er sompin'. Then I tried
To git the pore gal pacified.

But gittin' back to—where was we?
Oh, yes!—where David lectured me
All way to meet-
in', high and
low,
Last Christmas
was a year ago;
For all the awful
cold there was
A fair attendance;
mostly, though
The crowd was
'round the
stoves, you see,
Thawin' their
heels and

scrougin' us.
Ef 't add'n be'n fer the old squire
Olvin his seat to us, as in
We stomped, a fairly perishin',
And David could 'a got no fire,
He'd 'jes' 'a dropped there in his
tracks;
And squire, as I was tryin' to yit
Make room for him, says, "No; the
fate's
Is, I got to git up and git

"thout no preachin'. Jos' got
word—
Trial for life—can't be deferred!"

And out he put! All way through
The sermon—and a long one, too—
I couldn't help
but think o'
squire

And us changed
'round so, and
admirin'
His gentle ways,
to give his warm
bunch up, and
have to face the
storm.

And when I no-
ticed David, he
Was needin' jab-
bin'—I thought best

To kind o' sort o' let him rest:
"Peared like he sleep so peacefully!
And when I thought o' home, and how
And what the girls was doin' now,
And kind o' prayed, 'way in my breast,
And breshed away a tear or two
As David winked, and church was
through.

By time we'd "howdyed" round and
shuck
Hands with the neighbors, must 'a
tuck

A half hour longer: ever' one
A-sayin' "Christmas gift!" afore
David er me—so we got home!
But David warmed up, more and
more.

And got so jokey-like, and had
lils sperits up, and 'peared so glad,
I whispered to him, "Spose you set
A passel o' 'em come and eat
Their dinners with us. Gyrils got
A full-and-plenty fer the lot
And all their kin!" So David passed
The invite round, and ever' sent
In over wagon-bait and sleigh
Was 'jes' packed, as we rode away.

The young folks, mild er so along,
A-strikin' up a sleighin'-song,
Tel David laughed and yelled, you
know,
And 'jes' whirled up and sent the
snow

And gravel flyin' thick and fast—
Last Christmas was a year ago.
W'y, that air seven-milld jint
come—
Jes' seven milld scant from church to
home—
It didn't 'pear, that day, to be
Much fuder rally 'n 'bout three!

But I was purty squeamish by
The time home hove in sight and I
See two vehicles
standin' there
All to mysef. And
presently
David he sobered;
and says he,
"Hain't that air
Squire Hanch's
old
Buggy," says he,
"a n' d'claybank
mare?"
Says I, "Lo's git
out the cold—
Your company's nigh 'bout froze!" He
says,
"Whoa! sleigh 's that air, a-standin'
there?"

Says I, "It's no odds whose—you jes'
Drive to the house and let us out,
'Cause we 're 'jes' freezin', nigh
about!"

Well, David swung up to the door,
And out we piled. And first I heard
Japs's voice, then Lide's—I thought
afore

I reached that gyrl I'd 'jes' die shore;
And when I reached her, wouldn't
keered
Much if I had, I was so glad,
A-klashin' her through my green veil,
"At she broke down herself—and Japs
She cried—and we all hugged agin.
And David? David 'jes' turned pale—
Looked at the gyrls, and then at me,
Then at the open
door—and
then—
"Is old Squire
Hanch there?"
says he.
The old Squire
suddenly stood
in

The doorway, with
a sneakin' grin,
"Is Perry Anders
in there too?"
Says David, him-
berlin' all through,
As Lide and me both grabbed him,
and
Perry stepped out and waved his
hand

And says, "Yes, Pap." And David 'jes'
Stooped and kissed Lide, and says, "I
guess
Yer mother's much to blame as you.
Ef she kin rask him, I kin too!"

The dinner we had then hain't no
Bit better'n the one today
"At we'll have fer 'em. Hear some
sleigh

A-joggin' now. David, fer me,
I wish you'd 'jes' go out and see
Ef they're in sight yit. It 'jes' does
Me good to think, in times like these,
Lide's done so well. And David, he's
More tractable'n what he was—
Last Christmas was a year ago.

When Mistletoe Blows



WHEN Mistletoe blows,
There's a hope in my heart!
For haply—who knows?
I may catch her apart.
When Mistletoe blows,
There's a hope in my heart!

Christmas Chronology

- 306—Diocletian slaughtered 20,000 Christians.
- 597—St. Augustine baptized 10,000 Saxons in Kent.
- 790—Offa, King of Mercia, in battle with Welsh.
- 800—Charlemagne crowned Emperor by Pope Leo III. in Rome.
- 878—Alfred the Great defeated by Guthrum, the Dane, at Chippenham.
- 1065—Westminster Abbey consecrated in presence of Queen Editha.
- 1066—William the Conqueror crowned at Westminster.
- 1171—Henry II. entertained Irish Chiefs at Dublin.
- 1190—Richard the Lion Heart feasted Crusaders at Sicily.
- 1417—Sir John Oldcastle burned as Lollard heretic.
- 1428—Truce at siege of Orleans to observe Christmas.
- 1492—Columbus's ship, Santa Maria, wrecked at Hayti.
- 1572—Cardinal Wolsey, insulted by Garg's Inn, reveals, through two men into prison.
- 1620—Pilgrims' building first house at Plymouth.
- 1642—Sir Isaac Newton born.
- 1644—Christmas kept as a fast day by English Puritans.
- 1647—Christmas celebration prohibited by Parliament.
- 1659—General Court of Massachusetts prohibits celebration on penalty of fine.
- 1720—William Collins, poet, born.
- 1773—Tea ship in New York sent back to England.
- 1775—Arnold and Montgomery at siege of Quebec.
- 1776—Washington crossed the Delaware to attack Trenton.
- 1777—Washington's army starved at Valley Forge.
- 1785—Shay's rebellion started in Massachusetts.
- 1837—Zachary Taylor defeated Seminoles near Big Water Lake in Florida.
- 1848—Col. Doniphan and American Volunteers defeated Mexicans under Gen. Pance de Leon at Brasila.
- 1851—Library of Congress in ruins from fire.
- 1860—Coldest Christmas in England.
- 1864—Union fleet and army attacked Fort Fisher, but withdrew.
- 1866—Yacht Henrietta ended ocean race from New York to Cowes.
- 1868—President Johnson issued proclamation of general and unconditional amnesty.
- 1871—Paris in distress with German army surrounding city.

Just What He Meant.

"Your boys are very pretty, but the prices are too high," objected the customer.
"Why, look at that drum for \$6.43. You can't beat it at the price," protested the dealer.
"I believe that is what I intimated in my remark," said the customer.

BEST GAME OF ALL



The Fun—You can talk about base-
ball, football and basketball, but the
mistletoe game is the best of all.

Christmas Plum Pudding.

The Christmas plum pudding is de-
scended from the plum porridge and
is a time-honored dish at every
Christmas feast. To be properly
made, each person in all the house-
hold must stir it before it is boiled
and the mistress of the house must
add the spices "with her own fair
hand," and so she favors fortune for
a year. If she is an American and
mixes her pudding in an ancestral china
bowl, stirring it with an ancestral
spoon, whose handle is adorned with
an old English crest, so much the bet-
ter, for in the new land she is help-
ing to keep alive the customs that
made old England merrie.

The pudding should be boiled in a
well-floured cloth "six hours upon the
day of mixing, six hours upon the day
of eating, and the steam should not
cease to arise from the pot while the
pudding is within it."

Mistletoe and the Druids.

The custom of decorating strategic
points in the household with sprigs of
mistletoe at Christmas dates far back
to the time of the Druids, who held
the little plant in great veneration.
At the approach of their winter festi-
val, twigs of it were placed above the
doors of their houses to serve as talis-
mans and signs to the syrian deities
that shelter and comfort awaited them
within.

Present-day customs relating to mis-
tletoe represent the evolution of the
Druidical legend.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE PIANO AUNT'S WAY PROBABLY BEST TOO ELABORATE A SYSTEM

Centuries of invention have been needed to bring it to present state of perfection.

Have you ever thought, when playing some melodious sonata upon your piano, that the instrument, as it is today, is the perfection of centuries of invention?

In the beginning it was a harp-shaped piece of wood, having two or three strings. From time to time more strings were added until the cithara was invented. This was an instrument in the shape of a capital P, with ten strings stretched across the open space. Many centuries afterward musicians conceived the idea of stretching strings across an open box. About the year 1200 this was done, the dulcimer made its appearance, and the strings were struck with hammers.

For another hundred years or so these hammers were held in the hands, and then some genius invented a keyboard, which, being struck by the fingers, caused the hammers to strike the strings. This was called a clavichord, or keyed cithara, and from time to time it was modified and improved.

During Queen Elizabeth's time it was called a virginal, and then a spinet, because the hammers were covered with the spines of quills, which struck and caught the strings and produced the sound.

During the period between 1700 and 1800 it was much improved and enlarged, and was given the name of harpsichord. It was in 1710 that Bartholomew Christoffel, an Italian, invented a keyboard similar to the one we have now, which causes the hammers to strike the wires from above, and thus developed the piano.

During the last century the inventive genius of musicians the world over has revised and improved it until it has reached the present-day perfection.

SUDDEN ENDING OF ROMANCE

Task Set for Reformed Tramp Was Just a Little More Than He Could Stand.

"Oh, yes, we have romances in our lives," said the tramp. "but there is always something to spoil 'em. I had my last one last fall. I was pegging along a Rhode Island highway, thinking more of good feed than romance, when a couple of wearies ahead of me turned into a farm house. I turned in as well when I came along up, and I walked into the kitchen just as they had locked a girl up in a closet and were about to go through the house. They invited me to take a hand in their game, but I took two in my own. They made it interesting for me for three or four minutes, but the average weary is no boxer. He depends upon wild swings instead of straight punches. I had 'em both down when the farmer came up from the field, and the girl was released and the fellows sent off to jail.

"Well, currant jam, big red apples and mince pies were none too good for me for the next week. The daughter was a school marm, about twenty years of age, and I had won her romantic heart ere three days had passed. I think the old man would have sanctioned the match, but he didn't take me right. On the fourth day of my stay he took me out and showed me a ten-acre lot of the stoniest ground I ever saw in my life, and intimated that I might start in plowing next morning. It was too much. That night I left the house by way of a window, and daylight found me seven miles away. I would have helped gather apples or husked corn, but when it came to plowing among boulders as big as barrels, romance fled, and I followed close at her heels."

Hindu's Agonizing Penance.

An extraordinary scene was witnessed in Calcutta recently when a small trolley, studded with rows of iron spikes, on which a Hindu was lying at full length, was being pulled through the streets. A large crowd was following. Inquiries elicited the information that the man was doing penance, and was on his way to the temple of the Goddess Kali at Kallighat. The Hindu had been several days on the journey, and was in a terrible condition. The spikes, which numbered about 160 were quite sharp, and the man wore only a loin-cloth. He must have been suffering acute pain from the fact that his body was bruised and lacerated all over as a result of lying on the sharp nails. Neither the police nor any passer-by made any attempt to stop the self-imposed torture.

Chinese Oysters.

A New York Chinese laundryman is helping out his daily breakfast with native Chinese oysters on the half shell. The shells he brought along with him from China. The oysters he recovers from China in the half barrel, dried and smoked.

As they come they resemble somewhat dried apples or peaches. The laundryman places a mess over night, each oyster in a shell full of sea water, and the next morning they have the plump and juicy, attractive mess of freshly opened oysters, and if they did not have so much the taste of canvassed ham one might perhaps detect an oyster flavor about them.

The Chinaman says the oysters are preserved in this way by first being dried in the sun and then smoked with seaweed which, when burning, has a small like oyster soup.

Runaway Boy, Spared Chastisement, Never Likely to Transgress in That Way Again.

He was being brought up by an aunt and an uncle, who cared for him more tenderly than some mothers and fathers care for their own children. Nevertheless, when he was eleven years old he decided to run away from home. To this act of mad adventure he had been inspired by the delirious fancies of authors who grind out for the education of our American youth what are popular called "stories of action." Bent on attaining romance he packed a sult case, whereby he showed himself more thoughtful than many heroes, and furtively made his way to liberty. As soon as his absence was discovered by his astounded aunt she put in motion every available human machine for his recovery and sent up her prayers to heaven for aid beyond her own, for this child was the son of an adored sister and was as dear as her own flesh. Her efforts were soon rewarded. The youthful adventurer was traced, recovered and returned to his distressed aunt, whose roller at finding him sound and whole was beyond words.

However, some of the relatives were not satisfied that the aunt's loving welcome was salutary for the boy. He would not, they argued, be duly impressed with the enormity of his offense and might repeat it. They urged that the only really beneficial way to meet the situation was to give him a "good, sound whipping."

"Whip him!" exclaimed his aunt. Her brown eyes showing rather warm sparks. "We have spent a lot of money and time and effort to get him back. Why should we whip him?" And though the relatives growled, no chastisement was administered. He still lives in his happy home and is devoted to his aunt.

GREAT NEED FOR TOLERANCE

"Judge Not!" Should Be Looked Upon as a Command in This World of Varieties.

The unexpected of life is a proverb. Nevertheless, every one of us creates in his or her own mind the spectacle of an ordered world. No two of these are alike—the cynic's world, the world of the man of business, and the charity worker's world, for instance, are hardly recognizable, each by the other. Yet to each man or woman the world as he or she conceives it is the logical and actual world in every point. Hence the irrepressible conflict that continually rages wherever anything whatever is discussed. Hence, also, the bitterness with which each man judges those who differ. They must be wicked, false, or fools—otherwise they would see the obvious and only realities.

But there are so many realities—all real. Theory, no matter how vast and various, never catches up with the procession of the actual. Doctrine, however hard and fast, never quite covers all true spiritual experiences, as students of the mystic know. Something infinitely greater and wider than the mind of man inhabits the universe. "Judge not!" is one of the wisest thoughts in the world, meant to drive home the finiteness of the finite. Being ignorant, why be intolerant?

Many a household, divided against itself by the different views of parents and children, needs this reconciling thought. Children must differ—their world cannot be the same as that of the older generation. Husband and wife are man and woman, each seeing life from different standpoints of sex. The world is various—it cannot be standardized. There is a wonderful peace in the thought—a perpetual flag of truce.

Time Limit to Sermons.

The proper length of a sermon is coming up anew for discussion because of complaint of the hearers that it is too long, and complaint of the preachers that they are not allowed time enough.

One commentator passes the observation that thirty minutes is not long to listen to a man who is worth listening to at all, and that if the sermon is cut down to twenty-five or twenty minutes it is apt to lose its most important functions of guidance, instruction and inspiration.

All of which resolves itself into the proposition that a preacher, like every one else who has a message to deliver, either by voice or pen, must conform to the conditions confronting him. If he really has something to say he can take all the time required and have no fear that his congregation will go to sleep on him; while if he is simply pounding the air or serving out sawdust pudding it is better for him to quit before beginning. As a rule the sermon that has to be measured off by the minute might as well be measured off by the yard.—Omaha Bee.

Why Gamblers Went to Church.

Gamblers are generally superstitious with regard to numbers. At Monte Carlo many players lay their stake on the numbers of their cloak-room tickets. The date of a birthday, the sum total of the number on a watch, and the figures on the top coin of a pile are also said to be considered lucky by many players, and the clergyman of the English church at Monte Carlo at one time never gave out any hymn under thirty-six, as he discovered that some of his congregation had made a practice of noting down the numbers with a view of backing them at roulette.

Mr. Spiegelhausen's Idea of Postal Cards, However, Worked Very Well for a Time.

Mr. Spiegelhausen found it hard to remember at home certain things he had thought of in business hours, and conversely matters that occurred to him at night would escape his mind before he reached the office next morning. After trying various unsuccessful methods of memory cultivation, he hit on the plan of writing postal cards to himself and addressing them to the other place from which ever he happened to be in at the moment. Thus the last mail would bring to the house one or more cards with such a memo, scrawled upon it: "Remind Mrs. S. to give my coat to cleaner," and vice versa the first mail downtown would remind him: "See J. T. W. in re. thousand lot umbrella cases."

For a time this served the purpose, but presently his precise and far-reaching mind began to anticipate and work more and more in advance, so that on a Monday night he would mail a card from home saying: "Be sure to send card from office tomorrow to remind yourself of dinner engagement Tuesday." Then he got to jotting down appointments on postal cards a whole week ahead, sending other cards to warn himself when to drop them in the letter box, and finally his harassed brain refused to work any longer on such a strain.

One evening his wife asked him whether he had thought to attend to the season tickets for the opera, and he replied with a sheepish attempt at laughter: "I suppose that was on the pile of cards on my desk this morning. I saw the postman bring them, but I forgot to turn them over and see what they said."

RECORD OF CRIMINAL LIVES

Book Which Would Be Condemned Today Read by Men and Women a Few Generations Ago.

One of the scarce books which has to be sold at an approaching auction sale in this city bears this fascinating title: "The Lives of the Most Remarkable Criminals, Who Have Been Condemned and Executed; for Murder, Highway, House-Breakers, Street Robberies, Coining or Other Offenses; from 1720 to the Present Time." The "present time" referred to in this title was only the year 1735, so that the whole period covered by these thrilling and numerous criminal lives was only 15 years. It must have been a great time for criminals, for between the covers of the book are the stories of Jack Sheppard, Kennedy the Pirate, Jonathan Wild, Mrs. Griffin, Edward Burasworth, William Barwick and several other quite celebrated criminals. Cheer up! Those were worse times than ours for criminality—and those were the days, too, when men and women were hanged for burglary, counterfeiting, sheep stealing, and even poaching and smuggling.

An odd thing about that time, too, was that hundreds of books were printed which, contained full and harrowing details of murder and robbery, and that almost everybody, including clergymen and delicate ladies, read these books eagerly as fast as they came out. The oldest public libraries in New England contain, in the book collections which were spread before the youth of the community, many such criminal lives.—New York Mail.

Muscles and Brain.

Experiments conducted by Mosso of Turin indicate that physical education and gymnastics serve not only for the development of the muscles, but for that of the brain as well. It is becoming evident, in the opinion of this authority, that as much time should be devoted to muscular exercise as to intellectual exercise, and that children should begin reading and writing only after they are nine years old.

Muscular fatigue exhibits phenomena identical with intellectual fatigue. Nerve cells show a tendency to rest every ten seconds. It is probable that only part of the brain is active at a time; the various parts relieve one another. The more mobile any animal's extremities are, the more intelligent, other things being equal, it is.—Harper's Weekly.

Tea Was Not Popular in 1753.

A description of a model country rector's household in an issue of the London World for 1753 shows that tea-drinking was then far from general: "The only article of luxury is tea, but the doctor says he would forbid that if his wife could forget her London education. However, they seldom offer it but to the best company, and less than a pound will last them a twelvemonth."

A few years prior to this the Female Spectator declared that the tea table "costs more to support than would maintain two children at nurse; it is the utter destruction of all economy, the bane of good housewifery, and the source of idleness."

Blind Potatoes.

Everyone knows, of course, that potatoes have eyes, but it may be news that they are sometimes afflicted with blindness. A recent publication of an English agricultural authority makes the assertion that some potatoes are afflicted with blindness, and says the disease is so called on account of its completely destroying the eyes of tubers, making them worthless for seed.

Going Out of Business Selling at Cost

Take advantage of this sale to buy shelf hardware, tools, buggies, paint and oil, shovels, spades, forks, pulleys, rope, in fact, everything in the store will be sold for cash.

Tiffany & Felter ANTIOCH

Battershall's Department Store

GRAYSLAKE, ILLINOIS

A Great Special Holiday Sale

We are able to offer a very complete line of Holiday Merchandise carefully selected and priced at prices which are exceptionally low and popular. We take space to specially mention a few strong lines. French and German imported china, American cut glasse, kid body unbreakable, fancy dressed dolls, moving trains of cars, toy doll trunks from 10c up to \$2.00 each, Holy boxes all sizes for packing presents, Shoo-fly rockers, carts, games, toy books, in both paper and linen, toy furniture, toy dishes, Christmas trees, and decoration, blocks, pop and air guns, wagons, wheelbarrows and more than a hundred other articles. We also offer some merchandise specials at severely reduced prices.

Groceries

21 lb. of granulated sugar	1.00
Marvel flour per sack	1.15
Oriole or Richlie seeded raisins	.07
Candied citron, lb	.10
9 bars of Lenox soap	.25
7 bars galvanic soap	.25
4 bars Palm Olive soap	.25
5 cans sweet corn	.25
2 large pkgs Johnson washing powder	.25
Armour's best fancy buterine	.22
Best creamery butter	.38
4 pkgs Veribest mice meat	.25
Sultana seedless raisins, lb.	.09
Baker's Premium chocolate	.30
4 cans mustard sardines	.25
4 tall cans Lions evaporated milk	.25
1 lb. can Dr. Prices baking powder	.39
10 lb. Pails Karo syrup	.33
Choice eating potatoes, pk	.15
Kelloggs corn flakes, pkg	.07

Candy, Nuts, Etc.

Bananas per dozen	.12
Salted peanuts, lb.	.10
Choice Florida Oranges, dozen	.15
Mixed nuts new crop 1912, lb.	.10
Fancy peanut brittle, lb.	.10
Broken mixed candy best we could buy	.08
Dipped caramels, lb	.16
Wrapped caramels, lb	.08
Filbert fudge, lb	.16
Chocolate creams, lb	.14
Box 50 Henry Gorge cigars	1.75
1 lb. carton layer raisins	.15
3 cakes Hersheys milk chocolate	.10
3 pkgs. Chums	.10
2 pkgs chewing gum	.05
1-4 lb. cake Bakers German sweet chocolate	.05

We have large quantities of all of above articles and we will make every effort to supply the trade up to Christmas Eve.

Candy boxes will be supplied free of charge to teachers purchasing their supply of candy from us

BATTERSHALL'S DEPT. STORE

WHEN NEW YEAR COMES WE KNOW BY CALENDAR PUZZLE OF MANY AGES

By EDGAR ELLSWORTH OWEN.



RECORDS of the flight of time were in a sorry muddle in the early ages. You accept as a matter of fact the arrival of New Year's day and it never occurs to you that there might not be a new year, nor any year, and even if the year did have a systematic plan it might open up in the early springtime, or late in fall, or some other time of the year as we know it now.

Little more than twenty centuries of the earth's annual celestial tours have been tallied with the year as the unit of time. This innovation is credited to Eratosthenes, mathematician and philosopher, who held a job as librarian for one of the Ptolemies at Alexandria about 254 years before Christ. Eratosthenes no doubt found delight in devising a system by which future ages could not their meals and go to bed and get up again without having to first run out into the yard to see where the sun or moon or some starry constellation might chance to be.

We all know that the year is the period in which the sun makes a complete circuit of the heavens and returns to the point in the zodiac whence it started, but we never stop to question how or why. It is enough for us that calendars and almanacs are thrown our way for the asking, wherein we find each day of the month and of the year carefully numbered.

Our years are of the Christian era and extend from January 1 to December 31. This era was first used by Dionysius Exiguus in A.D. 533. It was more than a thousand years before the year was begun on January 1 by many nations. Before the days of Eratosthenes there seems to have been no crying demand for a precise plan of counting time. In one city the reckoning was by a succession of kings, in another by a succession of magistrates or priests. Even after the adoption in European countries of the Christian era there were so many methods of dating—national, provincial and ecclesiastical—that only confusion could result. Mythology long had held a higher place than astronomy.

Peoples of Egypt and Babylonia are said to have been wiser than those of other nations that figure in the centuries following them. Sages of these olden times were familiar with the heavens, but the Greeks who followed them could not calculate the advent of their moons in conjunction with the sun. The Hebrews before going down into Egypt and the Arabians before the time of Mohammed calculated time only by the moon. They figured 12 lunations or 354 days as the duration of the year. On that basis the New Year's day returned to the same season once in 33 years. Moses is said to have obtained all of his chronological knowledge from the Egyptians who learned the length of the tropical year by observing the rising of Sirius, the dogstar.

Some troubles of the Jews in keeping their calendar straight are told in the Jewish encyclopedia. In early times an extra month was thrown in every two or three years. Calculations of the relative length of the solar and lunar years were handed down by tradition in the patriarchal family. It was possible also to judge by the grain harvest. If the month of Nisan arrived and the sun was so far from the vernal equinox that it could not reach it by the 16th of the month, the month was not called Nisan, but Adar Sheni (second).

The country people and the inhabitants of Babylonia were informed of the beginning of the month by fire signals, carried from station to station in the mountain country.

"Under the patriarchate of Rabbi Judah 1," says the Jewish encyclopedia, "the Samaritans, in order to confuse the Jews, set fire signals at improper times and thus caused the Jews to fall into error with regard to the day of the new moon. Rabbi Judah accordingly abolished the fire signals and employed messengers."

The Jewish calendar reckons the days from evening to evening in accordance with the order observed in the biblical account of the creation. The Jewish cycle in nineteen years exceeds the Gregorian by 2 hours, 8 minutes and 15.3 seconds. This makes a difference in a hundred cycles (1,900 years) of 3 days, 21 hours, 45 minutes and 6 seconds. The assumed duration of the solar year is 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes and 46 seconds. The true astronomical value, which will cause the dates of the commencement of future Jewish years, that are so calculated, to advance from the equinox a day in error in 216 years.

All European countries borrowed civil calendars from the Romans. The year began with March and that accounts for the present names of the last four months of the year. In the reign of Numa two months were added, January at the beginning and Feb-

rury at the end. In 542 B. C. February was given its present place. At that time the months had twenty-nine and thirty days alternately, so that the year had 355 days; to make this more fortunate under the old superstition that "luck lies in odd numbers," one day was added. The moon makes a revolution in about twenty-nine and one-half days and twelve lunations form a period of 354 days. To get the civil calendar even with the solar year Numa ordered an additional month to be inserted every second year between the 23rd and 24th of February, consisting of twenty-two and twenty-three days alternately. Thus four years contained 1,465 days and the mean length of the year was 365 1/4 days. This was one day too much. From an effort to adjust matters more confusion resulted.

Politicians of that day were no less prone to manipulate affairs to their own advantage than they are today. Every third period of eight years was to contain only three intercalary months instead of four. This would reduce the mean length of the year to 366 1/4 days, but the care of the calendar was left with certain officials with discretion to intercalate more or fewer days. To prolong the terms of office or to hasten elections the question of the calendar was ignored. When Julius Caesar came into power he found the civil equinox differed from the astronomical by three months. Winter months had been carried back into autumn and autumn into summer.

Sosigenes, an old mathematician who was more familiar with the stars than any man of his time, came to Caesar's rescue and devised a plan to put an end to the disorder. The civil year was regulated entirely by the sun and was fixed at 365 1/4 days, the quarter day being added to each fourth year as we have it now. The original plan was to have thirty-one days each for the first, third, fifth, seventh, ninth and eleventh months and the other months thirty, except February, which was to have twenty-



Janus won immortal fame while serving as janitor of heaven and at the same time guardian of gates and doors on earth. He presided over the beginning of everything and it was natural that the first month should be called in his honor.

nine on common years and thirty each fourth year. This would have been so much more simple that had it been kept we no doubt would want to give thanks to Caesar. But then came that other Caesar and spoiled it all. July had been named for Julius and Augustus insisted the month to bear his own name must have as many days as July. One day was taken from February and added to August to gratify the vanity of this ruler.

When the Julian calendar was introduced the equinox fell on the 25th of March. In the course of a few centuries it changed. The error in time amounted to a day in 128 years. In 1582 Pope Gregory XIII abolished the Julian calendar. In all Catholic countries and introduced the one now in use. At that time the equinox had slipped back to March 11. Ten days were dropped from the calendar. Every one hundredth year that by the old style would be a leap year was to be a common year, the fourth century divisible by four excepted; 1600 was to be a leap year, but 1700, 1800, 1900 of the common length, and 2000 a leap year again. Some countries were slow to accept this method, but Russia is the only Christian country that does not follow it.

Although for many centuries there was so great variety in the selection of the day regarded as the first of the year, religious observances and festive rejoicing were general among all peoples—Egyptians, Jews, Chinese, Romans and Mohammedans. Solemn inauguration of the new year was one of the customs retained upon the establishment of Christianity. The date ranged from Christmas to Easter until late in the sixteenth century. Finally the date was accepted that had been named by Numa, who also had named the month in honor of Janus, the two-faced, who was thus supposed to turn at once back upon the old year and forward to the new.

Feasting and the interchange of presents have been customary in all ages so far as can be learned from records of celebrations of this day. Wishing a Happy New Year has been a custom as old as antiquity, but yet as fresh as today. It may never grow so old as to be out of date. Chicago Record-Herald.

About this Time—

Q Some men swear off for New Year's day, and some among the bills forget the "off" part of it.

Q Some men wear suspenders which fair hands have decorated and thank heaven that tailors invented waistcoats.

Q Some generous women are wondering why their husband's new smoking jacket smells like a singed boiled dinner.

Q Some men are in the cellar filling the gay bands of wife's holiday cigars laboriously upon surreptitious substitutes and meditating on the rubber industry.

Q Some girls are wondering whether he gave her the ring this year, and whether he considers THAT a Christmas gift.

Q Some neighbors are wishing that little Willie might wax in strength; he can't hit the head of the drum quite hard enough yet.

Q Some little maids know more than they did about the internal anatomy of dolls and woolly lambs, and weep amid the saddest.

Old Customs of the New Year

THE first day of January has not always been New Year's Day. In fact, New Year's has been one of the most movable feasts known in history and different nations have celebrated it at different periods in the winter, the spring, the summer and the autumn.

The ancient Egyptians and Persians began the new year at the autumnal equinox, September 22, and the Greeks in the time of Solon after whom every rural lawmaker has called himself ever since—at the winter solstice, December 21. The Romans began the year with the winter solstice until Caesar changed it to January 1. The Jews began the new year at the vernal equinox, March 22, as the beginning of the year. This is astronomically the beginning of spring and is really a logical time to begin the new year. In England Christmas Day, December 25, was New Year's Day until William the Conqueror came. His coronation fell on January 1 and he ordered that that day be observed as New Year's thereafter. In 1582 the pope promulgated the Gregorian calendar, and New Year, which medieval Europe therefore had observed March 25, was finally fixed for the first day of January.

The sole record of the observance of the New Year by the Pilgrims in the New World named New England was most prosaic, most brief, "we went to work betimes." Many of the good Puritan ministers thought the celebration of the day savored of improper and unchristian reverence for the hitherto god Janus. Yet these English settlers came from a land where New Year's Eve and New Year's Day were second in importance and in domestic observance only to Christmas.

No English holiday was of much account that was not observed with flowing bowl. On New Year's Eve the wassail bowl was filled with spiced ale and drunk in families, and poorer folk tied a bowl with ribbons and begged for money for ale to fill and refill the bowl, slugging:

Wassail, wassail all over the town,
Our toast is white, our ale it is brown;
Our bowl it is made of a maple tree,
We be good fellows all, I drink to thee.

In some parts of England the old year is "swept out" by men and boys with blackened faces dressed to represent sweeps, in others it is "burned out" with bonfires. Sometimes it is rung out with muffled bells that are unmuffled and rung clear after 12 o'clock.

In Derbyshire when the clock struck 12 the house door was thrown open as for an honored guest, and the New Year was ushered in with a shout of "Welcome!" and the first human in-comer was watched for with much eagerness, a woman visitor being thought—rather ungallantly—to bring ill-luck; a light-haired man was also regarded with much disfavor. In Lancashire the New Year was ushered in with a shout of "Welcome!" and the first human in-comer was watched for with much eagerness, a woman visitor being thought—rather ungallantly—to bring ill-luck; a light-haired man was also regarded with much disfavor.

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With the dawning of the new year, let us stop for a moment and invoice our life for the past twelve months, much as the merchant invoices his goods. Retire to your room, alone, look over the books and see how they balance. Do they show that trade has been good, that people have come to look daily for loving words, sympathy, and kind acts, and received them? Or do they show the opposite? If so, let us order a new stock of goods this year from the Heavenly Firm, a clean, pure, up-to-date stock. Then, remembering we are working for the best firm, let us keep busy each day. And people will buy, if they see the goods are pure, wholesome and beautiful. Let each one resolve that the year 1913, shall be consecrated to the helping in some way every one we meet every day in the year.—Sunshine.

The New Year. Who knows what opportunity may come to us this year? Let us live in a great spirit, then we shall be ready for a great occasion.—Dean Hodges.

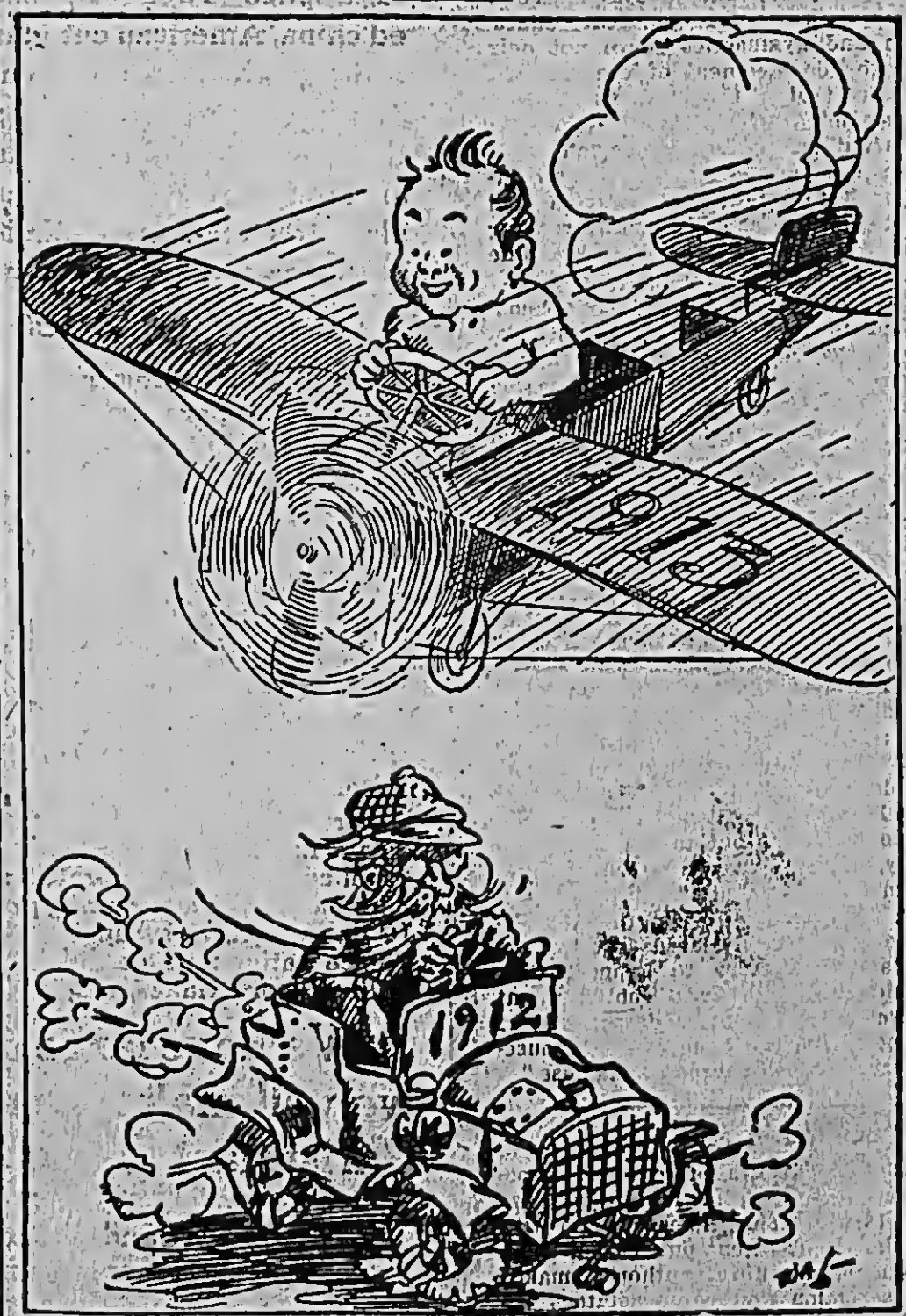
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THE ARRIVAL OF THE NEW YEAR



FATHER TIME

Model by C. A. Beaty. Words by Gene Morgan.



Well, here he is again—Pa Time! He's gray and bald, long past his prime, and on his shoulder you may see the same grass-eating snicker-sneer. We snub him all the live-long year. His steady tread we do not hear; he's not forgotten, just misplaced, and feels himself quite gone to waste. As cold and bleak December dies a triumph grand before him lies. He knocks his hour-glass on the door, he enters and demands the floor.

"Once more," he starts, "I come to warn—" here some one blows a loud tin horn, a cowbell shakes, a shot rings out, a whistle blows, bass voices shout, but Father Time, with upraised claw at last subdues the riot to awe.

"I come to warn you this new year must find you in your working gear, prepared to labor, grind and fight for what is best and what is right. My twelve months swiftly pass you by; how did you treat the last—O lie? Your years are numbered, small the span, make each one serve the best you can: it is the rule of this concern that damaged goods we can't return."

The noise resumes and all is gay; poor Father Time just limps away, nor dees he lumber up his pace when dollar watches dare a race. Although we pity this poor guy, Time's changes we may not defy, and when he makes his yearly speech don't let your ears bend out of reach.

A NEW YEAR'S PRAYER.

In the new year may we keep our reverence unimpaired for the humble-minded, and those who have suffered much; our humor alert for our own mistakes and our self-sufficiency, and not at any time wreck it upon the aged, the crippled, the obscure, May we guard childhood and honor age, however infirm and petulant, because it has gone a long way on the same road that bruises our feet; and ever seek to prolong the brief moment of joy as it visits children and lovers. May we have the grace to rejoice in the flow of life as it moves through from generation to generation, and to be purified by the mystery in which we dwell—the night silences and the wonder of our inner life. May we know that humanity is vaster than any creed of its devising, any church of its building, any religion of its shaping. May we look upon the widespread spectacle of human suffering and, having endured to look upon it, learn to know our single life—seemingly so unique—as a drop of that infinite sea. When it comes our time to realize that in this earthly progress we shall not long dwell with happiness or with success, may we clear our spirit of bitterness, and in calm strength continue at the work.—Collier's Weekly.

A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

Mr. I. Götter Steele, late cashier of the "steatite Nat'l bank," resolves to stay in Europe this year.

The New Year. Each New Year is a leaf of our love's tree; it falls, but quick another rose leaf grows. So is the flower from year to year the same. But richer, for the dead leaves feed its veins.—Glaser.

BRINGING IN THE NEW YEAR'S WATER

Perhaps in no part of the British Isles is the New Year heralded with more quaint and curious customs than in Pembrokeshire. That picturesque county abounds with strange customs and rare superstitions, and if you are a lover of the curious and picturesque customs of bygone days, the day of days to be in Pembrokeshire is on January 1.

You will very probably be awakened by the strains of some musical instrument—preferably a concertina or accordion, but a mouth-organ will do—and the singing of children's voices of the following words:—

Rise up a New Year's morning,
The cocke are all a-crowwing;
And if you think it is too soon,
Rise up and look at the stars and moon.

If you are enthusiastic enough to descend you will find a group of boys of all ages on your doorstep, armed with little cups or mugs of cold water and sprigs of box, clamoring for the "New Year's water" to be taken in. If you accede to their request, the sprigs of box are dipped into the "New Year's water" and a tiny shower sprinkled over your face.

This is supposed to bring great good luck to you and your household, but three things must be carefully observed—the bearers of good luck must come inside your door, every member of the household must go through this ordeal by water to ensure luck to himself, or herself, and the bringers of the luck must be rewarded in a manner suitable to your position. The well-to-do give small silver, and perhaps refreshments; others coppers; and some of the poorest sweets, oranges, nuts, cake, etc.

Every good Pembrokeshire housewife lays in a store of small coins and good things of the season, in readiness for the early visits of the youth of her town or village, and many deny themselves to do this. To assert that the bringing of the "New Year's water" does not bring good luck would be regarded as rank blasphemy.

Girls are considered very unlucky to enter their house first on New Year's Day, and dark persons are preferred to those of fair complexion as "luck-bringers." To avoid anything so terrible as the entry of a girl or woman or a fair person first on New Year's Day, the doors are kept locked, and when a knock is heard the ladies, or either inspected from a window or some other vantage point, or interrogated through the closed door.

This all may appear very absurd in print, but if you pay a visit to Tenby or some other place in the premier county of Wales, you will enter the spirit of the thing, and feel the delight of hearing the familiar greeting, "A Happy New Year," accompanied by a tiny jet of joy water on your face.

The Christmas Bride

By IZOLA FORRESTER

(Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.)



JUST in time for the wedding, Clive. Wish you merry Christmas! Gee, but it's bully to see you home again. Three years since you walked on this old platform, waiting for the down train. How have they treated you down east?"

"Fine, thanks, Mr. Dunkley," Clive answered heartily. "Whose wedding am I in time for? I want to load up with gifts."

"Guess you'll have to. It's in your own family, Bob finally got her."

Clive turned quickly as the old station agent went chuckling toward the express office trundling a truck of baggage. He followed him, his dark eyes keen and troubled.

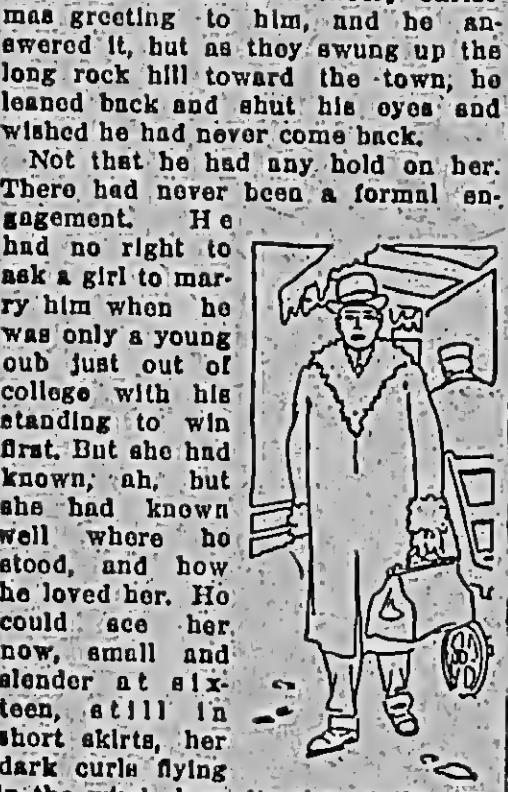
"Got whom, Mr. Dunkley? I haven't heard any news from home for weeks. I've been abroad since June, and just got back in time to catch the express west for Christmas. So you see it's all a surprise to me."

"Surprise to all the town. Never thought Bob had the nerve to ask a girl to marry him, let alone that spunky little Lawrence one."

The name struck Clive like a whip-lash. He called good-night and hurried over to where the old station clock waited.

The driver called a cheery Christmas greeting to him, and he answered it, but as they swung up the long rock hill toward the town, he leaned back and shut his eyes and wished he had never come back.

Not that he had any hold on her. There had never been a formal engagement. He had no right to ask a girl to marry him when he was only a young out just out of college with his standing to win first. But she had known, ah, but she had known well where he stood, and how he loved her. He could see her now, small and slender at sixteen, still in her short skirts, her dark curls flying in the wind, deep dimples at the corners of her mouth, and the swift flashing smile that eyes and mouth and dimples joined in. Yet it had been more than beauty that had held him true through the years. There had been a look in her eyes, a look of abiding faith and clean, straight honor, that he had loved and trusted. The memory of that look had brought him back over the sea to find her this Christmas and tell her that now he could claim her.



Bob! Stolid, good old Bob. While he had been playing globe trotter, trying to catch the flying heels of a madcap, wayward fortune, Bob had stayed quietly at home and won the girl he loved.

There in the dingy, chilly interior of the old back Clive fought out his battle with himself. He would be game, he said; he would not mar their happiness with one word or look. He could not go back. There was his mother. He could not give up seeing her merely because Fate had given him a knock-out blow, not exactly in the solar plexus, but a trifle to the left.

"All out," shouted the driver jovially, pulling up short before the grand old mansion on the hill, with its barricade of tall pines, heavy now with snow. "Wish I was in Bob Patterson's boots tonight. Turned on some illumination didn't they? And, oh, listen to the band. Thank you, Mr. That gives the missus and kids at home a little extra celebration."

Clive picked up his two suit cases and swung up the gravel path, hesitated at sight of the brilliantly lighted rooms, and turned quickly around to the side door that he had had occasion to use many a time before when he had been out late larking.

It was unlocked, and there was no one in sight. It was still early, about 4:30. Probably the family was at dinner. Yet some one was playing softly in the long music room south of the library. He stood in the dimly lighted hall listening, old memories

sweeping over him. It was only a little quiet Christmas carol that Fay had always loved. Years ago, when she had first come to live with them, a little forlorn kiddle, orphaned and with no one but his father to act as guardian, she had loved that carol, and always sang it at holy time. He heard her voice now and gripped his hands as he listened.

Hark, the herald angels sing,
Glory to the newborn King,
Peace on earth and mercy mild—
She saw his figure reflected in the tall mirror and rose with a half-frightened cry.

"Don't, dear," he said, brokenly, hurrying to meet her. He forgot Bob and all he had heard, and saw only her. "I just got in—nobody knows I am here yet—why, dear—dear—"

She was sobbing on his shoulder, her hands, wrenched from his grasp, held his head against her cheek. Clive saw she was dressed in white, soft satin that crushed under his clasp like bruised flowers; he felt he was robbing Bob, and yet there in the dear old room they both knew so well, in the tender winter gloom, he held her close, and kissed her—lips, hair, wet eyelids—and forgot all except the splendor of the night have been.

"They won't miss you," she managed to say finally, pushing back his face and holding it in her hands at a safe distance. "I'm so sorry—but you see I was thinking of you, and wanting to see you so, and then suddenly I looked, and you were here, right here, with me."

"And too late," he added bitterly. "Oh, no, you're not, Clive," she flashed back earnestly. "They haven't been married yet."

"They? Who?"

"Bob and Gretchen."

"Gretchen! Who the devil is Gretchen? I beg your pardon, Fay—you don't know what I've suffered— isn't Bob going to marry you?"

She looked at him for a moment in utter shocked silence, then laughed her old ringing, gay laugh that he loved.

"I marry Bob—Bob? You ally, ally—"

"Go ahead. Call me what you like, 'Who's this person Gretchen, anyway?'"

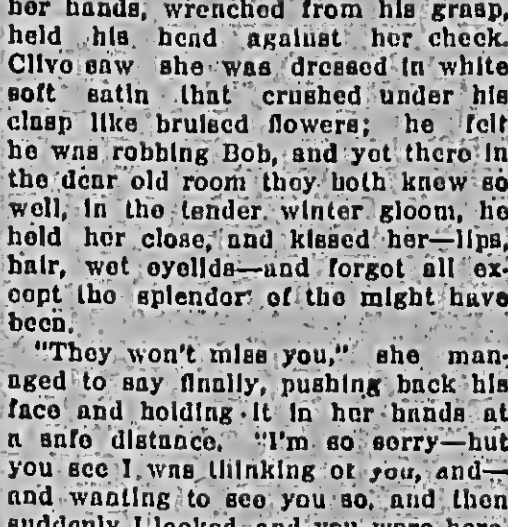
"She's my cousin, Gretchen Lawrence. She came to spend her summer vacation with me, and Bob fell in love with her. That's all, Clive."

"Ah?" Clive sighed and drew her into his arms again. They would make it a double wedding just to pay him back for the misery of the last half hour. Yes, they would. And he'd go back and punch that old fellow's head down at the station for not telling him it was Gretchen Lawrence instead of Fay.

"Oh, Clive, let me go," she whispered. "They're all at dinner, and you know your mother—"

"I know all about it," said Clive, comfortably. He raised her chin gently and looked into the dear, true eyes he had trusted. Fay did not know all that lay behind that look, how, mentally, he knelt in all humility and asked for forgiveness. Yet all he said was:

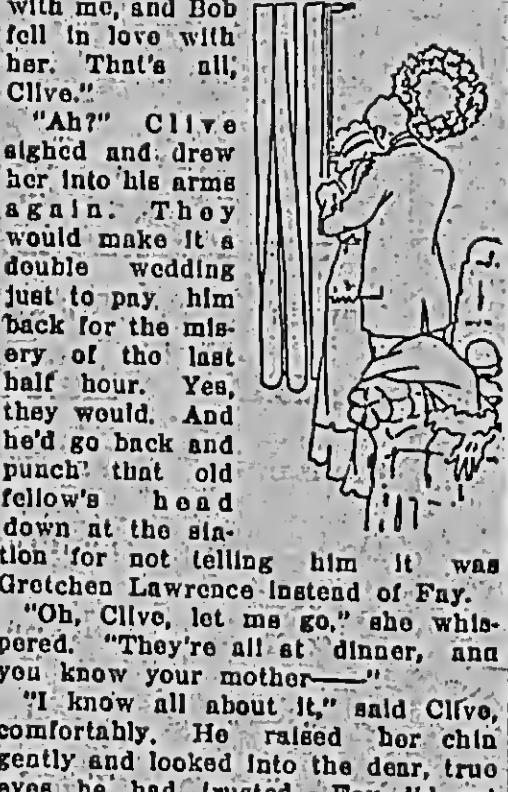
"I forgot to wish you Merry Christmas, dear!"



ALL ABOUT THE MISTLETOE

Popular Christmas Plant is a Parasite and in Olden Times Was Considered Sacred.

Although in the majority of American and English homes mistletoe is displayed at Christmas time, it is remarkable how little is known of this curious plant. Mistletoe is a parasite growing upon the most frequent of all apple trees, although it is also found on evergreens and on poplar, hawthorn, pear and oak trees, but very rarely on the last named. It is an evergreen bush, about four feet in length, thickly crowded with branches and leaves. Unlike all other plants, its leaves extend down as well as up. The plant flowers every year, but does not bear the little white berries until it is four years old. The mistletoe proper is a native of Europe, especially of England and Normandy, in olden times it was considered a sacred plant, because its berries grow in clusters of three— emblematic of the Trinity. The ancients used to hang sprigs of mistletoe around their necks as a safeguard from witches. The maid that was not caught and kissed under the mistletoe at Christmas would not be married within the year, so the tradition goes. According to the old rules the ceremony was not properly performed unless a berry was pulled off after each kiss and presented to the maiden. When all the berries were gone the privilege ceased.



Christmas Presents.

"I thought it better to get you something useful," said Mr. Dobb to his wife, "so I have bought you a couple of good brooms for your Christmas present."

"That was very thoughtful of you, my dear," replied Mrs. Dobb. "I have your ideas, and have bought a good, strong coal-scuttle for you to carry up coals from the cellar in."

FANELLA'S CHRISTMAS SUPPER

By SUSAN GLENN

(Copyright.)



TO Miss Fanella Fenway the flurry of Christmas snow was not beautiful as she hurried through deepening twilight.

Though possessing a certain distinctive air, her coat was pitifully thin and inadequate. Though neatly blackened, her shoes leaked and she wore no rubbers. It is small wonder that the storm seemed merciless and cold. But when she turned in at the big stone gateway, her shoulders straightened proudly.

"The old Fenway place," she murmured, glancing at the gloomy, unkept grounds, "and I am the last of the Fenways."

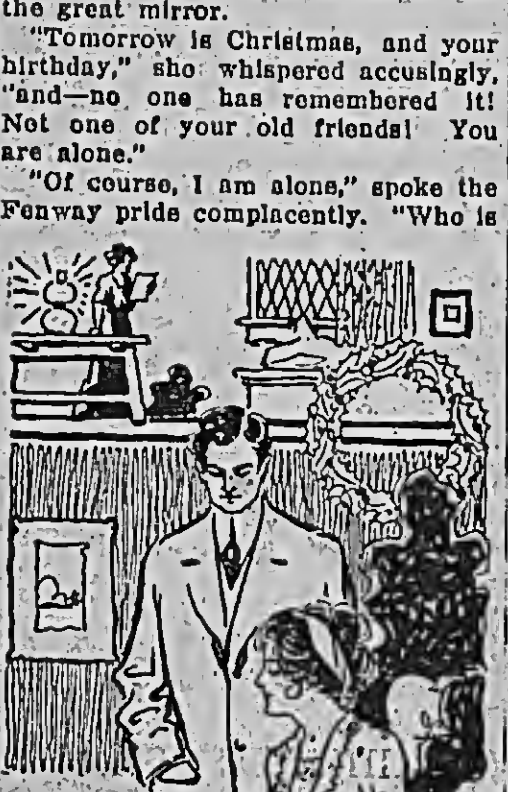
"If you were not it would go hard with them," interjected that other half of Miss Fenway's nature that was always ridiculing her Fenway pride. "Unless," with malicious emphasis, "they chanced to be also impervious to cold and hunger!"

Miss Fanella's lips trembled as she unlocked the grand front door—upon no condition did she ever leave or enter the house by any of its other numerous entrances.

She lighted the small oil lamps that stood on the marble top of the hall buffet, placed her coat and hat on the carved rack, and peered closely into the great mirror.

"Tomorrow is Christmas, and your birthday," she whispered accusingly, "and—no one has remembered it! Not one of your old friends! You are alone."

"Of course, I am alone," spoke the Fenway pride complacently. "Who is



"I Have Dreamed of You Sitting Here."

There in Whalen that care-free! All the old families with whom we associated are gone. It is my misfortune that I am left alone in the old house.

"Why need you be alone? There are people all about you, common people to be sure, but kindly and good. And there is—Nelson Travers!"

"A common farmer!"

Miss Fanella could almost believe she heard a real voice in the old hall with all the Fenway pride and scorn in it, a voice alarmingly like her stately mother's.

"It has been settled these fifteen years," she said, picking up the little lamp wearily. "Why must it be gone over again every Christmas?"

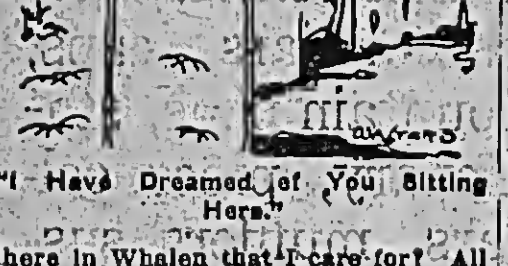
Through the great cold rooms the light moved dimly, until she entered what had been the butler's pantry in the old regime. Here a small stove diffused a halfhearted sort of warmth, and a little table and a leather chair were drawn close.

"Here dwellth the last of the Fenways," she said derisively. "Yet too aristocratic to associate with ordinary mortals!"

From her worn leather bag she drew a letter she had found awaiting her at the postoffice. There were few persons using such stationery who still remembered to write to her.

"Dear Miss Fenway!" she read, "are you still alone at the old place? If so, why can you not come with me to Japan this winter, and help me with the children? There will be no one in our party but ourselves. Please let me know by the first of January."

There followed a page of details. The letter was signed by an old school



friend now the wife of a successful financier.

Miss Fanella's hand trembled, her face was drawn and white.

"A nurse maid," she mumbled at last bitterly, "a common nurse maid! She put it kindly, and it is kind of her to think of me in my destitution, but that is what it means. Yet, isn't it better than cold and loneliness and starvation? I'm tired of being different from other people. I'll try being as common as the commonest for a while."

Suddenly the great bell pealed through the resounding old rooms. She lifted the little lamp in wonderment and threaded her way again through the icy gloom. No tradespeople called at the house, and certainly not at the big front door! And generations of superiority had taught the neighbors the futility of calling at the Fenway portals.

Nelson Travers stood in the porch, the big white flakes heaped upon his broad shoulders.

"Good evening, Fanella," he said as if he had parted with her but yesterday. Tomorrow is your birthday, I believe, and Christmas, too. Will you come for a ride with me?"

Miss Fanella gasped, as well she might. This, after fifteen years of silence! Had it taken him so long to recover from the repulse of old Madam Fenway?

"What will the neighbors think?" she gasped.

"You are thirty-six tomorrow, are you not, Fanella? Isn't that old enough to act as you please regardless of the neighbors?"

"I suppose it is, Nelson," she admitted with a smile. "But where?"

"Will you trust me this once, Fanella? I promise to bring you back whenever you wish."

Miss Fanella looked into the white night. Was she dreaming, or could this unlikely thing really have happened in the deadening monotony of her life?

What difference did it make, anyway. Henceforth she would be only a nursemaid. She looked back into Nelson Travers' honest eyes pleading with her to trust him. About her the stately old furniture upon which her pride had fed so many years, pleaded in vain.

"Yes," she said, "I'll come. I do not know how far I shall go, though."

The man stepped into the old hall and held her coat. His lips closed over his disapproval when he felt the weight of it.

She did not remember the worn gloves on the hall table, and only thought about locking the door when she saw Travers slip the key into his deep pocket.

Wrapped in robes, she seemed unconscious of the storm, realizing only the pleasant sensation of companionship and warmth.

She was not even surprised when he drew up before a low, ample house and lifted her carefully to the doorstep.

"I'll be in in a minute," he told her. "Take off your wraps and get warm."

Miss Fanella, her heart beating high at her own audacity, opened the broad door.

The wide, low rooms within opened pleasantly together, lighted by candles on the mantels, and by softly shaded lamps.

"How pleasant," said Miss Fanella aloud, going to the open fire, and thinking of her little stove in the butler's pantry.

"I have dreamed of you sitting here," said Travers quietly, coming to her. "And now I am going to ask you to eat supper with me—a Christmas supper, you know."

"I shall be most delighted," answered Miss Fanella with a smile. The Fenway pride was mute for once. It was a quiet supper. Fanella poured the tea, conscious that her companion's eyes were following her, and she enjoyed herself with a fierce, defiant sort of enjoyment.

"Fanella," said the man, leading her back to the fire, "I will bless you forever for coming with me. I wanted you to see my home, to understand just how simple and unpretentious it is. I know I am only a common farmer, but I've always loved you, Fanella. I cannot endure it to see you live as you do, alone in that great house. Won't you let me take care of you, dear? I know I am not good enough for you. I realize what it must seem like to you here, but—"

"It is comfortable and—beautiful, Nelson. Her voice broke over the words. "But I do not deserve it. I was not fair and honest with you—for I cared, always. I let my pride and my family interfere."

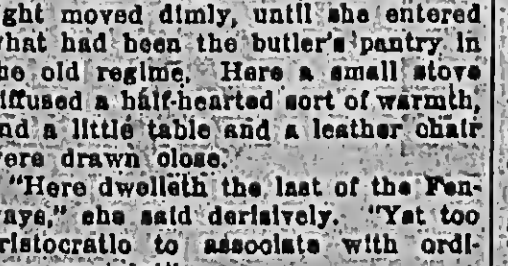
"Oh," she cried, shaken by sudden, fierce sob, "why did you never come back? They always do in stories—I could not believe it was all over when you went away!"

"Do you mean," said Travers, "that you would have given me a different answer if I had come back, Fanella?"

She held out her hands—true Fenway hands. "Don't you know, dear, that all women are privileged to change their minds?" she asked.

"What a fool I've been, Fanella," groaned Travers, holding her close. "Fifteen years! Tell me, when did you repent your coldness?"

"Before you had reached the gate," whispered Fanella, penitently.



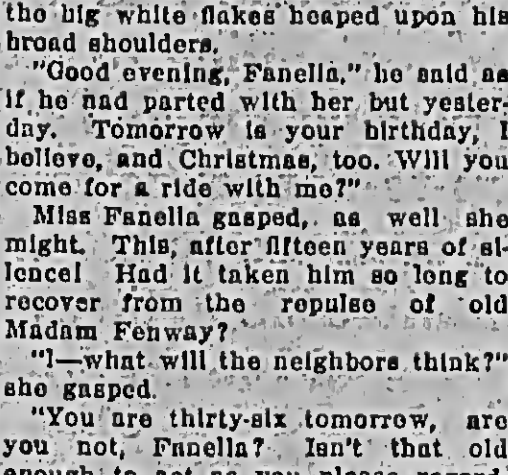
For the Old Folks.

Corra (aged ten), to Reggie (aged eleven)—Yes. The games are a wretched bore. But, then, it's Christmas, you know, and the old people do so expect to enjoy themselves.

WHAT PATTY DID

By CLAUDINE SISSON

(Copyright.)



AND it had come to pass that on this day before Christmas a man not old in years sat in his room at a hotel in a strange town and felt himself of all the world the most lonely. High and low, rich and poor, mingled in the procession of happy shoppers without. He alone had no thought for Santa Claus.

It went back five years. He, the son of a railroad magnate, had dared to fall in love with the blue-eyed daughter of a locomotive driver on his father's road—a man whose face and hands carried grime—who dwelt in a cottage—who had no society outside of daily toilers. And he had dared stand before the father who thought himself specially created and say:

"Father, I going to be married."

"Well?"

"To Gladys Davis."

"Never heard of her."

"The daughter of one of our engineers."

There was a moment of painful suspense and then the storm broke.

"You shall not! You are either a fool or a lunatic to think of it. An engineer's daughter! Think of your mother—of me—of your sister—the disgrace! You must have lost your senses!"

"But I am to marry her," was the steady reply.

"I say not! If the jade has trapped you into an engagement buy her off. The father must use his influence or take his discharge."

"But we love and are promised to each other."

In the next half hour the father stormed and cajoled. If the son insisted on such a marriage he would be cast out by the family; he would be ridiculed even by the common people. And the magnate ended up with:

"Fred, I will have the engineer called up here and give him a check for a thousand dollars and tell him that this nonsense must end."

"We shall be married three days from now," was his answer.

In reply to that the father pointed to the door, and the son bowed and passed out to be son no longer. He had money that had been left him by an aunt, and the father could not threaten him with poverty.

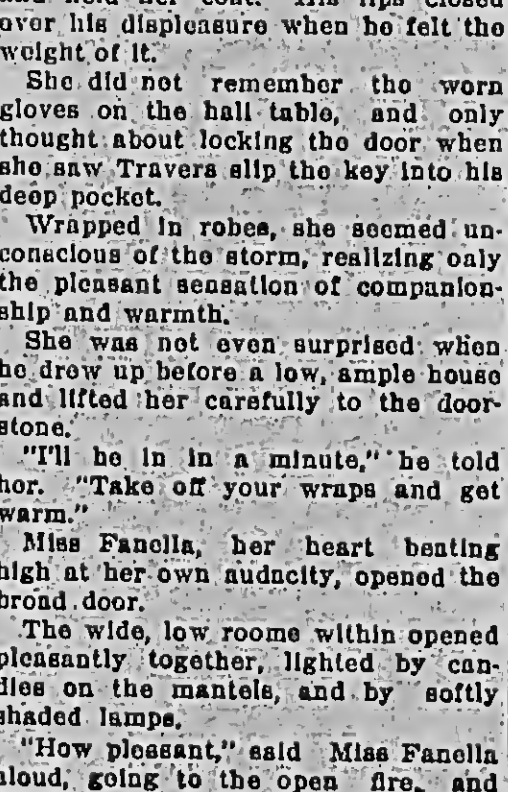
Love may always be right, but it can be so influenced as to be seemingly a mistake. The marriage took place and Fred Dillingham was ostracized. He was not kindly welcomed in the other stratum. If there is a gulf between the rich man and the workman the latter resents intrusion as much as the former. There was love, but after a few months it was influenced from both sides. Both husband and wife were made to fear that a grave mistake had been made. They fought away the idea and sought to hold their love, but that brought irritations and vexations and culminated in misunderstandings and quarrels. After two years there was a separation. Neither really desired it. It was what the gossip had predicted, and what they strove to bring about.

There was more sorrow than anger when the young husband turned his back on wife and infant a year old and went out into the world as a wanderer. The wife went back to her father's cottage, but not to struggle with poverty. The husband been generous to her.

Five long years, and Fred Dillingham had not been heard of. As an outlaw without a family, whom should he write to and why? At three years of age the child, who had been named Patty, wondered in her childish way why she hadn't a papa. At five she demanded to know. At six she stood before the embarrassed mother in indignation and threatened to go out and find one.

And at last the wanderer had recrossed the sea and headed for his home. He was tired and weary and lonely. Home? But he had none! He had left it when he left wife and baby. This struck him like a sudden blow, though he had all along realized it in a general way. No home—no wife—no child! That was why he had left the train and taken lodgings. He had no place to go. With money in his pockets, he was a tramp.

And to know that Christmas was at hand, and to hear the jingle of sleigh



bells and catch the shouts of children on the street—to wonder if his child still lived, and to wonder further what old Santa Claus would bring her—why, the man cursed the fear he could not keep back.

A quarter of an hour later the outlaw was down on the street. He would mingle with the throng. He would enter the stores under the evergreen branches and look about him—aye, make a purchase and be Santa Claus to some big-eyed child on the street. He was an outlaw, but the world should not crowd him quite to the edge. He was almost smiling as he crowded his way into a big store, and he was looking about him when a small, warm hand was cuddled into his and a child's voice said:

"Please take care of me 'till mamma finds me—I'm lost!"

It was a little girl, and on her face was both a smile and a look of entreaty.

"Why, of course," replied the outlaw, pressing her hand and drawing her back a little. "So you came here with your mother, after Christmas things and got separated?"

"That's it, only I think she ran away from me so that I shouldn't know what Santa Claus was going to bring me tomorrow night."

"I hope it will be something nice."

"Oh, it will be. Are you buying something for your little girl?"

"N-o-o."

"Maybe she's dead?"

"I—I don't know."

The girl looked up and noticed the grave expression on the outlaw's face, and cuddled closer to him and said:

"I'm sorry if I have hurt you. Mamma says I talk too much. I've just thought that maybe you are not married at all?"

"I guess that's pretty near it," replied the outlaw as he tried to laugh, but made poor work of it.

"Well, if you haven't got any little girl I haven't got any papa. What you going to buy?"

"Why, whatever you say?"

"But not for me?"

"Yes, for you. We'll select something, and then when your mother comes I'll ask her if she'll let you have it."

"I hope she will. You look to be such a nice man that she shouldn't refuse. I picked you out as the very nicest man that came along."

"Thank you," said the outlaw as he felt his heart grow big. "Now, then, about this doll. Real hair, eyes that wink, pink shoes and almost as big as you are. She'll be a sister to you."

"And how much is it?"

"Only ten dollars."

"My, but can you pay that much! If you can you must be rich!"

"But you see I have no little girl of my own."

"That's so. Isn't Christmas nice? Do you know—there's mamma over there! Let me run and tell her."

The outlaw turned his back on the crowd and gritted his teeth and winked his eyes. He had been hit hard. Three or four minutes passed, and then a hand pulled at his and a voice said:

"Please, Mister nice man, tell me your name, that I may introduce you to mamma. I think she will let me have the doll."

The outlaw turned and gasped and his face went white.

"Gladys!"

"Fred!"

"You here!"

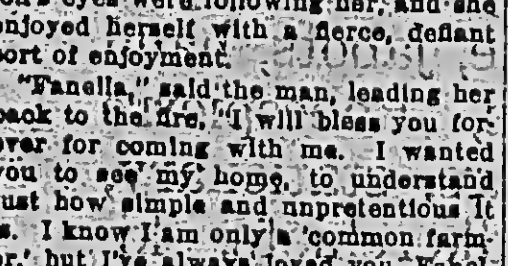
"And you!"

"And this is our daughter!"

"Our Patty. Father was discharged from the road and moved over here to take another run."

It was the next day, and Patty was sitting on her father's knee and the happy mother was wiping tears from her eyes, when the child said:

"Say, mamma, I just picked him out as the very nicest man in all that big crowd, and I didn't make any mistake, did I? Don't anybody sit down on my doll and give her a pain!"



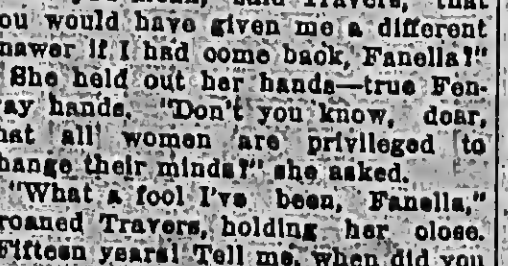
Made it Work.

A week before the Christmas holidays an undergraduate wished to start home, thus gaining a week's vacation on the other students. He had, however, used up all the absences from the lectures which are allowed, and any more without good excuse would have meant suspension. In a quandary he hit upon this solution. He telegraphed his father the following message:

"Shall I come home at my leisure or straight home?"

The answer he received was: "Come straight home."

An exhibition of the telegram to the professors was sufficient.



An Assurance.

"Don't you think a holiday is more cheerful when there is a large family gathered about festive board?"

"I do," answered the sardonic person. "A large family is a glad assurance that there is not going to be enough turkey left to supply the menu for the next few days."

HOLIDAY CHIMNEY

Having Been in Business Here

for less than one year this is our first opportunity of extending to you a holiday greeting and of placing for your selection a line of new, clean up-to-date articles suitable for Christmas gifts. For those who wish practical gifts we have innumerable articles of wearing apparel and household necessities, if your choice lies in the direction of luxuries, novelties, toys, etc. We can also meet your demands. Our vast assortment provides satisfactory choosing, and an inspection of our displays will render assistance in the way of suggestions to those who are in doubt. We have been extremely careful and particular this year in selecting our holiday goods. Particular as to quality and careful as to price thus enabling ourselves to offer you exceptional opportunities. Below we give a partial list of the many things we have to offer and the prices, while not quoted, are low enough to appeal to any purchaser

TOYS

Drums	Dishes
Bears	Dogs
Chairs	Iron beds
Dishes	Cars
Engines	Wagons
Banks	Sleds
Cash register	Skates
Knives	Airships
Blackboards	Rocking horses
Horns	Jumping jack

For Your Christmas Dinner

Potatoes, cranberries, cheese, olives, mincemeat, pumpkins, jello, raisins, preserves, currants, pickles, sweet potatoes, sardines, salmon, macaroni, coffee, sugar, cocoa, Karo corn syrup, peas, corn, tomatoes, succotash, figs, grapefruit, prunes, dates, celery, apples, oranges, popcorn, candy, nuts.

EVERYTHING FOR EVERYBODY

For the Ladies

Comb and brush sets, gloves, belt pins, neckwear, umbrellas, barrettes, dresser sets, back combs, auto scarfs, silk petticoats, perfume, jabots, hand bags, Robespierre collars, stationary, handkerchiefs, kimonas, purses, silk petticoats, needle books, pin cushions, belts, rugs, fancy dishes, veil pins.

For the Gents

smoking sets, shaving sets, gloves, underwear, mittens, sweater coats, ties, socks, bill folds, military brushes, handkerchiefs, tobacco jars, caps, fountain pens, stationary, pipes, collars, mufflers, suspenders, shirts, cuff buttons, garters, flannel shirts, card cases, shaving cups, overalls.

TOYS

Games	Books
Big dolls	Little dolls
Plain dolls	Fancy dolls
Doll heads	Doll bodies
pianos	Blocks
Balls	Puzzles
guns	Trunks
Paint sets	Horses
Automobiles	Tool chests
Flat iron	Stoves

Ornaments

of all kinds, tinsel, garlands, candelies, bells, etc., and in fact everything imaginable for the decoration of your Christmas tree.

Hillebrand's Cash Store

Merry Christmas



DRINK BESLEY'S
"WAUKEGAN SPEC-
IAL" KING OF
BOTTLED BEERS

DRINK
BESLEY'S
HOME
BREW
BOTTLED
BEER

REAL BEER

"MADE IN WAUKEGAN"

You'll never know the pleasure of drinking "Real Beer" until you try

Waukegan Beer

It is pure, rich and mellow, made from pure malt, hops and our own pure sparkling spring water which is unequaled in quality in this entire vicinity.

IT IS BOTTLED IN BROWN OR CRYSTAL CLEAR BOTTLES

Besley's Waukegan Ale and Porter
William. Gray & Son, Agt.

Antioch, Illinois

**Besley's Waukegan
Brewing Co.**

Drink Besley's
Waukegan
Ale and Porter

Drink Besley's
Malt
Essence



THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

BY D. MACE EDGINTON

OUR FIRST CHRISTMAS

Holiday Celebrated in America Before Time of Columbus.

The Christian Norsemen Undoubtedly Observed the Occasion on the New England Coast—In Early Colonial Days.

WHILE the settlement of the American continent is modern and its history clearly defined, probably there were Christmas celebrations in what is now the United States several centuries before the first voyage of Columbus. The chronicles of Iceland tell the story of the visit made to Greenland by Lief,

son of Eric the Red, of Norway, and describe the southward voyage of his little vessel past the snow-clad mountains of Labrador and the wooded shores of Newfoundland, until Vineland, an indefinite region on the New England coast, was reached.

Here Lief, who was a Christian, and the members of his little band of daring adventurers spent the winter of 1002 and no doubt on the bleak New England shore the beautiful feast, whose God-like spirit has softened and conquered the world, was celebrated.

The Norwegian visits to Vineland were continued by Thorwald and Thorstein, brothers of Lief, who had succeeded to the patriarchal office and possessions of his father, and on the deaths in quick succession of both Thorwald and Thorstein the wife of the latter, Gudrida, married a rich Norwegian named Thorfin and accompanied him and a company of his followers to Vineland, where they lived three years. Gudrida was a pious soul. When her second husband died she visited Rome, narrated to Pope Benedict an account of her adventures in this far western world and with the papal blessing returned to Iceland, where she founded a convent, of which she became abbess.

There are no records bearing on the Christmas days spent by these hardy Norwegians in New England, but imagination can well picture the renewal in this strange land of the Christmas customs of Scandinavia. And thus it is entirely legitimate to assume that by them the first celebration of the day was observed in the new world.

History, and tradition as well, are silent after this on new world affairs until the coming of the Spaniards, followed by the Portuguese, French and English. By them the feast of the Nativity was celebrated, and long before Plymouth Rock was discovered, to be made the cornerstone of a new civilization, hardy fishermen from France chanted the hymns of the Catholic church in the waters of Maine. An old French chart gives to certain islands near the Machias river, east of Penobscot, the names of Isles des Rois Magas and Harre Mage—Isles of the Magian kings, and Magian harbor—in memory of the three wise men, who followed the mysterious star, to lay their offerings of gold, of frankincense and of myrrh before the Babe of Bethlehem.

In stern and puritan New England Christmas was placed under ban. The Plymouth colony, indeed, did not pass prohibitive laws, but in 1622 Gov. Bradford placed all Christmas games under interdict and those who afterward observed the day did so secretly. But

the Massachusetts Bay colony, following the example of Cromwell's parliament, which prohibited all observance of the feast, and decreed that "holly and ivy were badges of sedition," enacted a law, in 1659, obliging all men to labor on Christmas day and inflicting a fine upon those who observed the feast. It was not until 1681—more than 20 years after the passing of the Cromwell regime and the restoration of the Stuart dynasty to the throne—that this law, abolishing personal freedom and liberty of worship, was repealed; and several years after this the spirit of New England was reflected in a letter written by Rev. Joshua Moody to Rev. Increase Mather, in which the observance of Christmas was thus referred to: "And the shutting up of shops on Christmas day and driving the master out of school on Xmas holidays are very grievous."

Elsewhere throughout the colonies the feast of Christmas was observed. Both New Amsterdam and New York maintained the old-world customs associated with the day and to the south the beautiful festival never lost its hold upon the hearts of the English settlers.

Today there is no north, no south, no east, no west, to Christmas celebration in the United States. The story of the Babe of Bethlehem is written on every heart and every tongue on Christmas morning repeats the song the angels sang over the Judean hills: "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will."

FRIENDLY WARNING



Atlas was holding up the world. At this juncture Santa Claus drove by.

"Hello, Atlas," said Santa. "Still holding it up, I see?"

"Yes," wooped Atlas.

"Well, get busy with it," Santa advised.

"After I make my trip this year there won't be anything left for an everyday hold-up man."

Had Something in Him.

Rev. Hudson Robert Jones had preached what he thought was a great Christmas sermon. On the way home from church he came upon a youth sitting dozing on the steps of a domicile. Wishing to admonish this young person for what he took to be laziness, he stepped up to him and said:—

"Don't sit there like that, my boy; this is Christmas. Get up and stir yourself; you certainly must have something in you."

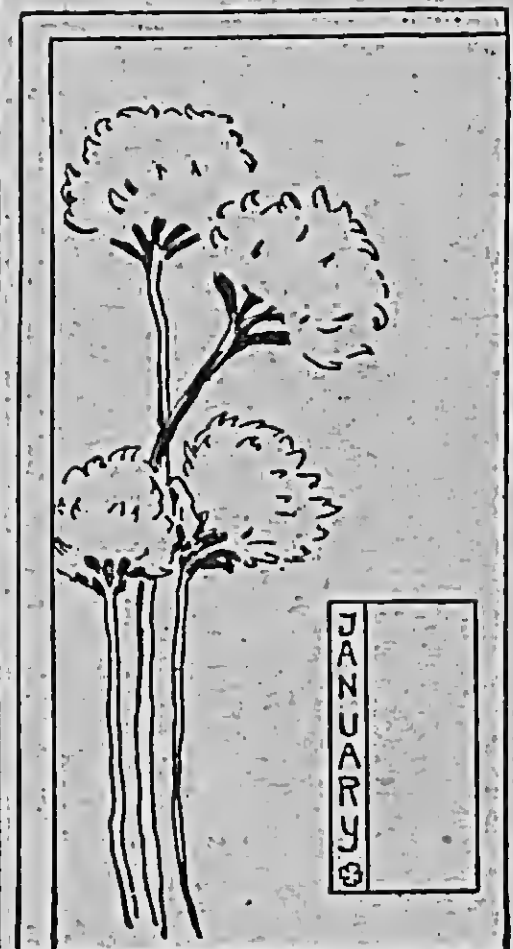
"I've got a big Christmas dinner in me," was the forced reply, "and I can't move."

NEW YEAR CARDS AND CALENDARS

WITH the New Year gradually dawning we must not be caught unprepared to greet it. Good wishes for the welfare of our friends during the coming year must be conveyed by some means or other. Very few people are fortunate enough to have their friends living near, that they may extend verbally their wishes for the new year. The next best medium for this purpose is the New Year's card. Of course these cards may be purchased at the shops, but it is very much nicer to be original.

It is rather an expensive proposition to buy these cards from artists if the friends happen to be numerous. Why not make them yourself?

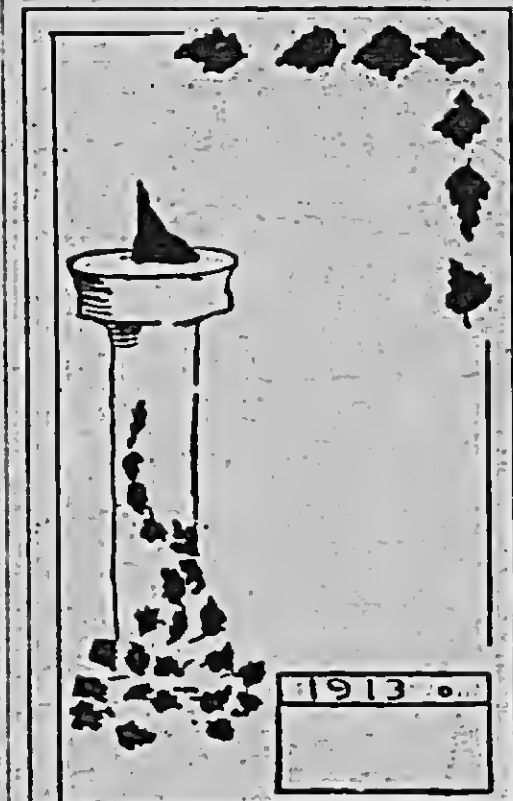
Here are given a few designs to be used for New Year's calendars. They are pretty and dainty, much more at-



tractive than postcards. Not much time is required to make them and scarcely any expense besides the paper and water colors.

Have a piece of carbon paper, some smooth water color paper and the box of water colors. Place the carbon paper between the design and the paper and carefully trace the outline. A replica of the design will be transferred ready for tinting.

The snow scene would be effective tinted in tones of brown or gray. Make the path a dull lead color, the tall poplar trees dark gray, almost black; and the sky a bluish gray. The lettering could be of brown or gold.



The small calendar pads can be bought for two or three cents. These are fastened to the pictures with mullage.

January's emblem is the snowdrop. The next design introduces that white, delicate blossom. Any subdued color may be used for the background against which the flowers are thrown out in relief. The blossoms are a pure blue white and the stems a dark green. The lettering may be black or any dark, neutral color.

The sun-dial design is most appropriate and suggests much. We want it to mark off only happy hours. You desire to be a friend as sincere and true as the angle cast by the shadow of the sun. The climbing ivy is evergreen and clings always to the trellis,



unless torn away by some outside force. There is unlimited depth of meaning connected with the sun dial.

The pedestal should be colored white, to represent marble; the metal angle of the sun dial yellow or bronze color, the ivy a dark, rich green. The background and numerals may be tinted any color to suit the personal taste.

These little calendars are sure to be liked and admired by all who receive them. Take advantage of this novel manner to express your New Year's greetings.

THE PARTING GUEST

Where are the good things promised me By the Old Year that is dying?
And what care I how ill he be
Who was so given to lying?
A comely youth, he sought my door
And turned till his locks were hoar;
A fair and foal, capricious guest,
Who swore to give me of his best;
Who pledged himself a true year;
But he was then—the New Year.

Where are the silver and the gold
Ere now should fill my wallet?
What mean these scanty clothes and old,
This attic room and pallet?
The purse he dangled in my view
Betwixt his juggling hands slipped through.
He found me poor, he left me poorer;
But now a richer friend, and surer,
Awaits me—in the New Year.

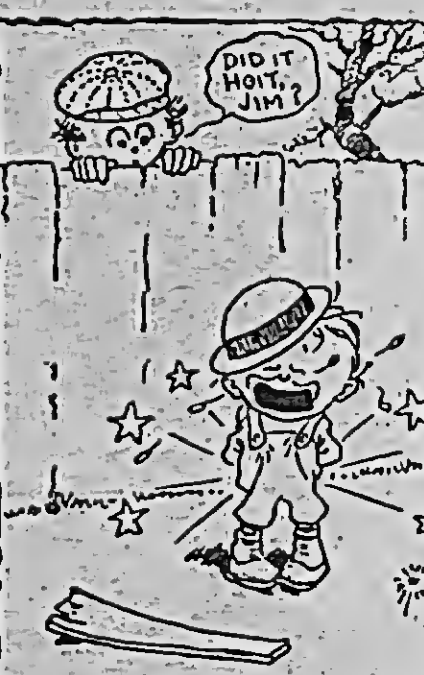
Where are the poet's bays he said
My dulcet song should gain me?
The wreath that was to crown my head,
Th' applause that should sustain me?
Alack! round other brows than mine
I see the fresh-won laurels twine.
Still, for the music's sake, I sing:
The world may listen yet, and fling
Its Garland—in the New Year.

Where is the one dear face to love
His golden months should bring me,
Whose smile a recompense would prove
For all the ill that sting me?
My heart still beats in loneliness;
There is no darling hand to press;
But, oh, I dream we yet shall meet,
And trust to find her kisses sweet,
And win her—in the New Year.

Where are the works in patience wrought;
The pace to lose my neighbor;
The sins left off, the wisdom taught
Of suffering and labor;
The fuller life, the strength to wait;
The equal heart for either fate?
Will may I speed the parting guest,
And take this stranger to my breast?
Be thou, indeed, a true year,
O fair and welcome New Year!

—Edmund Clarence Steadman,
In The Century.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS



Jimmie resolves not to "sass" his mother any more.



This gentleman resolves not to work during 1913 (also during 1914, 1915, etc.)



Tommie resolves to migrate to Florida or some tropical clime.

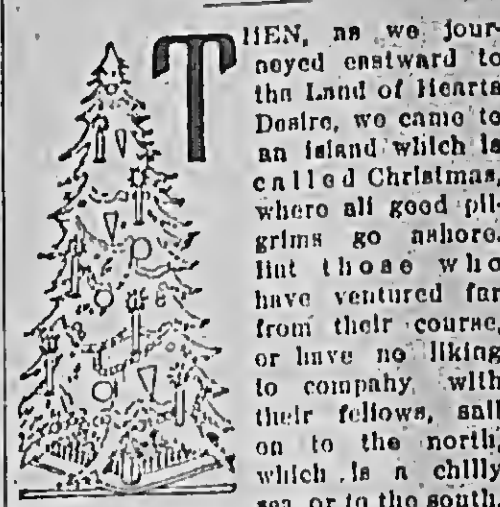


"Happy New Year!"

"We are on the threshold of a new year. We do not know what the year holds for us, but we are not afraid of it. We have learned to look for kindness and goodness in all our paths, and so we go forward with glad hope and expectation."—J. R. Miller.

ON CHRISTMAS ISLAND

Land of Fond Memories and Home of Saint Good Will.



WHEN, as we journeyed eastward to the Land of Hearts Desires, we came to an island which is called Christmas, where all good pilgrims go ashore. But those who have ventured far from their course, or have no liking to company with their fellows, sail on to the north, which is a chilly sea, or to the south, where the blast is not tempered. For Christmas Island lies straight in the way of the honest mariner, and the stream which runs as a river through the sea hath warmth and fragrance, whereof the shores of the island give pleasant evidence. Now, the gales that sweep the island sweep westward, upon the approaching pilgrims, and eastward upon the departing sails, so that the stay within the gracious port is but a part of the joy of that sea.

And as the shores came out of the horizon, a little child called, "Christmas Isle! Christmas Isle!"—so clear is the air of these parts to infant eyes. And the older folk aboard were joyful, too, for off the west coast of the island, which those who have charted these seas call the Shore of Memory, a fragrant breeze began that minute to blow; though of these names I cannot be sure, for the child had a book of his own wherein this shore was named Anticipation. And now the journey meant a few more dawns and sunsets ere a landing could be made, but with each league onward the mellow fragrance was more marked. So there was great dispute among the elder folk to say just what made up the pleasant assault upon our senses, some saying it was composed mostly of this, and others of that.

"It is lavender," said an old lady. "Lavender and spruce and burning candles. I remember the night the new dress was taken from the chest, and we danced beneath the candles, and there was mistletoe, my dear, that was how I met your grand-father. Yes, the breeze from off the shore of the Isle is lavender and spruce and burning candles."

"Ho! to me!" cried a bluff and hearty man. "It is the good smell of well-warmed horses on the snow, with the moon making a double team of them. And it is the good dry smell of popping corn and cooking apples. Oh, yes, and I will be saying there's the brown turkey in it, too. And the smell of a lantern in the barn when we go out to get the horses after the dance."

"Ah," said another—and as I looked I saw he was habited as a priest. "It is the incense, the Christmas incense, which goes in ghostly columns to the darkened roof of the great church as the Three Wise Men go in procession up the aisle attended by acolytes and hooded monks to do homage to the Babe at the altar. Easter I know by the lilies which smother the incense, but Christmas is incense and music. It is that which makes the breeze so delightful to you, my good people."

"No," said another. "No, no. Ah—now I know what it is. It is back in the hill kirk that we are, where the foot-warmer keep us alive through the Christmas, and it's the faint screeching of honest leather and the faint singeing of homespun that the breeze is bringing you."

"It's cooey! It's varnish on slodel! It's perfume on dolls! It's oranges, and evergreens, and the smell of the wood fire in the fireplace, and the smell of the cold on mother's fural!" cried the child.

And I know not to what lengths the talk might have gone, but the sailors were calling "Shore!" and there was great motion among the pilgrims.

Now, the island is ruled by a saint whose names are many, but in all tongues and races they have one meaning, which is GOOD WILL. And his name is the law of the Isle. For he holdeth that if a man hath Good Will he fulfilleth all law; and if he have not Good Will no law can put it within him; but if he have it he cannot but give proof of it. So that there is great giving of gifts in the island called Christmas, for Good Will is itself a gift which forever branches and blossoms and sets to fruit of its kind. And it is the custom of the saint to meet the pilgrim ships and give those who call upon him the choicest gifts, and when a man hath received any one of them he is forever a citizen of the island called Christmas, with all the rights thereof.

Now, the gifts are hung upon a tree which is called the Tree of Life and they shine with a wonderful light and give off a sweetness which in good time will sweeten the world. Indeed, as all pilgrims know, the reason that shores far distant from the Christmas Isle are habitable at all is that pilgrims have come back bearing their gifts of sweetness and light.

And the first gift is the Gift of the Good Thought, whereby one may break the hold of a narrow veracity which chains him, truthfully enough but all too unwisely, to the faults of his fellows. There are neither riches nor power comparable to the Good Thought, which comes of the Good Sight, whereby men have discovered

hidden worth as the miner has found the blackened, bleak and forbidding hillside to be threshold of worlds of gleaming gold. No that receives this gift comes to himself to find himself in a friendly world. It is a gift greatly to be desired, as a fire in winter, a friend in misfortune, and by its magic are miracles wrought on those who dwell far from the kingdom of the Saint Good Will.

And the second gift is like unto it—a mild spirit of amnesty toward all pilgrims whose faulty compass takes them astray, and those who receive it are straightway inducted into the Order of the Forgivers. It strikes from the pilgrim as in the twinkling of an eye, the cold bonds of hatred, vengeance, and all the brood of malice, which make their home with a man but to destroy him.

And the third gift is the Just Judgment, by which the world is vastly lightened by reason of the number of condemnations being lessened. For as is the number of those who condemn in this world, so is the number of disappointments we carry about with us, and the number of the sunny windows we have darkened for ourselves. There are lights of life which a just judgment forbears to extinguish, and he who bears this gift walks in a mellow circle of serene tolerance.

And the fourth gift is that of the Cheerful Spirit, having which one has light at eventide, yea and at midnight. For there is no darkness like unto the darkness of the spirit bereft of cheerful lamps and fires, and there is no darkness of the spirit that the St. Good Will cannot dispel.

And when the pilgrim has received these gifts he finds among them another, which is the gift of Vision, whereby he sees the unseen. Indeed, all the gifts of St. Good Will pertain to sight and vision, for as the physical eye is the chief of the body's blessings, so is the gift of vision the savior of life, which possessing, no man perishes. For as blind men walk the way and see neither rivers nor trees nor men, so he who has not received these best of gifts walks in great blindness toward a world, which encompasses him with beneficence, guidance, protection and inspiration.

And when the pilgrim sailed on, lo! they were new mortals. And no matter how great the distance they journeyed, the pleasant gales of Christmas Isle were always in their nostrils. And they went to many lands, but wherever they set foot, or built a booth or raised a tent, the people knew they had been to the Blessed Isle. And Christmas trees sprang as seedlings from the Tree of Life, and many kindnesses to friends and the poor were borne abroad on the wings of sweetness and light which forever came forth from the gifts of St. Good Will.—Detroit News.

Christmas Song

Now is the time when holly sprays
Light all the barren, brooding ways,
And every bell, it sounds noel,
A psalm in the Master's praise.

Now is the time when loveliest gleam
Like beryl in the morning beam,
And every bell, it sounds noel,
And makes the Master's praise its theme.

Now is the time when mistletoe
Is glossy in the noontide glow,
And every bell, it sounds noel,
To praise upon his name bestow.

Now is the time of angel mirth,
The blessed day of Christ—his birth,
And every bell, it sounds noel,
To ring his praise throughout the earth.

—Charles Scudder in Anker's.

NOT A DAY OF JOY FOR ALL

Those Who Are Happy on Christmas Should Remember the Suffering and Distressed.

"It's Christmas time, friend! What will you do about it?" asks L. D. Stearns in Suburban Life. "Mother! Aunties! You who love to see your babies bend, crooning softly, over their family of dolls, with that grave little smile of dawning motherhood flitting tenderly over their faces, just within a stone's throw of babies who have no dolls, and the mother heart beats in their bosoms just as it does in that of your own sheltered darlings; but their faces are grave, and sharp and old; and little drawn, white lines show about their mouths; and their eyes are not like the eyes of your children. The other day, a baby opened its eyes for the first time on this old earth—it was one of our coldest days; but in the home was no stove, no bit of warmth, no food—almost no clothes! On another street, in the midst of plenty, a woman, with two small babies toddling about, the father out hunting for work, cries—with red lips: 'We've not a dollar in the house, and nothing to eat!' Oh, mothers—oh, adoring aunties—life isn't made up of just prayers and alt. ling reverently in church, keeping one day in the week holy! There's a try to keep with life that is spelled in many, many ways, if you'd make it complete."

Women and the Ballot. Weimer-Neustadt and Waldhofen, Austria, have just given the women taxpayers the ballot, making voting compulsory for women as well as men. The legislature of Manitoba recently permitted women to practice law. The legislature of Georgia only a few days later defeated a similar amendment.



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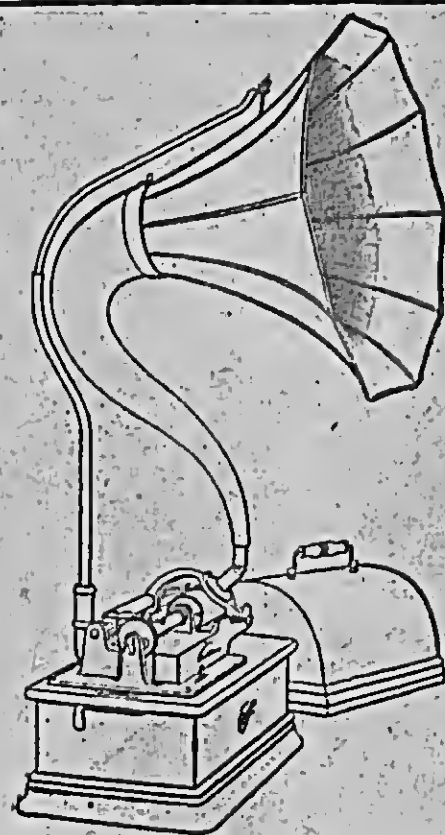
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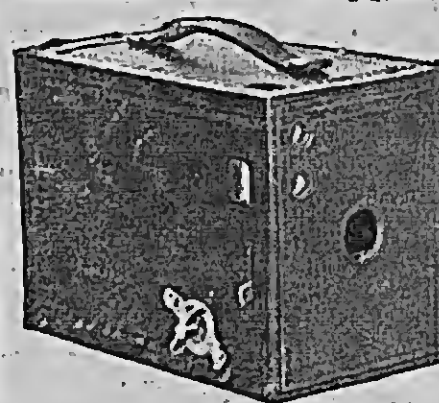
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Bonds	68,221.75
Banking House.....	
Furniture and Fixtures.....	6,200.00
Overdrafts.....	28.36
Due from Depository Banks.....	49,275.72
Cash on hand.....	5,268.76
Total Resources.....	\$277,791.69

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock.....	\$ 25,000.00
Surplus	12,500.00
Undivided profits, less current interest, Ex- penses and taxes paid.....	4,878.48
Deposits.....	235,413.21
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SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES FOR RENT

CHRISTMAS ROMANCE

It was a preparation for Christmas—no, goodness knows I wish I was, but Christmas doings ain't for me no more. And just because I was a baking something to eat tomorrow, which happens to be Christmas, she thought I was preparing for that day a special.

Betty Green sighed as she pulled the pie in the oven, and pulled a kitchen chair up beside the stove. The new neighbor, who had but recently moved into the town, and who knew nothing of Betty's history, had just left. With the Christmas spirit everywhere she had thought of course Betty was preparing a feast for the day.

"Now, if Jim hadn't never sailed away on that water-jogged old Mary Ann, as he did a-going on four years ago, I guess I could a been preparing for Christmas like other folks. If there hadn't been nobody else, Jim and me could a enjoyed Christmas, and then maybe there'd a been somebody else—somebody that just about now would a been liking dolls or tin cars, and if so Jim and me would a been having a Christmas tree for that somebody, and we'd be a having the best Christmas in all South Cove.

"My, how I did try to keep Jim from sailing in that Mary Ann. Anybody what know anything about ships know she wasn't fit to go to sea in, but Jim says it's the only berth he's likely to get, and taking it would our marrying just that much sooner, and the Mary Ann or Jim ain't never been heard of since she left that South America place to go round the Horn on her way to China."

The bright eyes of Betty Green were wet with tears as she opened the oven door to raise the pie to a higher shelf. Ever since Jim Bushy failed to return in time for the wedding which Betty had so carefully prepared for four years ago—a wedding which was to be the big event of the Christmas season at South Cove—she had had a lonesome life.

Two months after the Christmas that was to have been Betty's wedding day her aged father had been carried to the village cemetery, leaving her alone in the world. With no other relatives, and with no friends except those at South Cove Betty remained in the little fishing town in which she had been born nearly twenty-seven years ago.

With the baking finished, Betty left the kitchen and went into her bedroom. She wanted nothing so much as to be alone in that room that had been her father's—in that room where she kept carefully preserved the wedding clothes she had lavished so much care upon four years ago. These clothes and the faded photograph of Jim Bushy on her bureau were all that were left her of her romance. With these she would spend her Christmas eve, would live over again the courtship days, and Jim should be there with her. That would be her Christmas.

With care she took each garment from its wrappings in the bureau drawer and spread them on the bed. The pretty wedding dress which Sarah Glover had helped her make—yes, she would put it on tonight just as she had planned to four years ago. Jim would like her to do that; he had always liked to see her prettily dressed, and maybe Jim might see her from the spirit world tonight.

As she fastened the gown she almost forgot that Jim could not be there, that it was all a make-believe. As she stood before the mirror the smile of four years ago came back again. She noted the color in her cheeks; it was like a bridal blush.

A rap at the door dispelled the illusion she had permitted herself for a few moments. She could not go to this door in that dress. The caller would have to wait, but he did not wait. She heard the door awing, a heavy step on the floor, and a voice—oh! such a familiar voice—calling Betty.

"Jim! My Jim!" she answered, as she pulled open the door of her bedroom and sprang into the arms of a strong, bronzed sailor.

Far into the night she listened to Jim's tale of shipwreck on the Patagonian coast, of the months and years of practical captivity before he could get back to a seaport.

"And now," he said, "I am home to claim my Christmas bride."

"And I have our Christmas baking done," said Betty.

WRIGHT A. PATTERSON.

MY CHRISTMAS DREAM

Now, this was the wonderful dream I had—a dream of the Christmas Tree.

I dreamed that a melody sweet and glad rang out from somewhere to me. And out of the silvered east they came and out of the rosy west—more children than ever a man might name or ever a man has guessed.

And going and coming, and coming and going. With drummers a-drumming and buglers a-blowing. Were all the children that ever were known since ever there was an earth.

In hundreds, in couples, and all alone, each chanting a song of mirth. And then in this wonderful dream of mine the children ran to and fro.

And marched in a long and winding line as swiftly as they might go. And once as he passed the Christmas Tree looked up with a radiant face.

And each as he came there bent the knee with curious, childish grace—And coming and going, and coming and going. With drummers a-drumming and buglers a-blowing.

Were all of the children that ever have played since ever the world began. And each little fellow and each little maid delightedly laughed and ran.

And then in this wonderful dream I thought that the Christmas Tree Grew taller and fairer until it seemed no fairer a thing could be.

And all of the children they called my name and all of the children smiled. And suddenly then to my heart there came the faith of a little child.

And going and coming and coming and going. With drummers a-drumming and buglers a-blowing. I marched with the children of all the lands, of all the years and times.

And laughed as we ran with our close-linked hands and chanted our world-old rhymes.

WILBUR D. NEBBIT.

Valuable Gift.

"Talking about Christmas-boxes," remarked a commercial traveler, "the one I got last year would be hard to beat. Our governor never gave us a Christmas-box, so you can imagine how surprised we were when he told us all to go into his office, where he sat with a pile of envelopes in his hand.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I intend to give each of you a Christmas present this year. These envelopes contain something valuable, which I hope you will make good use of."

"Of course we thanked him and marched out, thinking that he was a good sort, after all. And what do you think was in the envelopes?"

"A check!"

"No; it was a confounded prescription for the cure of indigestion!"

Whom to Thank.

"I suppose you feel very thankful to Santa Claus for providing you with such a fine turkey?" said the minister to Uncle Elijah's little boy.

"Now, sah," replied the picaninny, "Uncle told dis chile ter be thankful ter Farmer Green fur leavin' his house dere on de jar."

HER BEST CHRISTMAS

Come on along, Sandy; I'll treat to dinner at the Metropolitan!

Sandy, a tall girl who didn't look her thirty years, was busy glancing over a typewritten sheet and for a moment did not answer. Bob stood watching her, taking in the delicate lines of her face and the beauty of the

"Sandy" hair, which when he was alone and forgot that Sandy was a newspaper woman and his "pal," he was pleased to call golden.

"Cut that out, Sandy. You'll be back. I have a check and it's Christmas Eve. I'm for a treat. I say—did you hear me ask you to go to the Metropolitan? You take it as calmly as if I had asked you to go around to Otto's lunch counter. Deuce take it! Why can't you be a little enthusiastic?"

Slowly the girl raised her head. More than a sheet of copy had been holding her attention. But she caught Bob's frown and immediately the mother instinct in her was aroused. She broke into her usual comrade laugh.

"All right, Bob. The invitation overwhelmed me. The Metropolitan? But I couldn't. Bobby dear, my shirtwaist is soiled and you yourself said there was a hole in my beautiful brown coat."

"Oh, come along! I was only joking. You'd outshine all the women at the Metropolitan if you went there in a khaki suit. I wish you had a little more vanity. Women are awfully tame when they haven't."

"Come, now, you know I'm vain of the fact that I haven't any vanity. Don't call me tame. I won't go to the Metropolitan with you if you do. Somehow I feel—"

"Fiddlesticks! Get on your hat! I'm going. The idea of a newspaper woman's feeling! Cut it out!"

The Metropolitan was filled with the "vulgar rich" in holiday attire; by Sandy and Bob were happy in true bohemian style as they sat at their little table chatting and joking like two boys. Sandy never would play the woman—that was the only objection Bob had to her.

"I say, Sandy, I bet you've no plans for tomorrow and I'm coming to take you out. I've a great plan. Put on that brown silk and play you're a woman for once."

"Yes, a sweet, young, clinging feminine creature with my heart on my sleeve! 'Twill be charming, of course. Do you really think I could play the part?"

"Stop joking, Sandy. You never will take me seriously. You will go. I'd like to please you, Bobby, but I really must be home tomorrow. I have work that must be done, and besides I have a feeling that I ought not to go."

"Feeling be damned! If you had fewer feelings and more feeling for a poor fellow—What's the matter, Sandy?"

The girl had cast a glance over the room and had grown suddenly pale. She closed her eyes for a moment. Bob had caught the pallor.

"Oh, nothing. I had a little twinge of that old rheumatism."

Thus the chasm was bridged and the dinner ended happily. If anything, Sandy was gayer than usual.

Four o'clock the next day, Sandy's heart was beating loud. Her "studio," as she was pleased to call it, wore its very best attire. Even the inevitable typewriter was out of sight.

She was older, older by six years, than when he had last seen her, but happiness made her wonderfully beautiful. Bobby would have lost his wits.

If he should not come! But he would come. If he should come and the dream could not be realized! But he would not come unless he could.

A rap at the door!

"Miss, there's a gentleman a-asking for ye. Should I send him in?"

"Yes, Mary." The tones were perfectly calm. Six years of patient waiting had not been without their power.

"Margaret!"

"John!"

"I knew you would come. I saw you last evening. I knew you would find me. Oh, John, I am so happy!" She rested her head on his shoulder to hide the tears.

"My Margaret, now and forever!"

"And Constantine!"

"Constantine is gone—and she wished it to be."

A long silence.

"Sit down, John. There is your chair. How often have I pictured you in it. Let me think. Let me get my breath. I knew you would come. I wonder what Bobby will say! He thinks I have no heart. But—it was to be."—New York Mail.

HER CHRISTMAS GIFT

September 17.

I SAIL tomorrow. I am devotedly thankful to dad for insisting that mother take me away for a while. Perhaps we will remain a year. I hope it may be ten. I hate America, loathe New York, and want to live the rest of my life in Europe—Aela—Africa—anywhere, as far away from Riverside as possible. Mother says I'm a silly, little lovesick girl; but dad thinks I need a change.

I'm not silly—and I'm not lovesick. Carl has behaved in a most ungentlemanly way.

Just because I motored to Lakewood with Sam Perkins and his sister is no reason why he should get cross and take that actressy-looking person with him everywhere he goes.

Sam's sister says she is a Frenchwoman. I always did hate French, and I'm glad I refused Carl to meet her, glad I snubbed Carl and glad I was out when he called.

Two long, miserable weeks without seeing Carl—and tomorrow we sail. Perhaps I won't see him for months—maybe never again. I wonder if I care.

October 20.

More than a month has passed since I have written in my little diary. I wouldn't write now, only this morning a letter came from Carl, and I just have to record it.

Carl says he is lonely; he misses me, and he cannot understand why I ran away to Europe so suddenly.

The letter is full of reproaches for my treatment of HIM, when all the time it was HIS meanness to me that made me so ill, so that I had to get away from everybody.

He does not mention one word about that horrid French creature. I shall not write. Well—perhaps I will.

November 24.

At first I hated Paris. London was nice, Vienna stupid, but Paris—impossible, until last Sunday, when we met Mrs. Harmon.

I ain't it strange what a change, one day, one hour, can make in a girl's life?

Mr. and Mrs. Field, friends of mother's, gave a dinner for us. Mrs. Harmon was one of the guests. She looks much better in the evening gown than in her street suit; not nearly so frowsy, and the rouge on her cheeks doesn't show at night. I was appalled when mother introduced me to her, to recognize Carl's French friend. She is his cousin, but she has lived in Paris since she was a little girl.

We had a lovely talk. She told me all about her recent visit to America and how good Carl had been in taking her about.

I like her now that I know her.

She says Carl was perfectly miserable over a girl he was in love with, who had gone abroad for the winter. She did not know the girl's name, I blushed furiously when she spoke of it.

That was Sunday. We have seen Mrs. Harmon several times since then. I made mother promise to take me home. She cabled dad, and said she would be thankful to get back to plain home cooking and her own bathroom. Mother is a dear, and so funny.

December 25.

What a happy, happy Christmas day it has been!

The very best I have ever known. Once I said I hated America—New York—but I don't.

I love New York and America, Riverside, home, mother, dad and Carl. Oh, I love Carl best of all!

He has been so sweet, so dear and kind, since we came home two weeks ago. He met us at the pier. I was never so glad to see anybody in my life as I was to see dear old Carl. Dad was there, too.

My Christmas gifts are lovely. Best of all is Carl's love and the ring he gave me as a token of his deep, undying love. I think it was sweet of him to give me such a wonderful diamond, besides the candy and books and flowers. It flashes fire as I turn my hand in the light. Daddy says I'm too young to marry, but I shall coax him to let me marry Carl in June. I'm the happiest girl in the world tonight, and Carl is the happiest man. He has told me so himself. I wish everybody in the world were as happy as we this Christmas night.

THE CHURCH MOUSE

HEY stood in the deserted vestry of the church, facing each other angrily for the first time in their lives. Then suddenly Janet swept the diamond from the third finger of her left hand and held it forth. "You will oblige me by taking this back," she said blithely.

He stood looking into her eyes, growing grayer of face as he saw the stubborn anger that reposed within them. "Which means that our engagement is broken, and that I may not hope for its renewal," he replied very low.

For an instant their gaze met as the glittering thing, lightly held, was passing from hand to hand; then as she released it and before his grip had become secure there was the slip of a nervous finger and with a tinkle the ring fell upon the iron grating of the floor register. Faintly they heard it go bounding far down the metal pipe which led to the furnace below, each supposing it lost forever in the flames and not knowing that in its fall by some strange fate it had bounded through a small hole in the pipe and now lay amidst the rubbish of the church's basement. For an instant the girl's eyes softened, then hardened again and she turned them aside. Upon the floor in a corner of the room the little church mouse was sitting upon its haunches, and she nodded towards him. "To be renewed when the little church mouse brings it back to me," she returned coldly.

They turned their backs upon each other and walked away.

A week passed, and the little church mouse prowling about in the darkness of the basement, saw something more brightly than did his own eyes. Cautionally, hungrily, he approached it, smelt of it, felt of it with his gray whiskers, then stood it up before him. Its glitter fascinated him. Surely this glistening thing about the size of a kernel of corn must be good to eat, and he tried his sharp teeth upon it. Yet gnaw as he would, he could not even scratch it, and at last he decided that it was only good to play with.

He was a little thing, and half starved as are all church mice, so it came to pass that it was not long before he had worked his head and forelegs through it and was running about with it encircling his middle, a very small creature wearing a diamond saddle with a gold girth. It was fun for a time, but he soon became tired of it and tried to crawl out. He could not. Becoming panic stricken he fled frantically up the stairs.

Janet, alone and very unhappy, sat in her pew at the Christmas morning service. It was rather chilly in the church and she slipped one hand into her muff. Then she gave a start, for within it she felt a small, struggling thing with something round and hard about it. Involuntarily she closed her hand, and as she did so the little church mouse popped out of the muff and scampered away, leaving the round object in her fingers. She drew it forth. It was her engagement ring.

The last of all to leave her pew, Janet stepped into the vestry upon her way out. Dick was standing before a window with head bowed, looking older, grayer of face than he had a few weeks ago, and she saw the deep unhappiness that lay in his eyes. She approached him, looking up at him with the old expression which he knew so well. Softly she slipped one hand into his own, and as his fingers gently closed about it he felt something hard, round and familiar within his grasp. He raised her hand. The engagement ring—his own—encircled her third left finger.

"The little church mouse brought it back to me. Listen while I tell you," she said, drawing a trifle closer. For a moment her voice murmured.

"Is it not wonderful?" she exclaimed, half awed, as she finished. His eyes lightened.

"Wonderful, dear! It is far more than that. It is a miracle of His Spirit wrought upon His day—His token of love everlasting, and that even we are not forgotten."

Tightly his arms closed about her.

HARRY IRVING GREEN.

A Christmas Time Saver.

To save the minutes on Christmas eve and leave time for the many things that are bound to come up, shut off from the children one room in the house suitable for the tree a couple of weeks before Christmas, and gradually accumulate there all decorations and presents. The tree can be trimmed a day or two before the holiday, and the presents wrapped more quickly and easily because they are all in one place. The children, too, will enjoy the mystery that centers around an inaccessible room.—Housekeeper.

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

HAD been west taking a convalescent patient to his home and was returning to New York when a case fell unexpectedly into my hands. The Pullman conductor started us early one morning by calling out to know if there was a physician in the car.

There was no response, so without hesitation I offered my services. He took me at once into the stateroom and introduced me to a worried-looking young man. There was no need to ask his trouble. On the couch lay a little girl of five or six years, her cheeks and eyes bright with fever.

I had a few simple remedies with me, but the child showed rather alarming symptoms of an aggravated cold. Deciding to take no risk, I sent a telegram ahead, and when we reached Chicago a physician with necessary medicines came aboard and accompanied us to Buffalo.

Dorothy escaped all of the maladies with which she was threatened and by the time we reached New York was very much better. However, Mr. Singleton, her father, retained me, and the three of us went to a fashionable hotel.

The little girl continued to improve, but the spontaneous gaiety of childhood was lacking. Christmas was approaching and Dorothy was now able to go about. I was instructed to take her to shops and matinees—in fact, to do everything to afford her amusement. Her father suggested that she give a Christmas tree for twenty less fortunate little girls, and he kept the big limousine car touring the shopping district while we played Santa Claus.

One day we had been out all of the afternoon. Dorothy had selected twenty dolls, and in retrospect I viewed my own meager childhood and fancied what such a glorious afternoon would have meant to me, but the child appeared even more listless than usual. Feeling rather anxious, I took her temperature, gave her some stimulating nourishment and asked her to get into my lap while I read to her.

Dorothy had the beautiful old-world manners in which the little children of the rich are drilled, and always treated me with careful consideration and politeness, regardless of her own wishes. Obeyingly she climbed into my lap, put her head against my shoulder, and I began to read aloud a wonderful Christmas tale. We are all of us children at Christmas and I found enjoyment in the story. Dorothy was very quiet, and as I turned a page I looked down to see if she had fallen asleep. To my consternation, the wide blue eyes were brimming with tears, fast overflowing and running down the child's white cheeks. As I dropped the book and clasped her closely in my arms she gave wax to convulsive sobs.

Mr. Singleton came in. The opening of the door roused Dorothy, and, seeing her father, she stretched eager arms to him and cried out:

"Father, dear, I don't want a tree. I just want mother for Christmas."

I placed the child in her father's arms and left the room. An hour passed and then Mr. Singleton rapped on my door. He told me the story.

Mrs. Singleton was not dead, as I had supposed; she was in Paris, and if the separation of which he told me was caused by fault of hers he did not so much as hint at it.

Mr. Singleton cabled at once to Paris. There would just be time. Christmas Eve came and still no word, and though Mr. Singleton's face looked thin and strained, he started out with Dorothy at noon, telling her they were going to have a grand and glorious time that afternoon.

I was left to attend to the last details of the tree that stood in glittering bravery in the center of the sitting room. There was a lot to do, and I was bustling around when the door flew open and a radiant young woman rushed in, calling:

"Dan! Dorothy!"

Stopping quickly, her look arrested by my uniform, she exclaimed: "He—she—oh, who is ill?" She faltered, going white.

My smiling assurance that all was well brought forth a thousand questions, and we both talked at once, and I helped her off with her wraps. She cried in my arms and kissed me with fervor when I told her of how Dorothy had begged for her, and then she bubbled over and we had a gay afternoon finishing the tree.

Mrs. Singleton was on the stoop, laughing down at me when Dorothy and her father came in. The laugh died on her lips, but I caught her glorified look and heard Dorothy's glad cry. Then I crept silently from the room, feeling the loneliness of a splintered bed as I had never thought to do.

Paula's Christmas

by Helen Ross



the smiling girl. "If it has one diamond less than you wished, I'll survive the shock."

"If it were only that! Paula, I have always respected your common sense too highly to deceive you about business matters, so I will not conceal from you that the Caston deal went against me, and I am penniless. Every newspaper in town will have the details within a few days. I am an old man and do not care, but naturally my keenest regret is for you, though nobody can say that your old daddy didn't give up every cent he possessed for what he knew to be right and just."

Paula covered her eyes with her hand, while the father watched her anxiously.

"Don't take it hard, dearie," he begged. "We'll not starve, though it will be a struggle for a while."

"Father," she said calmly, "I am not taking it hard. I was only wondering how much we could scrape together to continue fighting. Men like Caston have no right on this earth. I am ashamed to admit it, but as far as I am concerned, I'm glad, truly glad. It's a blow for you, but don't worry about me. You know I always desired to make my own way, but it's next to impossible for a rich man's daughter. Then when I had to take mother's place, my hands were too full. All I care about is that we get enough to go after Caston. There's a Christmas party at Barham's tonight, but I'd rather stay here and talk things over with you."

"Polly girl, you have no idea how you have lightened my worry," said Mr. Mercer huskily. "I know you'd rather not, but by all means go to your party. It's most important that the true state of affairs is not suspected until absolutely necessary. I'll spend the evening across the street with Judge Slims. When your mother was alive, the judge and his wife and she and I never failed to celebrate Christmas eve together, and they'd be hurt if I stayed away."

Paula kissed him absently and ran upstairs to dress. She was far from underestimating the disaster, and the suddenness of it startled her.

"It's one thing to talk about earning your living and another thing to do it," she told herself. "You are a success so far because you are your father's daughter. I'll mean hard work. Still, work overcomes heart-sickness and teaches one to forget!"

She brushed the powder-puff across her nose, and descended. At the door of the library stood Mr. Mercer.

"I forgot to tell you, Paula, that I found it necessary to put Dr. Grant in possession of the facts."

Paula turned away at mention of the young physician, and started towards the door.

"Good-night, dearie—have a jolly time!" called her father.

Paula swept into the waiting automobile and settling down for the long drive into the suburbs, rapidly evolved numerous plans, meanwhile noting the Christmas gayety on all sides. The air rang with the excited chatter of children returning from belated shopping or sight-seeing tours, and mingled with their merry voices were the subdued conversations of their elders. The sparkling snow, sleighbells, bright lights and holiday decorations struck a sympathetic note in her heart. The huge motor purred softly, and as Paula reached up to arrange the rich red ribbons which held holly-wreaths against the glass doors and windows, her conscience smote her because of her real gladness.

"I'm forgetting what it means to be poor father," she soliloquized. "It's no fun for a man of his age to start all over again."

A quick stop threw her on the floor, and by the time she had regained her feet and jumped out to investigate, the chauffeur was lifting a prostrate body from beneath the wheels. An awed crowd gathered swiftly. The chauffeur was exonerated from blame, as several men had seen the little somebody run in front of the automobile and slip and fall on the snowy street.

"That's Tim Brown—he lives in Rose alley—just over there, ma'am," volunteered another white-faced fellow, stooping to pick up the scattered papers.

"I'll take him home," announced Paula bravely.

The son of hard, strange faces unnerved her, and she felt sick and nauseated, but she quickly held out her arms for the poor child who lay groaning in the chauffeur's gentle grasp. A tall young man stepped briskly through the crowd, and made his way to her side.

"Oh, Doctor Grant—I'm so glad you're here!" exclaimed Paula impulsively.

"More terrified than injured," announced the doctor after a hurried examination. Then turning to Paula, "I saw it happen from a distance up the street and recognized your car."

Assessing Paula into the motor, he made the child comfortable on her lap and stepped in with her.

"I'll report to you later, Peters," he called to the policeman, who immediately permitted them to drive away.

In a few minutes they were at the stricken home. A tired, resigned woman opened the door, and after the doctor's tactful explanation, she mutely accepted this last blow which unkind fate had seen fit to administer.

While Doctor Grant and the mother were working over the boy, Paula's quick eyes took in every detail of the bare home. Christmas for the many little Browns promised to be scanty. A kind neighbor had taken the other children to her home, so Paula's presence was unnecessary. She slipped out of the house, gave the chauffeur a few instructions and as he drove off rapidly, she sought a nearby telephone booth and after ten very satisfactory minutes, was back at the house. Her phone calls were to certain toy dealers and centers, and long before the doctor was ready to go, the chauffeur had shyly dragged baskets and bundles of all sizes and shapes into the wee kitchen.

At last Dr. Grant was ready to leave.

"May I ask for a lift, Paula?" he asked wearily. "I have had a hard day. I told Mrs. Brown that you



"That's Tim Brown—He Lives in Rose Alley."

would be around to see her tomorrow, and also to watch Tim eat his Christmas dinner. In a week he will have forgotten what happened." As they turned into the brilliantly lighted avenue, he happened to glance at her evening cloak. "Oh, how stupid of me!—to let you go so far out of your way when you are going to the Barhams."

"No, I'm going home. I've had enough for one night," answered Paula with averted face.

Now that she remembered her own trouble, she felt a strange shyness with this man who was in the secret of their financial wreck. The silence became awkward—somehow there seemed nothing to say.

"Paula," began the doctor abruptly. "I have heard of your misfortune, and now I feel free to ask you to be my wife. I realize—please don't interrupt until I have finished—I realize that you will take steps to support yourself at once, but I need you too much to allow that."

Paula's heart leaped violently, but the elation was brief. The sweetness speedily turned to bitterest misery. "Why does this occur to you tonight of all nights? It would seem as if you were doing this out of charity," commented Paula coldly.

"No, Paula, out of esteem. I am poor, but I have enough for two. You certainly understand why I have not spoken before;—a Paula Mercer could hardly be expected to share a young physician's precarious income."

He appropriated her reluctant hand. "And so you allowed your pride to come between us? No, I thank you for the honor, Dr. Grant, but I have some pride, too."

"Paula," pleaded the young man miserably, "if you only knew the battles there have been between my wretched pride and my love. I need you so much, Paula."

"If I were you I'd engage a competent housekeeper," Paula remarked sarcastically. But her heart ached as she said it.

"Don't, don't, dear," entreated the doctor. "These things hurt too much from you! Can't you love me, Paula? Please see how infinitely I worship you."

"Why didn't you say that before," Paula whispered unsteadily. "You said esteem, and what girl in her right senses desires esteem when she's yearning for love?"

"And I'm yearning for a kiss, we'll soon be at your home, but I can't wait until then!" exclaimed the doctor happily.

REGINA'S CHRISTMAS TREE

by MOLLY McMASTER



REGINA gazed despondently out of the window.

A light snow was falling like millions of sparkling diamonds and pearls yet Regina saw nothing. Her Christmas tree had not come! It mattered not that the day was a wonder day and that the eve of Christmas was close at hand. Nothing mattered to Regina save the fact that she had promised her Sunday school class a glorious tree and that now there was no tree for them. Tears welled slowly into Regina's eyes and blurred the glittering landscape.

She argued with herself that she might have known that the New York shops could not be relied upon to send a tree to the suburbs at so short a notice, but that did not help the situation.

Regina shrank from facing those twelve little girls whose smiles would vanish in childish disappointment when they learned that the tree they had been promised was not to be theirs.

The tears brimmed over and fell. Regina's vision was cleared and in the clearing she gazed directly at the miniature fir tree in the vacant lot next door. A sense of keen delight swept over Regina. After all, her children would have a tree!

Some fifteen minutes later Regina appeared in outdoor costume. She had put on her gymnasium suit, high rubber boots and her father's great top coat. Over a lot of curls her snug fur cap fitted closely.

"You look for all the world as if you deserved your nickname," expostulated Regina's mother. "Regina, I do hope no one will see you."

"There's no one for miles around," Regina laughed and shouldered an ax.

"Unless the people who live in the bungalow turn up—I will have the world to myself." She picked up a big tub with her free hand and trudged off toward the fir tree in the vacant lot.

Regina's eyes were too intent on her mission to see that a thin curl of smoke was twisting from the chimney of the bungalow that rambled in the lot beyond the vacant one.

Regina drew near the coveted tree and her heart expanded lovingly.

"What a little beauty!" she exclaimed half aloud.

The little tree was of special origin and stood not much higher than Regina. Over its branches a veil of smoke seemed to linger. After a moment spent in admiration, the girl put down her big tub and began to clear away the light fall of snow from about the roots of the tree. Her cheeks were gloriously red and the sparkle in her eyes rivaled the day itself.

When the snow was cleared Regina swung the great ax into the frozen earth. The ground scarcely responded to her strength. She swung again.

"Ho! What are you doing to that tree!"

Regina dropped her ax and gazed in the direction of the deep, gruff voice. A man was standing on the veranda of the bungalow.

Regina picked up her ax and with dignity swung it again.

"I say there, you—that tree belongs to me!" The man was coming toward her.

Regina stopped and turned. "This is a vacant lot," she called out with asperity.

The approaching male whistled. His speed quickened. He made an involuntary movement to raise a cap that in his haste he had forgotten to put on.

"I beg your pardon," his voice had lost the gruff quality, "I thought you were a man—but that tree is mine. I brought it up from my father's garden in the south." David Langhorn spoke rapidly. Regina's face was rather startling in its beauty and she had a desire to cover her embarrassment. "I have taken very special care of that tree."

"Very special," Regina said coldly. "I have lived here a whole summer and no one—"

"I have been away—late!"

"I don't see why you leave your poor little trees around in vacant lots," Regina put in hurriedly because she felt like crying now that her precious tree was taken from her.

"This is my lot," Langhorn told her. "If you had chopped down—"

"I wasn't chopping it down!" Regina cried indignantly. "I was going to put it very carefully into this tub."

She stumbled over her words, but determined to tell this very good-looking man with the red hair that she was not a George Washington.

"I ordered a Christmas tree by express and it didn't come. My Sunday school class—twelve little girls—are expecting a tree tonight in my house and now—"

Words failed Regina. She bit her lip and looked appealingly up at Langhorn.

The man laughed because it was the safest thing to do for the present.

"And I have brought down twelve little settlement boys with the same promise—and nary a tree have I got. I reckoned on getting one in the village."

Regina laughed and the whole world seemed to echo the laugh.

"I have tried even the department store!" She gazed into David Langhorn's eyes. "I am sorry for the poor little souls whom we are disappointing—my class worked so faithfully all last summer."

"By Jove," David said. "I read once of some people who had a Christmas tree out of doors! They had great bonfires and the tree was lit by a thousand candles as well as the stars and a Santa Claus drove up over the real snow! Couldn't we do something like that?"

"With this tree! How perfectly glorious!" Regina, beside herself with joy, began to shovel away a greater clearing.

David took the shovel away from her.

"My kiddies will do that—it will be the treat of their lives." David looked seriously at Regina. "Now go home and get warmed up. This afternoon I will call properly and in the evening—Christmas Eve—He did not finish with words for the hearts of both David and Regina were overflowing with good tidings of great joy.

That evening Santa Claus drove up through the crisp snow and opened his great bags before the little tree. It was a wonder tree there in the vacant lot and it was hung with a hundred electric bulbs. Six bonfires reared their flames skyward and around and about danced and capered twenty-four joyous children.

And when the moon was high in the heavens and the spirit of Christmas had entered into each heart, David and Regina drew the band of children about them and led the young voices in carols.

Still later when one tiny girl had cuddled herself into Regina's arms and two more had fallen asleep in David's there was only a dust of voices. David and Regina sang all the old English carols until twenty little kiddies had fallen into a happy sleep.

"For unto you is born this day."

"In the city of David, a Saviour!" The voices of David and Regina trailed into silence and they only looked at each other. Regina was the first to speak, the mother instinct prompting her.

"Perhaps we had better waken them now—the fires might get low."

David was silent a long moment, then he said slowly and reverently, "The fires will never burn low—Regina. This is the night when the Great Spirit of Love was born into our world."

"BEST TOYS FOR CHRISTMAS"

They Should Suggest Action and Set the Mind of the Child at Work.

In selecting toys for the children's Christmas, remember they should be such as to suggest action, and bring the imagination into play, as it is the child who plays, not the toy, and imagination is the soul of the play.

The best toys are those which set the mind to work, and give the little brain scope for expansion. This is one of the strongest recommendations for the simpler toys. The wonderful mechanical toys sold in the shops are complete in themselves, and leave the child nothing to do but to wind them up and start them going. In this case, it is the toy that plays, not the child. Children soon weary of having nothing to do, and losing interest in the monotonous repetitions, the little inquisitive mind sets about investigating the internal mechanism, greatly to the damage of the toy, which is soon ruined and thrown away, while the child turns for amusement to the old toys that are so hopelessly undone that everything they are supposed to do must come from the play-spirit in the child.

GODFREY'S CHRISTMAS FIND

by DOROTHY DOUGLAS



HE spirit of Christmas was everywhere. In the great house on the hill, Bridget, the cook, emboldened by that spirit, had come up from her domain and stood in the doorway of the drawing room with one large, red hand extended.

"I was after findin' this in the turkey, mum," she said. "It might and it might not be anything."

The family, busy on ladders and chairs, with Christmas greens, turned questioning eyes on Bridget.

"What is it, Bridget?" Mrs. Stone humored the cook.

"A bit of purple glass with some pictures on it, mum." Bridget having done her duty returned to her realm below.

"What is it, miter?" Godfrey Stone asked lazily.

After a moment of close inspection, by the window, Mrs. Stone spoke in tones of excitement.

"It is a rare amethyst with an initial engraved on it!"

"I scent a mystery!" laughed her son, rising to inspect the stone. "The initial is E. Does your butcher happen to—?"

"Oh, mamma, is this the turkey you got from the farm I told you of?" chimed in the eldest daughter, "because if it is—we could easily trace the owner of the stone. Godfrey can run over today—"

"Not on your life! Christmas Eve is not the day to chase around all the turkey farms in the village."

His sister's eye twinkled. "You would be out of the house by this time if you had just seen the turkey girl."

"Pretty!" Godfrey's tone was indifferent.

"So much so that I had fairly to drag Jim away when I took him with me to select our turkey."

"Perhaps," Godfrey suggested, meekly, "it would make the girl's Christmas more happy if the stone happened to be here and was returned to her."

"Your Christmas spirit is very commendable," Mary put in dryly.

Godfrey laughed and took the stone from his mother. "Where is this turkey farm, Ma?"

"On the old farm road—you can't miss it."

Nor did Godfrey miss the little farm that stood like a fairy picture among groves of fir trees. The tiny cottage and outbuildings were of pure white and with their heavy thatch of snow there among the crystal hung branches of giant fir trees that were wonderful. Godfrey felt like a trespasser in the realm of fairies.

The impression was not withdrawn when the door of the cottage swung open. The Fairy Queen stood there, but she was not the sprite-like vision of dreams; instead, she was the embodiment of life and thrills and joy. Godfrey was decidedly disconcerted, but the girl's smile, together with her words, drew him within the tiny cottage. Outside all was white; inside all was suffused by the red glow from an open fire.

The girl's gentle voice broke Godfrey's very evident confusion.

"Did you want to inquire about turkeys?" She motioned him to the big low chair by the fire. In so doing, Godfrey caught sight of her left hand.

On her engagement finger there was a ring in which a yawning cavity marked the loss of a setting.

"No," he said finally, "I have brought this!" He held up the amethyst and watched the girl's face. A great light leapt into her eyes.

"How perfectly wonderful!" exclaimed Eleanor Deane. "But tell me—where did you find it and how?" Her questions tumbled from smiling lips.

"In the crop of a turkey," Godfrey informed her. Then despite his better judgment he added, "The bird was rather inconsiderate—to swallow your engagement ring—thinking it was corn." He attempted to laugh.

A quick color crimsoned Eleanor's cheeks. "An engagement ring is always very precious," she put in hurriedly. "I thank you for returning—mine." Her confusion over, Eleanor mentioned her occupation. "You see I have entire charge of my turkeys and it must have been in the mixing of their food that my amethyst dropped out. I mix it always with my hands. I hope the turkey Mrs.—" She paused in confusion.

"Mrs. Stone—my mother," Godfrey helped her out. Then because there seemed nothing more to say and because he seemed strangely depressed, Godfrey made his departure.

"Well!" demanded Mary Stone when her brother again sat by his own fire. "Isn't she lovely, and did you notice that sad look in her eyes? I heard in the village that the reason she took to raising turkeys is because she was engaged to some skate of a man—"

"Mary! What language!" expostulated her mother.

"Was?" Godfrey tried to keep the tone of his voice normal. "The amethyst was the setting from her engagement ring—she must be still engaged?"

Unaware of the tension with which her brother awaited his answer, Mary said lightly, "Well—maybe she still is—but the story in the village is that she broke off with him."

During dinner Godfrey remarked casually: "Mother—do you think Dad has done enough for his factory hands this Christmas? Wouldn't it be rather a good idea to send a basket to each of the families?"

Mrs. Stone, rejoicing that the philanthropic spirit was being made manifest in her son, smiled happily. "It would be lovely, dear—I will just send Perkins over to that very little farm and—"

"No, no—Perkins knows nothing about turkeys!" Godfrey said without glancing in his sister's direction. "I will go over tomorrow for some birds for the New Year."

"Christmas is not the day to chase around all the turkey farms in the village," quoted Mary.

Christmas day was crisp and sparkling when Godfrey again approached the tiny farm. The fairy queen opened the door and a tinge of color came swiftly to her cheeks when she recognized her visitor.

Godfrey, using all his common sense, first mentioned the factory hands and the turkeys that he wanted for them.

"You know," Eleanor told him, "that the birds have to be taken away when they are living—I can't bear to have it otherwise. I seem to love every bird." She looked appealingly up at Godfrey and laughed tremulously. "I have a good weep after each gobbler's departure."

Godfrey turned swiftly away, then impatiently back. "Why do you—"

Eleanor smiled wistfully and a little slow shrug crept over her shoulders. "If you care to hear why—I will tell you," she said.

"I care—very much," Godfrey returned, and kept the tenderness out of his voice.

"It was essential—that I do something," she said. "I have been an orphan for many, many years and for almost as many years I have been engaged to a Mr. James Vane. Jimmy and I grew up together and have been sweethearts—always. I never saved any money—because Jimmy always had plenty and it hadn't occurred to me that I would ever want—with him."

She paused and Godfrey remained silent, longing for, yet fearful of, the finish of her story.

"Well—Jimmy was one of the idle rich and in looking for a pastime took to gambling. He has been gambling ever since."

Godfrey turned his eyes from the sorrow in Eleanor's face; then he spoke aloud the words his heart was asking: "Do you—love him—now?"

"Yes, I love Jimmy and always will love him—but not—". She found it impossible to go on with Godfrey's eyes fixed in so disturbing a way upon her.

"Not how?" he demanded.

"As a husband—" Eleanor replied faintly.

"Then why wear his ring?" Godfrey again demanded.

"I told Jimmy, when he asked me to, that I would wear it out of sentiment until—" Eleanor knew she would have to finish her sentence, so she hurriedly did what his eyes asked, "until—I loved some one better than I loved him."

"Well," Godfrey decided slowly, "you won't mind so much now that the setting is out—will you?"

"It is my birthstone and it means—contentment," Eleanor returned demurely.

Godfrey laughed happily and Eleanor joined him. The Christmas chime in two voices thrilled through the tiny cottage.

"I am at peace for the first time in my life," Godfrey said softly. "And it is all because it is Christmas and my mother bought a turkey that had swallowed an amethyst that belonged to—you."

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We will have Even grater bargains than advertised

(Suit Department		Men's 35c gloves and mittens, now	.19	Ladies' fine dress shoes in patent leather, gunmetal in all the latest styles worth \$5.00	1.98	9-1 unbleached sheeting, now at	.21
Men's suits, positively, worth 10.00, now only	2.98	Heavy fleeced lined underwear now	.38	1 lot of ladies high grade shoes sold in this store for \$4 and 4.50	2.79	42 inch pillow tubing worth 25c now	.17
Men's fine suits, in chevrons and Scotch plaids, worth up to 13.50 now only	4.98	Regular 35c neckwear, now	.19	Misses strong school shoes, worth \$1.75 now only	.99	Regular 10c handkerchiefs, now	.03
Serge lined suits in plain checks and stripes positively worth 16.50, at this sale	6.45	Men's 15c hose, now	.09	Misses fine dress shoes vici kid gun metal and patent leather sold up to \$3 now only	1.48	Regular 15c handkerchiefs, now	.07
Men's suits in velour finished caesimere worth 18.00, going in this sale for	8.95	Regular 50c sweater coats,	.37	Dress Goods and Lawns		Regular 8c apron gingham, now	4 ¹ / ₂ c
Men's fine dress suits, for Sunday wear worth up to 20.00 now	12.48	Regular 1.00 sweater coats, now	.69	42 inch dress goods in large assortments of weaves and shades worth 1.25 and 1.50 per yd.	.79	Regular 10c apron gingham, now	6 ¹ / ₂ c
Overcoat Department		Regular 2.00 and 3.00 sweater coats now,	1.19	plain weaves, worth 60c now	.33	Outing flannel worth 8c, now yard	4 ¹ / ₂ c
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Men's fine royal standard kersey Overcoats latest shades and colors, at	11.95	Regular 2.00 hats, now	1.39	Toweling		Ladies' hose, worth 20c, now	.12
Pants Department		Regular 2.50 and 3.00 hats, now	1.89	Regular 12 1/2c toweling now yard	.08	Ladies' hose, worth 25c, now	.16
Men's pants, worth 2.00, now	1.29	Blankets		Regular 8c toweling, now yard	.06	Ladies' hose, worth 50c, now	.33
Men's pants, worth 2.50 and 3.00	1.89	Regular 50c blankets, now	.37	Union knuck toweling worth 20c now	.14	Boy's heavy hardware stockings now	.19
Men's pants worth 3.50 and 4.00 now	2.39	Regular 1.00 blankets, now	.79	Hardware		Children's hose, worth 15c, now	.09
Men's sheep lined coats, worth 5.00 and 5.50 now	3.48	Regular 1.50 and 2.00 blankets, now	1.19	Steel range stoves; high closet and reservoir, worth \$30, now	19.00	Children's Hose, worth 15c, now	.16
Men's sheep lined coats worth up to 8.00 now	4.95	Regular 2.50 and 3.00 blankets	1.76	Iron nails, now only	1 ¹ / ₂ c	Groceries	
Furnishing Goods		Men's Shoes		All glassware, graniteware, shelf hardware, paints and oils at 20 per cent off.		21 lbs. of the best granulated sugar	1.00
Regular 10c handkerchiefs at	.03	Men's shoes in heavy London cap, extension sole worth 2.00, now	1.29	Domestics		15c Williams Baking Powder, now	.10
Regular 10c hose now	.04	Men's heavy work shoes worth up to 2.50, now	1.69	1 lot ladies' underwear at	.19	10c baking powder now	.03
Regular 50c Overall now	.29	Men's box calf shoes for Sunday wear worth 3.00, now	1.98	at	.05	4 cans sweet corn for	.25
Best work shirts on earth, only	.38	Men's patent calf Russian calf gun metal shoes worth 3.50	2.39	Children's underwear at	.29	15c can salmon for	.10
Best \$1 overalls now at	.79	Men's shoes that sold for 4.00, in the newest shapes and style, now	2.98	10,000 yards of standard calico yard	2 ¹ / ₂ c	2 bars toilet soap for	.05
Underwear, worth \$1, at	.49	Boy's shoes worth 1.50, now	.98	Regular 10c unbleached muslin now	6 ¹ / ₂ c	9 bar of Lenox soap for	.25
Regular 1.50 dress shirts, at	.83	Boy's dress shoes worth 2.50, now	1.48	Regular 10c unbleached muslin now	7 ¹ / ₂ c	25c quart of Preserves for	.19
Regular 25c suspenders now	.14	Ladies' Shoes		Bleached muslin worth 15c yard now	.09	Pure Coral honey per section	.10
Regular 50c suspenders, now	.29	Ladies' common sense street shoes that sold for \$2, now	1.29	9-4 fruit of the loom, sheeting yard	.26	Pillsbury's best flour now	1.25
50 c dress shirts, now	.37	Ladies' fine dress shoes in vici kid and patent leather, worth up to \$3, going at	1.69			30ccoes now	.25

Ajdustment Sale of William's Bros. Stock by Ferguson Adjustment Company CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Railroad Car Fare Refunded to out-of-town purchasers of \$15.00 and over

CHRISTMAS GREETING

Do Your Xmas Shopping

AT

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The Store of the Xmas Spirit

EVERY section of this store is ready to meet your holiday requirements and to assist in a quick solution of your gift problem. To the busy shopper the holiday season means considerable worry. There are so many little articles to purchase that one is apt to forget several unless you have something to jog your memory occasionally. We offer a few suggestions. Of course we cannot call your attention to all the splendid values we have to offer our holiday trade, but, a visit to our store will convince you that we can fill your holiday wants readily.

Handkerchiefs For Gifts

An extensive variety of women's, men's and children's Christmas handkerchiefs. Women's embroidered hemstitched and lace edge handkerchiefs at

5c, 6 for 25c, 10c, 3 for 25c

Children's barred and figured mercerized handkerchiefs, special at

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Are useful and appropriate. Special values at reduced prices. Single pieces and sets of mink, muskrat, fox, wolf, marmoth and coney

White Tea Aprons

Prettily made, of white lawn and lace, some with scalloped edges at 25c and 50c.

Combination Aprons

and work bags made of pretty figured lawn and ribbon draw strings
50c

Ribbons for Christmas at greatly reduced prices

Burnt Wood Boxes a large assortment of glove, hosiery, handkerchief and tie boxes 10c

Gloves Carry The Gift Thought

New gloves in complete assortments for men and women. Women's gloves, kid, heavy kid for street wear, and undressed kid. gloves in all colors, and black and white, per pair

\$1.00 and \$1.50

Men's heavy street gloves of cape stock, extra well sewed, others in light weight for dress gloves in tan and black, also genuine buckskin gloves

\$1.50 per pair

Men's fleeced lined gloves and mittens, in brown and tan

\$1.00 per pair

Shirts and Neckwear

For men, just the thing for Christmas presents. Men's Monarch shirts \$1.00. Men's Arrow shirts, \$1.50.

Men's Ties---A large assortment at 25c; others individually boxed at 35c and 50c.

Umbrellas

Splendid assortment for men and women, at \$1 and \$1.25, others \$2.50-\$3.00

Also \$4.00 and \$5.00

Collapsible work baskets in pretty flowered patterns 10c

Christmas Boxes

Poinsetta patterns all sizes 3, 5 and 10c.

Car Fare Refunded

Your car fare from Antioch to Burlington
with every Coat, Fur or \$10.00 Purchase.

Suggestions For CHRISTMAS GIFTS

"A good suit or a good overcoat is always appreciated for a Christmas gift. Hart Schaffner & Marx good clothes are those that please men, young and old, as they are positively the best there is and always the most satisfactory. In addition to clothes and shoes."

We suggest many things below for your consideration

We have a great line of the newest and best in all the lines for men, women and children.

Suits
Overcoats
Child's Suits
Child's Overcoats
Shoes
Slippers
Bath Slippers
Pullman Slippers
Neckwear
Mufflers, Silk
Mufflers, Bradley
Gloves, Dress
Gloves, Fur
Mitts, Fur lined
Caps, Fur
Caps, Cloth
Silk Hose
Lisle Hose
Wool Hose
Handkerchiefs
Handkerchiefs, Silk
Pajamas
Night Robes
Sweaters
Underwear



We suggest many things below for your consideration

"Keep in mind that here is where your dollar has more cents."

Walking Sticks
Umbrellas
House Coats
Bath Robes, Men's
Bath Robes, Boys'
Shirts, Dress
Shirts, Wool
Leggins
Overgaitors
Suspenders
Suspenders, Silk
Garters
Belts
Scarf Pins
Coat Chains
Cuff Buttons
Stick Pins
Pin and Link Sets
Tie Rings
Towel Rings
Collar Bags
Cow Boy Suits
Indian Suits
Jumper Suits

YAGER'S

121-123 North Genesee St.
WAUKEGAN, ILL.

YAGER'S